PROSE AND POETRY

FOURTH YEAR

FANNIE L. AVERY

A LITERARY READER

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The Baron ordered his men to set the poor man free.
(*Robin Hood*)

PROSE AND POETRY

FOURTH YEAR

A LITERARY READER

Including a Study of the Life and Poems of

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

and

CELIA THAXTER

GRADE POETS

By

FANNIE L. AVERY
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ILLUSTRATIONS
GUY BROWN WISER

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PREFACE

A Literary Reader—This book, the fourth year edition of the Prose and Poetry series of readers, presents reading and literature to boys and girls in an entirely new and attractive way. The material has been chosen very carefully so there is a well-balanced plan for presenting the best there is in literature for the fourth school year. The needs and desires of boys and girls of this period have been the rules governing the compilation and annotation of the selections in the book.

Quality of Literature—*Masterpieces* in literature, both in stories and poems, have been selected. These masterpieces when instilled into the hearts and minds of children will remain as guiding thoughts all their lives and become the more valuable as they grow older. With this in mind, special care has been taken in choosing the selections. In the abundance of stories and poems, much variety of literature can be found which will meet every need and demand.

Appreciation of Literature—The fundamental basis of the Prose and Poetry readers is true appreciation and interpretation of literature. In this book the word "appreciation" has been avoided, but the same object has been attained in the paragraphs at the end of the stories entitled "Did You Like the Story?" In the paragraphs

the authors show why the stories are beautiful and why they are considered of real literary value. In this way true appreciation is presented to the child in a very ingenious way.

Character Building—Following the paragraph on appreciation is a paragraph entitled "What Will You Remember?" Here the authors show the lesson to be learned from the story, and the thoughts which the child will treasure all his life. The lesson may be one of unselfishness, of justice, of kindness, of loyalty, of obedience, of patriotism, or of any other of the many phases of character development. Wrongdoing is always punished, and the wrongdoer suffers for his acts. These paragraphs alone make the book invaluable because some one lesson may lead a boy or girl to live the life of an honest, upright citizen. What greater result could a teacher or author desire for the time and energy devoted to the instruction of children than training for upright character and citizenship?

Vocabulary Drills—With each selection is an opportunity to learn new words and how to use them. Words of the selection, either story or poem, have been taken for the purpose of increasing the pupils' vocabularies. These words can also be used as spelling drills.

Silent Reading—The book abounds in silent reading lessons of various types suitable for children of the grade. To accomplish the results of silent reading a book does not have to be entitled a silent reader. Prose and Poetry *Fourth Year* will be found to present an abundance of silent reading lessons. The stories contain short

sentences of correct eye spans, and the book develops thoughtful reading, emphasizing the comprehension of the material read.

The Grade Poets—Two American poets have been chosen for special attention in this book—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the Children's Poet, and Celia Thaxter, a writer of many beautiful child poems. Interesting stories of the lives of each are given, depicting events in their childhood days. A visit to the home of each is the method of presentation. Many of their best child poems are given with appreciations and interpretations of each. This feature of presenting grade poets for particular study is a feature used throughout the Prose and Poetry readers and has proven very popular.

Library Readings—One object of literature reading and study is to create a desire for more reading. Children ask for more reading similar to that which they have read, and to aid them, a list of titles at the end of the book has been prepared for further reading.

Art Appreciation—Correlating with literature appreciation is art appreciation. This is a new feature for readers—to offer the study of masterpiece art pictures in colors. The pictures here given are exact reproductions of the original paintings in detail and color. This presentation of art appreciation is an advance in the art of book-making, and this feature alone makes the Prose and Poetry books an outstanding series of readers.

The Publishers.

PART I—PROSE

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whose name was Marygold.

This king was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth.

At length he had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apart-

ment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole Midas betook himself, whenever he wanted to be particularly happy. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck-measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

Midas called himself a happy man, but yet he felt that he was not quite so happy as he might be. The very tip-top of enjoyment would never be reached unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

He was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking up suddenly, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. The stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls, on earth, contain so much gold as you have piled up in this room."

"I have done pretty well,—pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger.

Midas paused and meditated, and at last a bright idea occurred to him. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so small, after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew very broad. "The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving

his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, we do not know. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when he was broad awake, and, starting up in a kind of joyful frenzy, ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way.

He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand,—a mass of gold. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

He was nevertheless so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him, and he went downstairs and into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud

and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, until every flower and bud was changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite he made haste back to the palace.

On this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance, so her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at the table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast.

It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passageway crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfulest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. She showed herself at the door with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently turned into gold.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, but, oh dear, dear me! What do you think has happened! Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoiled!"

"There, there, my dear little girl,—pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had brought on the misfortune that made her feel so badly. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk!"

Midas now poured out a cup of coffee, and the coffee-pot was gold when he set it down. He lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Eat your bread and milk, like a good little girl."

He took one of the nice little trout on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed into a fish of gold; its little bones were now golden wires; and its fins and tail were thin plates of gold. He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when it changed from the whitest

wheat, to the yellow hue of corn meal. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. He next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and fright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives? Here was the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas!

Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry, and he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Pretty little Marygold could endure it no longer, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? The moment the lips of

Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow teardrops hardening on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard within her father's arms. Oh, terrible misfortune! Little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

King Midas could only wring his hands, and wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him the Golden Touch.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which

of these two things do you think is really worth the more, —the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving as she was an hour ago?"

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. So go, and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance.

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head the stranger had vanished. You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher and hastening to the river-side. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes. Suddenly he was conscious of change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight

seemed to have gone out of his bosom. Seeing a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of turning into gold. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace, and the first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle the water by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek! and how she began to sneeze and sputter! —and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue, and her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. He led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rosebushes, and with such good effect that more than five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

And King Midas now saw with new eyes that the most common things in the world are the most precious.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This story is an old, old tale, and everyone likes to read it. Think what would happen if everything you touched turned to gold! How could you even eat your breakfast or your dinner? Did you like this story about the Golden Touch?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Old King Midas was very greedy. He wanted wealth and gold more than anything, but when his own beautiful daughter was changed into gold, he learned the lesson that love is greater than gold. When he cast aside all his greedy desires, he was happy ever after. From this story will you learn not to be greedy, because it only makes unhappiness? What will you remember about the story?

SILENT READING

After you have read the story, complete the following sentences by rewriting them on paper.

1. There was a King named ——.
2. He had a daughter called ——.
3. The King loved —— more than anything else.
4. The power of the Golden Touch was given to him by a ——.
5. Everything he touched turned into ——.

Of the following tell which are true and which are not, according to the story of King Midas.

1. King Midas had a son named John.
2. The King was very wealthy and had much gold.
3. A stranger came to see the King.
4. The stranger killed the King.
5. Marygold married the stranger.

From the list choose answers to the questions below:

a stranger	gold	in the river
a fish	water	greed

1. Into what did the roses turn when King Midas touched them?
2. What did King Midas try to eat for breakfast?
3. Who gave the power of the Golden Touch to King Midas?
4. Where did King Midas have to bathe to overcome the power of the Golden Touch?
5. What did King Midas throw over Marygold?
6. What is this love for gold called?

CORNELIA'S JEWELS

Mother Love

GEORGENE FAULKNER

Long, long ago, there lived in Rome a good mother named Cornelia. She was the daughter of the great Roman general Scipio, who, because he had conquered Africa, was called "Africanus." Her husband was a great and good man named Tiberius Gracchus, and they had two sons and one daughter.

After her husband died, Cornelia lived for her children, whose education was carried out under her direction. She had Greek tutors to teach her boys in all the noble arts and, as the boys heard the tales of the Greek heroes, they were anxious to do brave deeds, for they felt that the greatest thing a man could do was to lay down his life for his country.

Their mother studied and read with them. Often she told them of their brave grandfather and of their noble father, and she said: "My sons, men now honor me because I am the daughter of the great general Scipio Africanus, but I trust that in time they will honor me for being the mother of the Gracchi." The boys, filled with her spirit of patriotism, answered: "Mother, we trust that at some time we, like our grandfather and our father, may be called upon to serve our country."

The elder son, Tiberius, was nine years older than his

brother Caius. To him his mother often said: "You are the elder and if you do that which is right, your younger brother will choose the right also and follow in your footsteps."

At one time, the king of Egypt asked Cornelia to marry him, but she refused to be a queen and have great riches and wear a crown and costly robes and gems.

"No," she said, "my life belongs to my children. I would rather be a good mother than the wealthiest queen in all the land."

"Our mother looks like a queen," the young Caius said to his brother.

"Yes," answered Tiberius, "but our mother is greater than any queen in all the world, for she is always noble and kind."

One day, a friend came to visit the mother and when the younger boy noted the gorgeous gown and jewels worn by the visitor, he said to his brother:

"Our mother does not wear rings on her fingers, nor bracelets, nor necklaces; she does not even wear a gold band in her hair, and look at her friend in all her glittering gems! Why does not our mother wear jewels, Tiberius?"

"Mother does not need to wear gems to make her more beautiful," answered the loyal son.

Then the mother sent for her sons who were permitted to dine with her and her friend out in the garden. After dinner, a servant brought a golden casket belonging to the friend, who opened it, and showed them her gems. She had strings of priceless pearls, as white and fleecy as

the clouds that floated overhead; sapphires, as blue as the summer skies; rubies, as red as the roses in their garden, while her opals glowed with many lights, and the diamonds sparkled in the sunlight.

"Oh, how beautiful, how wonderful!" gasped the two boys in delight.

Then the guest turned to Cornelia and said: "My friend, I see you wear no jewels, but surely you own gems that you will show me. Cornelia, where are your jewels?"

Then Cornelia drew her sons to her and, putting an arm about each, she threw back her head and said proudly:

"These are my jewels."

The sons never forgot that scene in the garden.

"Our mother shall be proud of us," they said, "and we shall be true to her teaching."

And when they were men, they became great leaders in Rome.

The older brother, as he traveled about, saw that the poor people were oppressed by the rich and he tried to establish a law whereby the nobles would be obliged to give up some of their land and riches to these poor people. But the Romans were not ready to listen to this reformer, and Tiberius laid down his life for the cause of liberty, for he was killed by a mob at the Temple of Jupiter.

A few years later his younger brother Caius, tried, as he had always done, to follow in his brother's footsteps and carry out his brother's ideas, to right certain wrongs and give freedom and justice to the poor; but he also

sacrificed his life for the people and was killed in a grove near Rome.

When the heartbroken mother heard that her younger son had been killed also, she said proudly:

"The grandchildren of the great Scipio Africanus were my sons; they perished in the temple and groves of the gods, and they deserved to die in these holy spots, for they gave their lives for the noblest of ends—the happiness of the people."

When the people realized all that these leaders had tried to do for them, they placed a statue in Rome in honor of these two brothers and later, when Cornelia died, the Roman citizens had her statue placed where all might see it, and on it were engraved the words:

"Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

And although this happened many years ago, we like to tell the story to-day, for we know that the most precious thing in all the world is mother love.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This story of the two boys and their mother, Cornelia, is very interesting and we like it because it shows how devoted a mother and her sons can be to each other. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Mother love is far greater than all the fine jewels in the world. The friend who visited Cornelia was very, very wealthy in jewels and precious stones, but Cornelia was far more wealthy in having two wonderful sons. Can you be as wonderful as those boys were,

and be a precious jewel to your mother? Are you as proud of your mother as the Gracchi boys were of theirs? What will you remember about the story?

WORDS TO LEARN

Roman	jewels
choose the right	great leaders
noble and kind	heartbroken
golden casket	mother love

SILENT READING

In the story find the words which answer the questions below.

1. What was the mother's name?
2. What was her father's name?
3. What was her husband's name?
4. What were the names of her sons?
5. In what city did they live?

Which of the following sentences are correct according to the story, and which are not correct?

1. Cornelia was a little girl.
2. Cornelia's two sons loved her very much.
3. A friend visited Cornelia.
4. The two sons became kings.
5. The two sons were killed.

From the following list tell what kind of boys the Gracchi sons were:

brave	upright	dishonest
cowardly	loved their mother	manly
patriotic	did noble deeds	polite

From the following tell what kind of mother Cornelia was:

loving	thoughtful	bad
beautiful	proud of her sons	cruel

GOLD IN THE ORCHARD

LAWTON B. EVANS

MANY years ago there lived a little girl named Merline. Her mother had to go out and sew, while Merline stayed home and cared for the house. One day Merline's mother came home sick, and the next day she could not go to work. This was very bad, but Merline was a brave little girl and worked and cared for her sick mother. The doctor came in one day and told Merline she must go out for a walk, and that a walk would put the roses in her cheeks. "And, besides," said the doctor, "you might find some gold somewhere."

Merline walked slowly down the road and into the woods, looking for roses, thinking about gold, and listening to the birds. Now and then she stopped to pick some flowers to take to her mother.

By and by she came to an oak tree that had a big hollow place in it. She climbed in, leaned her head back and closed her eyes. No sooner had she done this than she felt herself gradually sinking. She was afraid to open her eyes for a while, but when she did, she was in the dearest little room, just the kind of room that she had often wished to have for her doll.

Merline was looking about in wonder, when she heard a soft voice behind her. Turning around, she saw a tiny little fairy that looked for all the world just like the fairies in her storybook. Merline told the fairy all about her sick mother, and how she had cared for her, and how the doctor had sent her out to look for roses and perhaps to find some gold.

"You poor child," said the fairy, "I will help you all I can." As she said this she took off her pointed cap and shook it over Merline's lap. As she did this, a great many gold pieces fell from it.

Merline clapped her hands for joy when the fairy told her that all the gold was hers. "Now I shall have enough to buy medicine, and food, and my mother need not work any more," said she.

She closed her eyes to try to think whether this was all true or not, and when she opened them she was in the old hollow tree again. She looked in her lap for the gold, but there was nothing there except some small seeds. "These may be gold seeds," said Merline, as she jumped from the tree and ran home.

In a few days her mother was much better, and together they went into the orchard and planted the seeds.

Merline watched them as they sprouted and sent tiny shoots above the ground. She and the plants grew up together.

Several years passed and the seeds had grown into trees, and Merline had grown into a fine young woman. The trees were covered with beautiful white blossoms, and when the fruit ripened it looked like big round lumps of gold. "They were seeds of gold after all," said Merline one day. But everybody else thought they were orange seeds.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

Such fairy stories are as enjoyable as can be. We like to imagine that Merline visited the fairy in the hollow oak tree. Perhaps it was a dream because she shut and opened her eyes before and after visiting the tree. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Merline was a very kind girl and wished to do all she could for her sick mother. She tried to find some gold to pay the doctor but the gold turned out to be only seeds. When these were planted they grew into trees and had ripe golden oranges on them. So Merline's wealth grew from the ground and from the tiny seeds. What will you remember about the story?

SILENT READING

For the answers to the questions, choose one from those given.

1. What was the little girl's name? (Ruth, Merline, Geraldine.)
2. What did she find in the forest? (A rabbit, a hollow oak tree, a bear.)
3. Whom did she see in the room? (A man, a boy, a fairy.)
4. What were her gold pieces? (Seeds, buttons, pennies.)
5. What fruit grew upon the trees? (Apples, pears, oranges.)

GRACE DARLING

A True Story

Grace Darling was the daughter of the keeper of a lone lighthouse on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands off the coast of England. Longstone is a very desolate island—hardly more than a pile of stone, five miles from the mainland, where the sea tosses and swells and beats the rocks from morning till night. Only a brave man could be lighthouse keeper there.

Grace grew up on this bleak island and was very happy, for she loved the wildness of the sea. At night around the table many stories were told of the wrecks upon the Farne Islands, and Grace would often listen weeping to the tales of the brave sailors who fought for their lives on the treacherous rocks.

One night in a terrible storm a steamship was dashed upon the rocks. A part of the vessel with a number of passengers was carried off in the tremendous current, but eleven people were left on the rocks, lashed by the angry waves.

It had been an anxious night in the lighthouse as all stormy nights were, and toward morning Grace heard above the noise of the winds and waves, the screams and cries of the drowning people. When daylight dawned she could see through a field glass the wreck and the poor people clinging to the masts.

"Let us go out in the life-boat and save them," she cried. But her father, who knew the dangers in such a storm, replied, "It is of no use. We can never reach them." "We can never stay here and see them die, Father," Grace said; "let us try to save them."

She finally persuaded her father to help her launch the heavy lighthouse boat and with each pulling on an oar the boat passed over the stormy waters and neared the rock. The half-drowned people were rescued one by one and the perilous return journey was completed in safety.

Then Grace helped her mother nurse the shipwrecked people until the storm ceased and they could be taken to the mainland.

The report of her brave deed soon spread throughout England. She received gifts and medals, and artists came to paint her portrait. But through all this praise Grace remained as modest as she was brave, saying she was glad to have saved the lives at the risk of her own and would most willingly do it again if opportunity should occur.

When a few years afterwards she died, two monuments were raised in her honor. But the best memorial of this heroine is the way in which her brave deed has been remembered through all the years and told to children all over the world.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

We like this story because it is true and actually happened. It is full of dangers and perils, but we forget these dangers just as Grace Darling did because the saving of the drowning people was

so much more important. Yet we wonder how she and her father could manage the heavy boat and bring the people back to safety. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Grace Darling was a very brave girl—even more brave than her father, and had it not been for her bravery, many lives would have been lost in that raging sea. If such an opportunity should come to you, do you think you would be as brave as she? What will you remember about the story?

WORDS TO LEARN

lighthouse	wrecks
desolate island	persuaded
bleak	rescued

SILENT READING

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct words to use.

1. Grace Darling lived (in the mountains, *or* on an island).
2. Ships (were often wrecked, *or* always sailed safely past).
3. On the rocks of one island were (many people, *or* two men) who were washed by the ocean waves.
4. (Grace *or* her father) wanted to save the people.
5. For her reward she received (many gifts and medals, *or* no thanks at all).

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

An English Legend

I KING ALFRED AND THE BEGGAR

Long ago there lived in England a good and wise king, whose name was Alfred. You will like to read about him for because of his goodness and wisdom and bravery, he is always known in English history as King Alfred the Great.

Alfred was only twenty-two years old when he became king, and dark days were ahead of him. Fierce bands of sea robbers came across the North Sea from Denmark and made war upon the English. These Danes were strong and brave and venturesome and loved to sail over the seas in their long black ships.

The English people feared them greatly for they sailed

right up the rivers, waving their blood red flag on which was the figure of a raven. They set fire to the towns and villages, and sometimes even carried children away and made them their slaves.

The young king had to fight these invaders who were trying to conquer the whole kingdom. For a number of years he kept them back and beat them in many a battle. But every year more black ships came till at last Alfred had to flee and hide in the woods.

The king now lived in a poor little hut in the forest. He was all alone except for one faithful servant who would not leave him.

One day a loud knock was heard at the door.

The old servant did not dare open the door, but called out, "Who is there?"

"One who is poor and very hungry. Will you not help me?"

The servant went to the king and said, "My lord, there is a beggar at the door. What shall I do? Shall I send him away?"

Alfred's heart was full of pity. "What food have we in the house?" he asked.

"Only a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine."

"Then give the poor man half."

The ragged fellow reached out his hand for the food, muttering, "God will bless your master for his kindness."

The beggar's words came true. The fighting went on for several years; but finally peace was made, and Alfred went about making his kingdom strong and happy. He built stone forts and castles to make his kingdom safe and

strong on land and sea. He made good and just laws, and built schools and hired learned men to teach in them. He let no man be idle, and was never idle himself.

This great and good king died after a glorious and useful reign of nearly thirty years. It has been more than a thousand years since he died, yet the name of Alfred the Great is as dear to the hearts of Englishmen as if he had died only yesterday.

II KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

You will like to read a story about King Alfred when he was at war with the Danes.

One day after a fierce battle, the English soldiers were scattered and every man had to save himself in the best way he could. King Alfred fled alone through the woods and swamps, coming late at night to a wood-cutter's cottage. He was very tired and hungry, and begged the wood-cutter's wife to give him something to eat and a place to sleep.

Now the good woman did not know the king. She thought he was somebody hiding from the Danes, but she was sure he was English because of his face and his dress and his long bow. At first she was afraid, but when she saw how tired he was, she invited him into her hut.

She was cooking some cakes and so she said, "My poor, ragged fellow, you shall have some supper if you will watch these cakes. When they are done on one side, turn them around, and see to it that they do not burn."

King Alfred sat down to watch them, and he turned them for a time, but his thoughts were on his people.

"How many little children are without homes to-night! How many of my bravest men are killed!"

He forgot all about the cakes until the woman came in and saw that they were burned to a crisp. "You lazy fellow!" she cried. "How dare you let the cakes burn! There is our supper all spoiled!"

The king did not say a word, for he knew he deserved the scolding. But just then the woman's husband, who had been one of Alfred's servants came home.

"What is the matter, wife, and who is this?" he asked, for the room was dark and he did not see Alfred's face.

"You may well ask. It is an idle fellow who does not know enough to keep the cakes from burning."

But the woodman fell on his knees before the stranger. "Hush, wife; it is our noble king."

The poor woman was frightened for she knew she had treated her king shamefully. She threw herself at his feet and cried, "Forgive, forgive!"

"Peace, good woman; you were kind to me, and gave me shelter when I had nowhere to go." And Alfred was great and good enough to ask the good woman's forgiveness for burning the cakes.

The king did not forget the woodman and his wife, and when peace came to his kingdom, he did what he could to make them happy.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

Stories of kings and what they do always please boys and girls. King Alfred was a very good king and these little stories about him are very interesting. Did you like them?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

King Alfred was a very generous and good king. He shared half what he had with a beggar. This sets a good example for us when we find someone who is in need of food or clothing.

The king had promised to tend the cakes so they would not burn. It was his carelessness that caused the cakes to burn, and even though he was a king he realized he deserved a scolding. What will you remember about King Alfred?

WORDS TO LEARN

wise and brave	weary
enemies	hearth
front ranks	attention
fierce battle	deserved

SILENT READING

Rewrite the sentences and in the blank spaces write the word which you think should be there.

1. There was a king in England named ——.
2. He went to the hut of a —— in the forest.
3. He was asked to watch the —— so they would not burn.
4. He forgot the cakes and they —— to a crisp.
5. He knew he deserved the ——.

From the words in the list tell what kind of king Alfred was:

good	generous	cowardly
bad	thoughtful	noble
selfish	brave	great

WILLIAM TELL

A German Tale Retold

Long, long ago, before Switzerland became the united nation she is to-day, the country came to be under the protection of the German Empire. The Emperor of Germany recognized the independence of the Swiss people, and they were very happy and content.

The good Emperor's reign at length came to an end, however, and the new Emperor was cruel and harsh and treacherous. He hated the Swiss and planned to take away their independence. His first step was to place a governor in each Swiss province to rule over the people and report to him in regard to their conduct. He chose for governors the harshest and most overbearing of men, for he meant by their aid to oppress the people and bring them into his power.

All Switzerland groaned beneath the yoke of the tyrant Emperor. The governors and their troopers were so cruel that the mere mention of their names was enough to crush gladness out of the happiest hearts. They fined the simple people for every offense, real or fancied, taxed them till they almost starved in order to meet the taxes, imprisoned them for the slightest reasons, and used every means to break their spirit.

Gesler was the name of the cruelest of all the governors. Glorying in his power, he spent his time thinking up new ways to humiliate and oppress the people. In his folly

he commanded that his hat should be raised on a pole in the market-place and that every man should bow to it as he passed by. Said Gesler: "To this hat every man shall bend the knee as he passes by. And if any be traitor, and will not do this thing, he shall be cast into prison, and lose all that he hath." And he stationed soldiers by the pole that they should see to the observance of his command.

Then were the people of the province greatly troubled for they had no wish to bow to the power of the governor, but neither did they wish to fall into the hands of the governor's soldiers and suffer insult and disgrace.

Now it happened that William Tell, an archer, came into the town and was passing through the market-place with his son, when he observed a group of men talking together as if there were some disturbance, and coming close upon them, he saw the pole which the soldiers guarded, and upon it the governor's hat.

And, not understanding the meaning of these things, he was about to question a neighbor, when a soldier seized him roughly by the arm, and commanded him that he should bow to the hat.

"Nay," said Tell, "I am a freeborn Swiss, and owe no allegiance to the governor. I will never bow to that hat."

These words he could not be made to take back, no matter what was said.

Therefore the soldiers seized him and his son, and brought them before the governor.

"This man," said they, "hath refused with contempt to obey thine order and do reverence to the hat, for which

reason we have seized him and brought him before thee."

When Gesler heard this report he was seized with an anger so great that he would have had Tell put to death there and then had he dared. But since the prisoner was a man of some fame as an archer, and well esteemed in the province, he dared not do this. Therefore Gesler meditated some other device of cruelty.

And when he had meditated for some time a smile began to grow upon his lips, and it grew greater and greater, as if the governor harbored some thought that pleased him well.

Then said he at last to his soldiers: "Is not this William Tell that cunning archer of whose skill as a marksman I have heard great things?"

"He is indeed that archer, my lord," said the guard.

"So great is my father's skill," cried young Walter Tell, "that he can hit a bird on the wing; or at one hundred paces, split an apple so that it falls from the tree."

"I am well content," said Gesler. "Listen, good archer, and know my merciful punishment of thine offense. Know that my first purpose was that thou shouldst suffer death for this great disobedience. Later came more merciful thoughts—as is ever the case with me—and I considered how by thine own skill thy life might be gained to thee.

"Guard, take the boy, bind him to yonder linden tree, and place an apple upon his head. Archer, if thine eye be as true, and thine arm as steady as hath been said, all goes well with thee. Let the apple on the boy's head be pierced and fall, and thy life is again thine."

The governor had no sooner finished speaking than a cry of horror broke from the soldiers, and from the nobles who were with Gesler; for even the most hardened liked little to see a father thus forced to risk the life of his son. But Tell was silent. One might have said that he was a man carven of stone.

"If his skill be as great as hath been said, he chances little," said Gesler coldly. "If not, then had he better have restrained the boasting of his son."

Tell had heard nothing of the cry from the nobles or of the governor's reply; but he woke now from his stupor to throw himself at Gesler's feet.

"My lord," cried he in anguish, "take my life if thou wilt, for a brave man fears not his own death; but bid me not thus threaten the life of my son! The hand of the marksman should be sure and steady when he speeds the shaft; how shall mine be calm, when my son's life hangs upon my skill?"

"Nay," said Gesler cruelly, "the hunter's aim is surest when danger presses closest. Haste thee, Tell, take thy bow into thy hand, lest men ask of thee where is thy vaunted cunning."

"My father," cried Walter, "have no fear for me. Well I know the sureness of thine aim, and that I shall come to no ill by thy shaft. But, sirs, I pray ye, bind me not to the tree. I shall stand quite still the while I await my father's aim. Is not this the best day of my life—when I show my belief in him?"

Hearing those brave words from the boy, the nobles besought Gesler that he would consider another means of

punishment; but he turned a deaf ear, declaring that the archer should send his arrow, and prove his skill.

Now the child took up his position beneath the linden tree, and his face said that he was not afraid. And Tell was placed eighty paces distant, amid the murmurs of the lookers-on.

And when Tell had lifted one arrow, and set it ready to use it, he lifted another, and hid that one in his bosom.

Then he made ready, and, taking aim, the shaft sped through the air. And its flight had almost been heard, so great was the silence, for there was not a man that dared to draw a breath.

Now the silence was broken by the fall of the apple, and there came a great shout from the nobles near Gesler, for they forgot the governor, and thought only of the archer and his little son.

But Gesler was dark and silent, for as William Tell bent his head in thanksgiving, the governor saw the second arrow fall from his bosom.

And when the silence had endured for a few moments so that all the crowd began to wonder at it, the governor spake.

"See," said he to Tell, "the arrow which hath fallen from thy bosom to the ground. Thinkest thou that I marked not thy choice of a second arrow? Full well I marked the deed. Now tell me why thou madest choice of more arrows than one?"

Tell would not at first answer this question. But when the governor pressed him rudely, his anger became too much for him, and remembering how his life was promised

to him, he replied. "My lord, had the first shaft taken my son's life, the second had surely found a resting-place in thine own heart."

At these words Gesler turned pale with wrath and dread, fearing the desperation of this man; and he regretted that he had promised him his life. Nor dared he break that promise, since it had been given in the hearing of all.

"Wretch," cried he in a fury, "it is true that thy life is promised thee, but know that it shall be spent where neither the sun's light nor the moon's shall reach thee!"

And he ordered that the archer should be seized and bound, but in the confusion Tell took his son in his arms and escaped to his mountain home.

Gesler's last act of tyranny so roused all the provinces that they rose together forthwith against the governors. With the help of the God they served, they seized the castles of these men and destroyed them, overthrew their soldiers, and defied the harsh laws they had made. These things having been accomplished, they were content to go on living their simple lives.

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The tyrant Gesler was a very bad ruler and at the last he got what he deserved. William Tell was a very good man, brave and proud, and would not obey the unjust order of Gesler. The son was like his father, brave and courageous, and very trustful. He knew his father could shoot the apple and he had no fear. A son should have faith in his father and know that whatever his father says and does is right. What will you remember about the story?

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

EMELINE G. CROMMELIN

A VERY long time ago, the town of Hamelin was overrun with rats. The people had no peace, and they did not know what to do to get rid of them. We are told there were so many rats that—

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
  And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
  And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
  By drowning their speaking
  With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

The trouble grew worse every day. At last the people could bear it no longer. So they went to the town hall, where the mayor and the townsmen were assembled. They asked if something could not be done to rid the town of the terrible rats.

For more than an hour the mayor sat silent, puzzling his brain what to do. He had just begun to speak, when, hearing a knock at the door, he called loudly for the intruder to come in.

In the doorway stood a queer-looking creature, dressed in a long coat, half yellow and half red. Around his neck was a scarf, also of yellow and red, from which hung a curious pipe.

To the surprise of all present, the stranger walked toward the mayor, and said that he was able to draw all creatures, of every description, to him by a secret charm. Then he told that he was called the Pied Piper, which means he was dressed in different colors, such as a jester or clown wears, and that he had done wonderful things with his magic music.

The strange piper, having heard how the town was beset with rats, offered to drive them all away, so they would never return, if the people would give him a certain sum of money.

The mayor and townsmen were relieved to find someone to help them out of the difficulty. They willingly promised the poor piper more than the sum he asked for his trouble.

Into the street went the piper, and putting the pipe to his lips, he blew a few shrill notes. No sooner had he

done so, than a great grumbling was heard from all directions:

> And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
> And out of the houses the rats came tumbling;
> Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
> Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
> Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
> Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
> Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
> Families by tens and dozens;
> Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
> Followed the Piper for their lives.

On went the rats, following the music of the piper, until they reached the river, into which they all plunged, and were drowned—save one fat old rat that swam to the other side, and lived to tell the story of the piper's call.

The people of Hamelin were so overjoyed to be rid of the torments that they rang the bells of the churches. The mayor ordered that no trace of the rats should be left in the town.

But what of the poor piper who had done it all? When he appeared in the market place, and asked, "My money, if you please?" the mayor and people, thinking the rats could never return to trouble them more, were sorry they had made such a bargain with the piper, and refused to pay him. They laughed, and pretending it was all a joke, offered him a small part of what they had promised to pay.

At this the piper grew angry. He told them if they kept him waiting much longer for his money, he would pipe for them in another way.

"My money, if you please."

The mayor, not wishing to give up the money, paid no attention to the piper's threats; but told him to do his worst—never dreaming what his worst might be.

Into the street went the piper, and putting the pipe to his lips, he blew a few sweet notes. No sooner had he done so than a rustling was heard from all directions and out came the children running.

The boys and girls, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, shouted, laughed, and danced as they followed the magic music of the piper. The mayor and the people stood dumb and helpless. At last, with a sigh of relief, they saw the piper and the gay procession turn toward a high hill, and they cried:

"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

But before they had time to finish, the mountain opened like a great door, and closed again when all the little ones were inside. No, not *all;* for one little lame fellow, who was not able to dance all the way, was left just outside. He lived to tell the story of the magic call of the piper.

For many years afterwards he used to say:

"I am very sad and lonely since all my little playmates went away that day with the piper and I was left alone."

The mayor offered both gold and silver, if only the piper would bring the children back to Hamelin. But it was too late. They never returned to their fathers and mothers. They had gone forever.

From the day the Pied Piper charmed the boys and

girls of Hamelin by his wonderful music, and disappeared with them in the mountain side, all time was reckoned in the town. That was in July, 1284.

The people had the story written on the church window, that everyone should know how their little ones were taken away.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

When you are a little older you will read the story of the Pied Piper in poem form. Parts of the poem are used in this story, and you will like it as well as the little sick boy did, for whom the poem was written. The story is about a funny old piper, and how he piped away both rats and children from the town of Hamelin. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The Piper did much good for the town of Hamelin and made a bargain with the Mayor, but the Mayor did not keep his word and pay the Piper what he had promised. Because he did not live up to his promise, the children of the town—all but one who was crippled—were led away. It must have been a very lonely town. What will you remember about the story?

SILENT READING

From the story make a list of all the things which the rats were doing in the town.

Tell how the bargain was made between the Pied Piper and the Mayor.

Make a list of all the different kinds of rats which came forth to follow the Piper.

Tell what happened when the Mayor did not keep his agreement with the Piper.

APOLLO AND THE LAUREL

ROBERT EDWARD FRANCILLON

One day Apollo, while following his flock of sheep, met a little boy playing with a bow and arrows.

"That isn't much of a bow you have there," said Apollo.

"Isn't it?" smiled the boy. "Perhaps not; but all the same, I don't believe you have a better, though you're so big and I'm so small."

Now you know that Apollo never could bear to be told that anybody had anything, or did anything, better than he. So he took his own bow from his shoulder, and showed it to the boy, and said, "As you think you know so much about bows and arrows, look at that; perhaps you'll say the bow which killed the great serpent that

terrified my mother Latona isn't stronger than your trumpery little toy."

The boy took Apollo's bow and tried to bend it; but it was much too strong for him.

"But never mind," he said. "My little bow and arrows are better than your big ones, all the same."

Apollo was half angry and half amused. "You little blockhead! How do you make out that?"

"Because your bow can kill everybody else, but mine can conquer *you*. You shall see."

And so saying he let fly one of his arrows right into Apollo's heart. The arrow was so little that Apollo felt nothing more than the prick of a pin: he only laughed at the boy's nonsense, and went on his way as if nothing had happened.

But Apollo would not have thought so little of the matter if he had known that his heart had been pricked by a magic arrow.

The boy's name was Cupid. You will read a good deal about him. Oddly enough, though the boy was one of the gods of Olympus, Apollo had never seen him before, and knew nothing about him. Perhaps Cupid had not been born when Apollo was banished from the sky.

However this may be, there is no doubt about what Cupid's arrows could do. If he shot into the hearts of two people at the same time with two of his golden arrows, they loved each other, and were happy. But if he shot only one heart, as he did Apollo's, that person was made to love somebody who did not love him in return, and perhaps hated him: so he became most miserable.

So it happened to Apollo. He became fond of a water nymph named Daphne. But though he was so great and glorious a god, and she only a naiad,[1] she was afraid of him and would have nothing to do with him, for Cupid, out of mischief, shot her heart with one of his leaden arrows, which prevented love. Apollo prayed her to like him; but she could not, and when she saw him coming, she would hide away at the bottom of her river.

But one day she was rambling in a wood a long way from her home. And, to her alarm, she suddenly saw Apollo coming toward her. She took to her heels and ran. She ran very fast indeed; but her river was far away, and Apollo kept gaining on her, for nobody on the earth or in the sky could run so fast as he. At last she was so tired and so frightened that she could run no longer, and was obliged to stand still.

"Rather than let Apollo touch me," she said, "I would become a hamadryad,[2] and never again be able to run any more than the other wood nymphs."

She wished it so hard that suddenly she felt her feet take root in the earth. Then her arms turned to branches, her fingers turned to twigs, and her hair turned to leaves. And when Apollo reached the spot, he found nothing but a laurel bush growing where Daphne had been.

"Daphne" is the Greek word for "laurel," the tree forever after loved by Apollo. You may know Apollo in

[1] Naiad—A nymph belonging to a brook or river. Every stream has its naiad.

[2] Hamadryad—A nymph who lived in a tree. Every tree has a hamadryad.

pictures by the laurel wreath which he wears on his head.

There is an ancient saying, "Love conquers all things." And that is exactly what Cupid meant by saying that his toy bow was stronger even than the bow which had killed the great serpent, and could conquer with ease even the god of the sun, Apollo.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

The stories of the Greek gods are very interesting. This story is a nature myth and tells us how the laurel bush grew and why the laurel wreath is used as a crown for victors in races and battles. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Cupid is the god of love and he is always shown with his bow and arrows. He proved his arrows mightier than the strong ones of the mighty Apollo. Love can conquer where strength cannot. Will you remember this story about Cupid and how he shoots his arrows?

WORDS TO LEARN

flock of sheep	water nymph
terrified	naiad
half angry	wood nymph
half amused	Daphne

SILENT READING

Concerning the two gods, Cupid and Apollo, answer the following questions:

1. Which was stronger?
2. Which had the sharper arrows?
3. Which loved Daphne, the naiad?
4. Which represents love?
5. Which do you like better?

THE NARCISSUS

ROBERT EDWARD FRANCILLON

THERE was a beautiful mountain nymph named Echo, who had never, in all her life, seen anybody less ugly looking than the god Pan. Pan was the chief of the satyrs,[1] and hideous monsters they were. When Pan made love to Echo, she naturally kept him at a distance: and, as she supposed him to be no worse looking than the rest of the world, she made up her mind to have nothing to do with love or love-making, and was quite content to ramble about the woods all alone.

But one day, to her surprise, she happened to meet a youth who was as different from Pan as any creature could be. Instead of having a goat's legs and long hairy arms, he was as graceful as Apollo himself: no horns grew out of his forehead, and his ears were not long, pointed, and covered with hair, but just like Echo's own. And he was just as beautiful in face as he was graceful in form. I doubt if Echo would have thought even Apollo himself so beautiful.

The nymphs were rather shy, and Echo was the very shyest of them all. But she admired the youth so much that she could not leave the spot, and at last she even plucked up courage enough to ask him, "What is the name of the most beautiful being in the whole world?"

"Whom do you mean?" he asked. "Yourself? If you

[1] SATYRS—Gods who were half man and half goat.

want to know your own name, you can tell it better than I can."

"No," replied Echo, "I don't mean myself. I mean *you*. What is *your* name?"

"My name is Narcissus. But as for my being beautiful, that is absurd."

"Narcissus!" repeated Echo to herself. "It is a beautiful name. Which of the nymphs have you come to meet here in these woods all alone? She is lucky, whoever she may be."

"I have come to meet nobody," said Narcissus. "But —am I really so beautiful? I have often been told so by other girls, of course; but really it is more than I can quite believe."

"And you don't care for any of those girls?"

"Why, you see," said Narcissus, "when all the girls you know call you beautiful, there's no reason why you should care for one more than another. They all seem alike when they are always saying just the same thing. Ah! I do wish I could see myself, so that I could tell if it were really true. I would marry the girl who could give me the wish of my heart, to see myself as other people see me. But as nobody can make me do that, why, I suppose I shall get on without marrying anybody at all."

"What!" cried Echo, full of hope and joy; "if I make you see your own face, you will marry *me?*"

"I said so. And of course what I say I'll do, I'll do."

"Then come with me."

Echo took him by the hand and led him to the edge of a little lake in the wood.

"Kneel down, Narcissus," she said, "and bend your eyes over the water's edge. That lake is the mirror where the goddess Diana, sister of Apollo, comes every morning to dress her hair, and in which, every night, the moon and the stars behold themselves. Look into that water and see what manner of man you are."

Narcissus kneeled down and looked into the lake. And he beheld the reflected image of his own face. He looked, and looked, and could not take his eyes away.

But Echo at last grew tired of waiting.

"Have you forgotten what you promised me?" she asked. "Are you content now? Do you see now that what I told you is true?"

He lifted his eyes at last, and exclaimed, "Oh, beautiful creature that I am! I am indeed the most divine creature in the whole wide world. I love myself madly. Go away. I want to be with my beautiful image, with myself, all alone. I can't marry you. I shall never love anybody but myself for the rest of my days."

And he gazed at himself once more, while poor Echo had to go away weeping.

Narcissus had spoken truly. He loved himself and his own face so much that he could think of nothing else: he spent all his days and nights by the lake, and never took his eyes away.

But unluckily his image, which was only a shadow in the water, could not love him back again. And so he pined away until he died. And when his friends came to look for his body, they found nothing but a flower, into which his soul had turned. So they called it the Nar-

cissus, and we call it so still. And yet I don't know that it is a particularly conceited or selfish flower.

As for poor Echo, she pined away too. She faded and faded until nothing was left of her but her voice. There are many places where she can even now be heard. And she still has the same trick of saying to vain and foolish people whatever they say to themselves, or whatever they would like best to hear said to them. If you go where Echo is, and call out loudly, "I am beautiful," she will echo your very words.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

Here is another nature myth. This story tells how the narcissus flower came to be, and why we so often find it near the water, swaying and bending to look at its reflection in the water. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Echo was a beautiful nymph and it was unfortunate that she loved Narcissus, for he did not love her and would not marry her. We are glad to hear her voice among the hills and valleys even to-day. Narcissus was too conceited. He liked himself too much and that caused trouble for himself and for Echo who loved him. People should forget themselves and think of others, and not be like Narcissus. What will you remember about Echo and Narcissus?

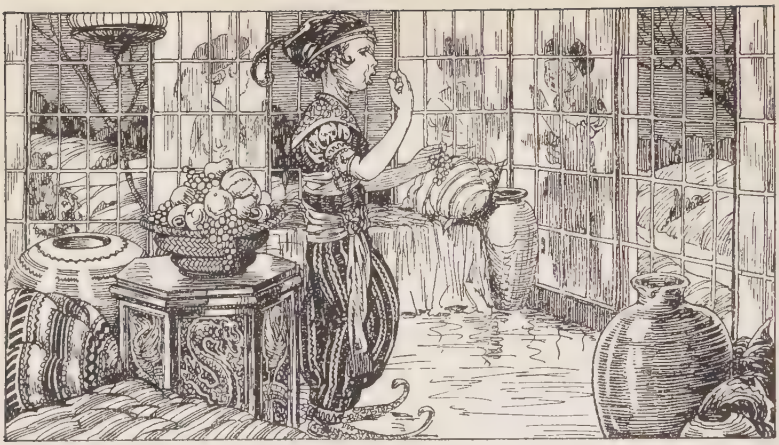
WORDS TO LEARN

beautiful	shy	mirror
graceful	image	shadow

SILENT READING

Write a sentence containing each of the following words:

Pan; Shy; Reflected image; Pined away; Flower called the Narcissus.



PRINCE HARWEDA AND THE MAGIC PRISON

FANNIE E. COE

Little Harweda was born a prince. His father was king over all the land, and his mother was the most beautiful queen the world had ever seen, and Prince Harweda was their only child. From the day of his birth, everything that love or money could do for him had been done. The pillow on which his head rested was made out of the down from humming birds' breasts. The water in which his hands and face were washed was always steeped in rose leaves before being brought to the nursery. Everything that could be done was done, and nothing which could add to his ease or comfort was left undone.

But his parents, although they were king and queen,

were not very wise, for they never thought of making the young prince think of anyone but himself. Never in all his life had he given up one of his comforts that someone else might have a pleasure. So, of course, he grew to be selfish and peevish, and by the time he was five years old he was so disagreeable that nobody loved him. "Dear! dear! what shall we do?" said the poor queen mother, and the king only sighed and answered, "Ah, what indeed!" They were both very much grieved, for they well knew that little Harweda would never grow up to be really a great king unless he could make his people love him.

At last they determined to send for his fairy godmother to see if she could cure Prince Harweda of always thinking about himself. "Well, well, well!" exclaimed his godmother when they laid the case before her, "this is a pretty state of affairs! And I his godmother, too! Why wasn't I called in sooner?" She told them she would have to think a day and a night and a day again before she could offer them any help. "But," added she, "if I take the child in charge, you must let me have my way for a whole year." The king and queen gladly promised that they would not even speak to or see their son for the year if the fairy godmother would only cure him of his selfishness. "We'll see about that," said the godmother. "Humph, expecting to be a king some day and not caring for anybody but himself—a fine king he'll make!" With that she flew off, and the king and queen saw nothing more of her for a day and a night and another day. Then back she came in a great hurry.

"Give me the prince," said she, "I have a house all ready for him. One month from to-day I'll bring him back to you. Perhaps he'll be cured and perhaps he won't. If he is not cured then, we shall try two months next time. We'll see, we'll see." Without any more ado she picked up the astonished young prince and flew away with him as lightly as if he were nothing but a feather or a straw. In vain the poor queen wept and begged for a last kiss. Before she had wiped her eyes, the fairy godmother and Prince Harweda were out of sight.

They flew a long distance, until they reached a great forest. When they had come to the middle of it, down flew the fairy, and in a minute more the young prince was standing on the green grass beside a beautiful pink marble palace that looked something like a good-sized summerhouse.

"This is your home," said the godmother. "In it you will find everything you need, and you can do just as you choose with your time." Little Harweda was delighted at this, for there was nothing in the world he liked better than to do as he pleased. He tossed his cap up into the air and ran into the lovely little house without so much as saying "Thank you" to his godmother. "Humph," said she, as he disappeared, "you'll have enough of it before you are through with it, my fine prince." With that, off she flew. Prince Harweda had no sooner set his foot inside the small rose-colored palace than the iron door shut with a bang and locked itself. This was because it was an enchanted house, as of course all houses are that are built by fairies.

Prince Harweda did not mind being locked in, as he cared very little for the great beautiful outside world. The new home was very fine, and he was eager to examine it. Then, too, he thought that when he was tired of it, all he would have to do would be to kick on the door and a servant from somewhere would come and open it—he had always had a servant to obey his slightest command.

His fairy godmother had told him that it was *his* house, therefore he was interested in looking at everything in it.

The floor was made of a beautiful red copper that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold and seemed almost a dark red in the shadow. He had never seen anything half so fine before. The ceiling was of mother-of-pearl, with tints of red and blue and yellow and green, all blending into gleaming white, as only mother-of-pearl can. From the middle of this handsome ceiling hung a large gilded bird-cage containing a beautiful bird, which just at this moment was singing a glad song of welcome to the prince. Harweda, however, cared very little about birds, so he took no notice of the singer.

Around on every side were couches with richly embroidered coverings and soft down pillows. "Ah," thought the prince, "here I can lounge at my ease with no one to call me to stupid lessons!" Wonderfully carved jars and vases of gold and silver stood about on the floor, and each was filled with a different perfume. "This is delicious," said Prince Harweda. "Now I can have all the sweet odors I want without the trouble of going into the garden for roses or lilies."

In the center of the room was a fountain of sparkling water which leaped up and fell back into its marble basin with a faint, dreamy music very pleasant to hear.

On a table near at hand were various baskets of the most tempting pears and grapes and peaches, and near them were dishes of sweetmeats. "Good," said the greedy young prince, "that is what I like best of all." Thereupon he fell to eating the fruit and sweetmeats as fast as he could cram them into his mouth. He ate so much that he had a pain in his stomach, but strange to say, the table was just as full as when he began, for no sooner did he reach his hand out and take a soft, mellow pear or a rich, juicy peach than another pear or peach took its place in the basket. The same thing happened when he helped himself to chocolate drops or marshmallows, for of course, if the little palace was enchanted, everything in it was enchanted also.

When Prince Harweda had eaten until he could eat no more, he threw himself down upon one of the couches and fell asleep. When he awoke, he noticed for the first time the walls which, by the way, were really the strangest part of his new home. They had in them twelve long, checkered windows which reached from the ceiling to the floor. The spaces between the windows were filled with mirrors exactly the same size as the windows, so that the whole room was walled in with windows and looking-glasses. Through the three windows that looked to the north could be seen far distant mountains, towering high above the surrounding country. From the three windows that faced the south could be seen the great

ocean, tossing and moving and gleaming with white and silver. The eastern windows gave each morning a glorious view of the sunrise. The windows on the west looked out upon a great forest of tall fir trees, and at the time of sunset most splendid colors could be seen between the dark green branches.

But little Harweda cared for none of these beautiful views. In fact he scarcely glanced out of the windows at all, he was so taken up with the broad handsome mirrors. In each of them he could see himself reflected, and he was very fond of looking at himself in a looking-glass. He was much pleased when he noticed that the mirrors were so arranged that each one not only reflected his whole body, head, arms, feet, and all, but that it also reflected his image as seen in several of the other mirrors. He could thus see his front, and back, and each side, all at the same time. As he was a handsome boy, he enjoyed these many views of himself immensely, and would stand and sit and lie down just for the fun of seeing the many images of himself do the same thing.

He spent so much time looking at and admiring himself in the wonderful looking-glasses that he had very little time for the books and games in the palace. Hours were spent each day first before one mirror and then another, and he did not notice that the windows were growing narrower and narrower and the mirrors wider, until the former had become so small that they hardly admitted light enough for him to see himself in the looking-glass. Still, this did not alarm him very much, as he cared nothing for the outside world. It only made him

spend more time at the mirror, as it was now getting difficult for him to see himself at all. The windows at last became mere slits in the wall, and the mirrors grew so large that they not only reflected little Harweda but all of the room besides in a dim kind of way.

Finally, however, Prince Harweda awoke one morning and found himself in total darkness. Not a ray of light came from the outside world, and, of course, not an object in the room could be seen. He rubbed his eyes and sat up to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he called loudly for someone to come and open a window for him, but no one came. He got up and groped his way to the iron door and tried to open it, but it was—as you know—locked. He kicked it, and beat upon it, but he only bruised his fists and hurt his toes. He grew quite angry now. How dare anyone shut him, a prince, up in a dark prison like this! In fact, he blamed everybody and everything but himself for his trouble, but it was of no use. The sound of his own voice was his only answer. The whole of the outside world seemed to have forgotten him.

As he felt his way back to his couch, he knocked over one of the golden jars which had held the liquid perfume, but the perfume was all gone now and only an empty jar rolled over the floor. He laid himself down on the couch, but its soft pillows had been removed and a hard iron framework received him. He was dismayed, and lay for a long time thinking of what he had best do with himself. All before him was blank darkness, as black as the darkest night you ever saw.

He reached out his hand to get some fruit to eat, but only one or two withered apples remained on the table. Was he to starve to death? Suddenly he noticed that the tinkling music of the fountain had ceased. He hastily groped his way over to it, and he found in the place of the dancing stream a silent pool of water. A hush had fallen upon everything about him; a dead silence was in the room. He threw himself down upon the floor and wished that he were dead also. He lay there for a long, long time.

At last he heard, or thought he heard, a faint sound. He listened eagerly. It seemed to be some tiny creature not far away, trying to move about. For the first time for nearly a month, he remembered the bird in the gilded cage. "Poor little thing," he cried as he sprang up, "you too are shut within this terrible prison. This thick darkness must be as hard for you to bear as it is for me." He went toward the cage, and, as he drew near, the bird gave a glad little chirp.

"That's better than nothing," said the boy. "You must need some water to drink. Poor thing," continued he as he filled the drinking cup, "this is all I have to give you."

Just then he heard a harsh, grating sound as of rusty bolts sliding with difficulty out of their sockets, and then faint rays of light, not wider than a hair, began to shine between the heavy plate mirrors. Prince Harweda was filled with joy. "Perhaps, perhaps," said he softly, "I may yet see the light again. Ah, how beautiful the outside world would look to me now!"

The next day he was so hungry that he began to bite one of the old withered apples, and as he bit it, he thought of the bird, his fellow prisoner. "You must be hungry, too, poor little thing," said he, as he put part of the apple into the bird's cage. Again came the harsh, grating sound, and the boy noticed that the cracks of light were growing larger. Still they were only cracks, as nothing of the outside world could be seen. However, it was a comfort not to have to grope about in total darkness. Prince Harweda felt quite sure that the cracks of light were wider, and on going up to one and putting his eye close to it, as he would to a pinhole in a paper, he was glad to find that he could tell the greenness of the grass from the blue of the sky.

"Ah, my pretty bird, my pretty bird!" he cried joyfully, "I have had a glimpse of the great beautiful outside world, and you shall have it too."

With these words, he climbed up into a chair and, loosening the cage from the golden chain by which it hung, he carried it carefully to the nearest crack of light and placed it close to the narrow opening. Again was heard the harsh, grating sound, and the walls moved a bit, and the windows were now at least an inch wide. At this, the poor prince clasped his hands with delight. He sat down near the bird cage and gazed out of the narrow opening. Never before had the trees looked so tall and stately, or the white clouds floating through the sky so lovely.

The next day, as he was carefully cleaning the bird's cage so that his little friend might be more comfortable,

the walls again creaked and groaned and the mirrors grew narrower by just so many inches as the windows widened. But Prince Harweda saw only the flood of sunshine that poured in, and the beauty of the larger landscape. He cared nothing now for the stupid mirrors which could only reflect what was placed before them. Each day he found something new and beautiful in the view from the narrow windows. Now it was a squirrel frisking about and running up some tall tree trunk so rapidly that Prince Harweda could not follow it with his eyes; again it was a mother bird feeding her young. By this time, the windows were a foot wide or more.

One day, as two white doves suddenly soared aloft in the blue sky, the poor little bird, who had become the tenderly-cared-for comrade of the young prince, gave a pitiful little trill. "Dear little fellow," cried Harweda, "do you also long for your freedom? You shall at least be as free as I am." So saying, he opened the cage door and the bird flew out.

The prince laughed as he watched it flutter about from chair to table and back to chair again. He was so occupied with the bird that he did not notice that the walls had again shaken and that the windows were now their full size, until the added light caused him to look around. He turned and saw the room looking almost exactly as it had done on the day he had entered it with so much pride because it was all his own. Now it seemed close and stuffy, and he would gladly have given it all for the humblest home in his father's kingdom where he could meet people and hear them talk, and see them

smile at each other, even if they should take no notice of him.

One day soon after this, the little bird fluttered up against the windowpane and beat his wings against it in a vain effort to get out. A new idea seized the young prince, and taking up one of the golden jars he went to the window and struck on one of its checkered panes of glass with all his force. "You shall be free, even if I cannot," said he to the bird. Two or three strong blows shivered the small pane and the bird swept out into the free open air beyond. "Ah, my pretty one, how glad I am that you are free at last," cried the prince, as he stood watching the flight of his fellow prisoner. His face was bright with glad, unselfish joy over the bird's liberty.

The small, pink marble palace shook from top to bottom, the iron door flew open, and the fresh wind from the sea rushed in and seemed to catch the boy in its invisible arms. Prince Harweda could hardly believe his eyes as he sprang to the door. There stood his fairy godmother, smiling, and with her hand reached out toward him. "Come, my godchild," said she gently, "we shall now go back to your father and mother, the king and the queen, and they will rejoice with us that you have been cured of your terrible selfishness."

Great indeed was the rejoicing in the palace when Prince Harweda was returned to them a sweet, loving boy, kind and thoughtful to all about him. Many a struggle he had with the old habit of selfishness, but as time passed by he grew to be a great, wise king, loving

and tenderly caring for all his people and loved by them in return.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This longer story is a story of a prince and we like it because the prince overcame a very bad habit. It is a fairy story with a fairy godmother and a magic palace and some wonderful things happen. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Prince Harweda did not appreciate all the things that were done for him and he grew very, very selfish. In order that he might become a great and good king when he grew up, he had to overcome this bad trait of selfishness. Do you think you could overcome your selfishness, if you were as selfish as Harweda? To overcome it you would have to forget yourself and do good deeds for other people. What will you remember about Harweda?

WORDS TO LEARN

selfishness	fountain	flutter
nursery	sweetmeats	panes of glass
godmother	enchanted	unselfish
palace	perfume	liberty

SILENT READING

Tell of the luxuries which Prince Harweda had when he was a very small boy.

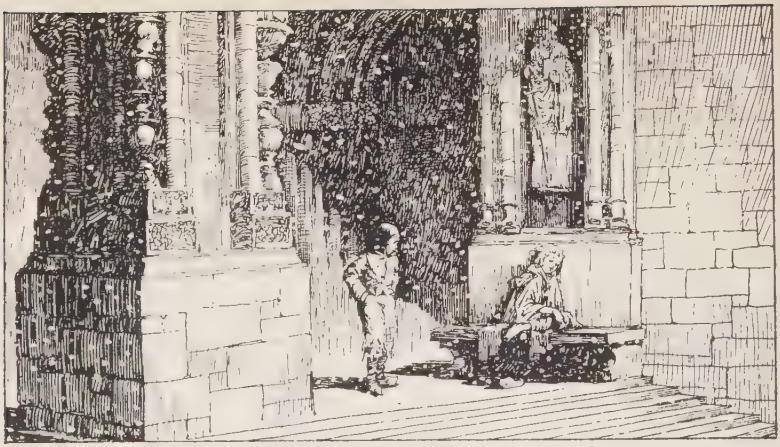
Explain what bad habit he had.

Tell what the godmother promised to do.

Describe the rose-colored palace.

What good deeds did the prince do?

Why do you think he would be a good king when he grew up?



WOODEN SHOES OF LITTLE WOLFF

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

Once upon a time—it was so long ago that the whole world has forgotten the date—in a city in the north of Europe, whose name is so difficult to pronounce that nobody remembers it—once upon a time there was a little boy of seven, named Wolff. He was an orphan in charge of an old aunt who was hard and greedy, who only kissed him on New Year's Day, and who breathed a sigh of regret every time she gave him a porringer of soup.

But the poor little lad was naturally so good that he loved his aunt just the same, although she frightened him very much; and he could never see her without trembling, for fear she would whip him.

As the aunt of Wolff was known through all the village to have a house and an old stocking full of gold, she did not dare send her nephew to the school for the poor, but she obtained a reduction of the price with the schoolmaster whose school little Wolff attended. The teacher, vexed at having a scholar so badly dressed and who paid so poorly, often punished him unjustly, and even set his fellow pupils against him.

The poor little fellow was therefore as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry when Christmas came.

The night before Christmas the schoolmaster was to take all of his pupils to church, and bring them back to their homes. As the winter was very severe that year, and since for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the children came to the master's house warmly wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good, thick-nailed boots with strong soles. Only little Wolff came shivering in the clothes that he wore week days and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse Strasbourg socks and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes.

His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests over his forlorn looks and his peasant's dress; but little Wolff was so occupied in blowing on his fingers to keep them warm, that he took no notice of the boys or what they said.

The troop of boys, with their master at their head, started for the church. As they went they talked of the

fine suppers that were waiting them at home. The son of the burgomaster had seen, before he went out, a monstrous goose and at the house of one of the boys there was a little fir tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats and toys.

The children spoke, too, of what the Christ Child would bring to them, and what he would put in their shoes, which they would, of course, be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed. And the eyes of those little boys, lively as a parcel of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of seeing in their imagination pink paper bags filled with cakes, lead soldiers drawn up in battalions in their boxes, menageries smelling of varnished wood, and magnificent jumping jacks covered with purple and bells.

Little Wolff knew very well by experience that his old aunt would send him supperless to bed; but, knowing that all the year he had been as good and industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ Child would not forget him, and he, too, looked eagerly forward to putting his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace.

When the service was ended, everyone went away, anxious for his supper, and the band of children, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

In the porch, lying on a stone seat, a child was sleeping—a child who was clad in a robe of white linen, and whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and fresh, and near him on the ground were seen a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter's

apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long locks of golden hair seemed like a circle of light about his head. But the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were sad to see.

The children, so well clothed and shod for the winter, passed heedlessly before the unknown child. One of them, the son of one of the principal men in the village, looked at the waif with an expression in which no pity could be seen.

But little Wolff, coming the last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the beautiful sleeping child. "Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad that this poor little one has to go barefoot in such bad weather. But what is worse than all, he has not even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps to-night, so that the Christ Child could put something there to comfort him in his misery."

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Wolff took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child. Then, limping along on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow, he went back to his aunt's house.

"Look at that worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. "What have you done with your wooden shoe, little wretch?"

Little Wolff did not know how to deceive, and although he was shaking with terror, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure.

The old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter.

"Ah, this boy takes off his shoes for beggars! Ah, this boy gives away his wooden shoes to a barefoot! This is something new! Ah, well, since that is so, I am going to put the wooden shoe which you have left in the chimney, and I promise you the Christ Child will leave there to-night something to whip you with in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoe to the first vagabond that comes."

Then the aunt, after having given the poor boy a couple of slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Grieved to the heart, the child went to bed in the dark, and soon went to sleep, his pillow wet with tears.

On the morrow morning, when the old woman went downstairs—oh, wonderful sight!—she saw the great chimney full of beautiful playthings, and sacks of magnificent candies, and all sorts of good things; and before all these splendid things the right shoe, that her nephew had given to the little waif, stood by the side of the left shoe, that she herself had put there that very night, and where she meant to put a birch whip.

As little Wolff, running down to learn the meaning of his aunt's exclamation, stood in wonderment before all these splendid gifts, suddenly there were loud cries and laughter out of doors. The old woman and the little boy went out to know what it all meant, and saw the neighbors gathered around the public fountain. What had happened? Oh, something very amusing and extraordinary! The children of all the rich people of

the village, those whose parents had wished to surprise them with the most beautiful gifts, had found only whips in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were full of amazement. But presently they saw the priest coming toward them, with wonder in his face. In the church porch, where in the evening a child, clad in a white robe, and with bare feet, had rested his sleeping head, the priest had just seen a circle of gold incrusted with precious stones.

Then the people understood that the beautiful sleeping child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was the Christ Child in person, become for an hour such as he was when he worked in his parents' house, and they bowed themselves before that miracle that the good God had seen fit to work, to reward the faith and charity of a child.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

What a beautiful Christmas story this is! It just sings with the joys and happiness of Christmas time, when kind deeds are done for others, and when we remember the story of the Christ Child. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Happiness comes when we do good deeds for others. Little Wolff was indeed a thoughtful and unselfish boy when he left his shoe for the child in the snowdrift. Most of the children passed by the child in the snow, but not so little Wolff, even though he was scolded very hard by his ugly aunt at home. He was sent

to bed early as a punishment. From this story do you think you will remember to do good deeds for others, and help whenever you can? Especially you will want to help when you find anyone in distress.

WORDS TO LEARN

miserable	divine
severe winter	waif
sabot	compassion
monstrous goose	amazement

SILENT READING

Tell which of the sentences below are correct, and which are not, according to the story you have read.

1. Wolff was a very rich boy.
2. He attended school with the other boys.
3. He gave his wooden shoe to a poor waif lying in the snow.
4. His aunt was glad that he helped the poor child.
5. He did not receive any presents on Christmas morning.

Write the following sentences and supply the missing words in each.

1. The little lad lived with his ——.
2. He was sent to —— where he was often punished.
3. The night before Christmas all the boys went to ——.
4. On their return home they saw a little child lying in the ——.
5. Little Wolff left his —— beside the little child.

TOM WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN

ONCE upon a time there was a King, who had a daughter, and she was so lovely, that her good looks were well known far and near. But she was so sad and serious she could never be made to laugh; and besides, she was so high and mighty, that she said "No" to all who wooed her to wife, and she would have none of them, were they ever so grand—lords and princes, it was all the same.

The King had long ago become tired of this, for he thought she might just as well marry. So he had it given out at the church door both quick and soon, that anyone who could get his daughter to laugh should have her and half the kingdom. But if there was anyone who tried and could not, he was to have three stripes cut out of his back, and salt rubbed in.

And sure it was that there were many sore backs in that kingdom, for lovers and wooers came from north and south, and east and west, thinking it nothing at all to make a King's daughter laugh. And brave fellows they were some of them too. But for all their tricks and capers,[1] there sat the Princess, just as sad and serious as she had been before.

Now near the palace lived a man who had three sons. They too had heard how the King had given it out that the man who could make the Princess laugh was to have her to wife and half the kingdom.

The eldest was for setting off first. So he strode off. And when he came to the King's grange,[2] he told the King he would be glad to try to make the Princess laugh.

"All very well, my man," said the King; "but it's sure to be no good, for so many have been here and tried. My daughter is so sorrowful, it's no use trying, and I don't at all wish that anyone should come to grief."

But the young man thought there was use. It couldn't be such a very hard thing for him to get the Princess to laugh. So many had laughed at him, both gentle and simple, when he had enlisted for a soldier, and learned his drill under Corporal Jack.

So he went off to the courtyard, under the Princess's window, and began to go through his drill as Corporal Jack had taught him. But it was no good, the Princess was just as sad and serious, and did not so much as smile at him once. So they took him, and cut three

[1] CAPERS—Pranks

[2] GRANGE—House.

broad, red stripes out of his back, rubbed the salt in, and sent him home again.

Well, he had hardly got home before the second brother set off. He was a schoolmaster, and a wonderful figure of fun beside. He was lop-sided, and was tall and slender. Besides this, he was a powerful preacher.

So when he came to the King's grange, and said he wished to make the Princess laugh, the King thought it might not be so unlikely after all.

"But Heaven help you," he said, "if you don't make her laugh. We are for cutting the stripes broader and broader for everyone that tries."

Then the schoolmaster strode off to the courtyard, and put himself before the Princess's window, and read and preached like seven parsons, and sang and chanted like seven clerks, as loud as all the parsons and clerks in the country round.

The King laughed loud at him, and was forced to hold the posts in the gallery. And the Princess was just going to put a smile on her lips, but all at once she got as sad and serious as ever.

And so it fared no better with Paul the schoolmaster than with Peter the soldier—for you must know one was called Peter and the other Paul. So they took him and cut three red stripes out of his back, and rubbed the salt well in, and then they sent him home.

Then the youngest was all for setting out. His name was Taper Tom. But his brothers laughed and jeered at him, and showed him their sore backs. Nor would his father give him leave. For he said, how could it be of

any use to him when he had no sense. Wasn't it true that he neither knew anything nor could do anything?

There he sat in the ingle by the chimney corner, like a cat, and grubbed in the ashes and split fir tapers. That was why they called him "Taper Tom."

But Taper Tom wouldn't give in. He growled and grizzled so long, that they got tired of it, and at last gave him leave to go to the King's grange and try his luck.

When he got to the King's grange he did not say he wished to try to make the Princess laugh, but he asked if he could get a place there. No, they had no place for him. But for all that Taper Tom wouldn't take no for an answer.

They must want someone, he said, to carry wood and water for the kitchen-maid, in such a big grange as that —that was what he said. And the King thought it might very well be. So the end was that Taper Tom got leave to stay there and carry wood and water for the kitchen-maid.

One day when he was going to fetch water from the creek, he set eyes on a big fish which lay under an old fir stump, where the water had eaten into the bank. He put his bucket softly under the fish, and caught it. And as he was going home to the grange he met an old woman who led a golden goose by a string.

"Good day, godmother," said Taper Tom; "that's a pretty bird you have got. And what fine feathers! They dazzle one a long way off. If one only had such feathers one might leave off splitting fir tapers."

The goody [3] was just as pleased with the fish Tom had in his bucket, and said if he would give her the fish, he might have the golden goose. Now this was a wonderful goose. When anyone touched it he stuck fast, if Tom only said, "Hang on, if you care to come with us."

Yes! that trade Tom was willing enough to make.

"A bird is as good as a fish, any day," he said to himself. "And if it is such a bird as you say, I can use it as a fishhook." That was what he said to the goody.

Now he hadn't gone far before he met another old woman. And as soon as she saw the lovely golden goose she was all for running to it and patting it. And she spoke so prettily, and coaxed him so, and begged him give her leave to stroke his lovely golden goose, that Taper Tom said:

"With all my heart, but mind you don't pluck out any of its feathers."

Just as she stroked the goose, he said:

"Hang on, if you care to come with us!"

The goody pulled and tore, but she was forced to hang on, whether she would or no. And Taper Tom went before, as though he were alone with the golden goose.

When he had gone a bit farther, he met a man who heartily disliked the goody for a trick she had played him. So when he saw how hard she struggled and strove to get free, and how fast she stuck, he thought he would be quite safe in shoving her, to pay off the old grudge, and so he just gave her a push with his foot.

[3] Goody—The old woman.

"Hang on, if you care to come with us!" called out Tom.

And then the man had to limp along on one leg, whether he would or no, and when he jibed, and jibed, and tried to break loose, it was still worse for him, for he was all but falling flat on his back every step he took.

So they went on a good bit until they had about come to the King's grange. There they met the King's smith who was going to the smithy, and had a great pair of tongs in his hand. Now you must know that this smith was a merry fellow who was as full of tricks and pranks as an egg is full of meat. And when he saw this string come hobbling and limping along, he laughed so that he was almost bent in two, and then he bawled out:

"Surely this is a new flock of geese the Princess is going to have. Who can tell which is goose and which gander? Ah! I see, this must be the gander that toddles in front. Goosey! Goosey! Goosey!" he called out. And with that he coaxed them to him, and threw his hands about as though he were scattering corn for the geese.

But the flock never stopped—on it went, and all that the goody and the man did was to look angrily at the smith for making game of them. Then the smith went on:

"It would be fine fun to see if I could hold the whole flock, so many as they are." For he was a stout strong fellow, and so he took hold, with his big tongs by the old man's coat tail, and the man all the while bellowed and wriggled. But Taper Tom only said:

"Hang on, if you care to come with us."

So the smith had to go along too. He bent his back and

stuck his heels into the hill, and tried to get loose. But it was all no good. He stuck fast, as though he had been screwed tight with his own anvil. And whether he would or no he had to dance along with the rest.

When they came near to the King's grange, the mastiff ran out and began to bay and bark as though they were wolves or beggars. And when the Princess looked out of the window to see what was the matter, and set eyes on this strange pack, she laughed inwardly. But Taper Tom was not content with that.

"Bide a bit," he said, "she'll soon have to open the door of her mouth wider," and as he said that he turned off with his band to the back of the grange.

As they passed by the kitchen, the door was standing open, and the cook was just beating the porridge. When she saw Taper Tom and his pack she came running out, with her brush in one hand, and a wooden ladle full of smoking porridge in the other. And she laughed as though her sides would split.

When she saw the smith there too, she slapped her thigh and went off again in a loud peal. But when she had laughed her laugh out, she too thought the golden goose so lovely that she must stroke it.

"Taper Tom! Taper Tom!" she bawled out, and came running out with the ladle of porridge in her fist, "may I have the leave to stroke that pretty bird of yours?"

"Better let her stroke me," said the smith.

"I dare say," said Taper Tom.

But when the cook heard that she got angry.

"What is that you say?" she cried, and let fly at the smith with the ladle.

"Hang on, if you care to come with us," said Tom.

So she stuck fast, too. And for all her kicks and plunges, and all her scolding and screaming, and all her rage, she too had to limp along with them.

But when they came outside the window of the Princess, there she stood, waiting for them. And when she saw they had taken the cook too, with her ladle and brush, she opened her mouth wide, and laughed loud, so that the King had to hold her upright.

So Taper Tom got the Princess and half the kingdom. And they had such a merry wedding, that it was heard and talked of far and wide.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

A Norwegian fairy tale is a bit different from some of the other fairy tales you have read. However, it is very interesting and very humorous. Did you laugh at the funny train of people attached to the goose? No wonder the princess laughed! And did you like the story?

SILENT READING

Write the following paragraph and fill in the blanks correctly.

Taper Tom was carrying —— from the creek when he found a —— lying under a stump. He traded it with an old woman for a golden —— and started toward the palace. Another old woman met him and wanted to —— the goose but she was made fast to it. Then they met a —— who laughed at them. He also was made fast to the goody. A smith was next to join the train, and at last the —— of the palace was attached. This made the princess —— and so she married —— —— and they lived happy ever after.

THE SHUT-UP POSY *

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

Once there was a posy. 'Twasn't a common kind o' posy, that blows out wide open, so everybody can see its outsides and its insides too. But 'twas one of them posies like those that grow down the road, back o' your pa's sugarhouse, Danny, and don't come till way toward fall. They're sort o' blue, but real dark, and they look as if they were buds 'stead o' posies—only buds open out, and these don't. They're all shut up close and tight, and they never, never open. Never mind how much sun they get, never mind how much rain or how much drouth, whether it's cold or hot, those posies stay shut up tight, kind o' buddy, and not finished and homely. But if you pick 'em open, real careful, with a pin—I've done it—you find they're dreadful pretty inside.

You couldn't see a posy that was finished off better, soft and nice, with pretty little stripes painted on 'em, and all the little things like threads in the middle, such as the open posies have, standing up, with little knots on their tops, oh, so pretty—you never did! Makes you think real hard, that does; leastways, makes me. What are they that way for? If they won't ever open out, what's the use o' havin' the shut-up part so slicked up and nice, with nobody ever seein' it? Folks have different names for 'em, dumb foxgloves, blind gentians, and all

* From *Story-Tell Lib*, by Annie Trumbull Slosson. Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

that, but I 'most always call 'em the shut-up posies.

Well, 'twas one o' that kind o' posy I was goin' to tell you about. 'Twas one of the shut-uppest and the buddiest of all of 'em, all blacky-blue and straight up and down, and shut up fast and tight. Nobody would ever dream 'twas pretty inside. And the funniest thing, it didn't know 'twas so itself! It thought 'twas a mistake somehow, thought it should have been a posy, and was begun for one, but wasn't finished, and 'twas terribly unhappy. It knew there were pretty posies all 'round there, goldenrod and purple daisies and all; and their inside was the right side, and they were proud of it, and held it open, and showed the pretty lining, all soft and nice with the little fuzzy yellow threads standin' up, with little balls on their tip ends. And the shut-up posy felt real bad; not mean and hateful and begrudgin', you know and wantin' to take away the nice part from the other posies, but sorry, and kind o' 'shamed.

"Oh, deary me!" she says—I most forgot to say 'twas a girl posy—"deary me, what a homely, skimpy, awkward thing I am! I'm not more than half made; there's no nice, pretty lining inside o' me, like those other posies; and only my wrong side shows, and that's just plain and common. I can't cheer up folks like the goldenrod and daisies do. Nobody wants to pick me and carry me home. I'm no good to anybody, and I guess that I never shall be.

So she kept on, thinkin' these dreadful sorry thoughts, and, most wishin' she'd never been made at all. You know 'twasn't just at first she felt this way. First she thought she was a bud, like lots o' buds all 'round her, and

she planned on openin' like they did. But when the days kept passin' by, and all the other buds opened out, and showed how pretty they were, and she didn't open, why, then she got terribly discouraged; and I don't wonder a mite. She'd see the dew lyin' soft and cool on the other posies' faces, and the sun shinin' warm on them as they held them up, and sometimes she'd see a butterfly come down and light on them real soft, and kind o' put his head down to them, as if he was kissin' them, and she thought 'twould be oh, so nice, to hold her face up to all those pleasant things. But she couldn't.

But one day, before she'd grown very old, before she'd dried up or fallen off, or anything like that, she saw somebody comin' along her way. 'Twas a man, and he was lookin' at all the posies real hard and particular, but he wasn't pickin' any of them. Seems as if he was lookin' for something different from what he saw, and the poor little shut-up posy began to wonder what he was after. By and by she braced up, and she asked him about it in her shut-up, whisperin' voice.

And says he, the man says: "I'm pickin' posies. That's what I work at most o' the time. 'Tisn't for myself," he says, "but the one I work for. I'm only his help. I run errands and do chores for him, and it's a particular kind o' posy he's sent me for to-day."

"Why does he want 'em?" says the shut-up posy.

"Why, to set out in his garden," the man says. "He has the most beautiful garden you ever saw, and I pick posies for it."

"Deary me," thinks she to herself, "I just wish he'd pick me. But I'm not the kind, I know." And then she

says, so softly he can hardly hear her, "What sort o' posies is it you're after this time?"

"Well," says the man, "it's a very peculiar order I have to-day. I must find a posy that's handsomer inside than 'tis outside, one that folks have taken no notice of here, 'cause it was kind o' homely and queer to look at, not knowin' that inside 'twas as handsome as any posy on earth. Seen any o' that kind?"

Well, the shut-up posy was dreadfully worked up. "Deary dear!" she says to herself, "now if they'd only finished me off inside! I'm the right kind outside, homely and queer enough, but there's nothin' worth lookin' at inside—I'm certain sure o' that." But she didn't say this nor anything else out loud, and by and by, when the man had waited, and didn't get an answer, he began to look at the shut-up posy more closely, to see why she was so quiet. And all of a sudden he says, the man did, "Looks to me as if you were somethin' that kind yourself, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" whispers the shut-up posy. "I wish I were, I wish I were. I'm all right outside, homely and awkward, queer as I can be, but I'm not pretty inside—oh! I most know I'm not."

"I'm not so sure o' that myself," says the man, "but I can tell in a jiffy."

"Will you have to pick me to pieces?" says the shut-up posy.

"No, ma'am," says the man; "I have a way o' tellin', the one I work for showed me." The shut-up posy never knew what he did to her. I don't know myself, but 'twas somethin' soft and pleasant, that didn't hurt a mite, and

then the man says, "Well, well, well!" That's all he said, but he took her up real gently, and began to carry her away.

"Where are you takin' me?" says the shut-up posy.

"Where you belong," says the man; "to the garden o' the one I work for," he says. "I didn't know I was nice enough inside," says the shut-up posy, very soft and still.

"They most generally don't," says the man.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This is the story of the flower called the closed gentian. It was told by a little lame girl of thirteen who could neither read nor write, but she could tell stories very well indeed. She was an orphan and was called "Story-Tell Lib" because she told so many fine stories which were "kind o' fables," told in the simple language of the country folk of the hills. Her stories always held some lesson, or some truth. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The gentian flower was very beautiful but did not think so herself. She was humble in her thoughts and was surprised when she was chosen to be put in the grand garden. That is the way with most nice people. They do not really think they are more than ordinary and that makes them all the nicer. Will you remember to be as nice and gentle and unassuming as the little "shut-up flower"?

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STORY

It might be well for the teacher to read this story to the class. It may be a little difficult for the children to read, although they would understand it perfectly should they hear it read aloud. Like poetry, it sounds better when read aloud.

Art Appreciation

THE ANGELUS

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

I THE STORY OF THE PAINTING

As THE artist walked across the fields one evening, just at sunset, he saw a poor peasant and his wife digging their potato harvest. A basket of potatoes stood on the ground, and near by was a wheelbarrow filled with sacks of potatoes. The western sky was all rosy and purple with the light of the setting sun; the birds were flying to their nests and, far away, across the fields, could be seen the spire of the village church. Suddenly, the evening bells rang out:

"Bim-bam—Bim-bam—Bam!" upon the still air. It was the call to evening prayers and the bell in the church rang every night at sunset.

As soon as the sound reached these peasant people, they stopped their work. The man put his pitchfork into the earth and, taking his hat from his head, he bowed his head in prayer. And the woman folded her hands upon her breast, bowed her head, and thanked the Heavenly Father.

The great artist watched them reverently and then he took off his hat and prayed also. He asked God to give him the power to put this picture on the canvas, so that

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THE ANGELUS

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

(1814-1875)

FRENCH

all the world might know of the faith, gratitude and love of these peasant people.

"The Angelus" was painted in 1859. It was first purchased from the artist for only $400, but later it became so famous that a Frenchman in 1889 paid $150,000 for it, and it remains in his collection. He intends to bequeath it to the Louvre Gallery in Paris at his death.

II A STUDY OF THE PAINTING

THIS picture fills us with reverence. First we notice the two peasants, who have stopped their hard work at sunset, bow their heads and offer a prayer of gratitude. The simplicity of the picture gives it charm. There are few objects here, but how clearly the artist tells us his story. He has painted so that we understand the hard work of the peasants, though we do not actually see them labor.

Our interest is kept in the foreground by the basket, the handles of the wheelbarrow, and the sharp line of the pitchfork. The artist carefully thought out the placing of these two persons and their possessions within the picture. The almost unbroken skyline makes the picture seem very peaceful.

See how the sunset glow spreads a beautiful light over the scene, touching the ruddy color of the peasants' faces and brightening the colors of the field. However, the colors are quietly peaceful, and in harmony with the subject of the picture.

The figures are painted darker than the background, which makes them of greater importance. Do you see

that the greens of the foreground retreat in ever warmer colors to meet the sky at the horizon?

III THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

In 1814, in the little village of Gruchy, France, was born a little boy, Jean François Millet. His birthplace is still standing and may now be seen if one goes to Gruchy. His father was a peasant and worked in the fields and often little Jean was seen working alongside his father and mother at the harvesting time. When he was twelve he began to learn Latin and to write poems because he liked the clouds and the stars and the dawn and twilight. But the family was very poor and he had to work in plowing, sowing, and reaping the grain.

One Sunday when he was eighteen an old man, bent and gray, came trudging from the church. Jean took up a piece of charcoal and drew his exact likeness on the wall. This attracted his father's attention and he decided to send Jean to Cherbourg to study under a famous painter. After Jean had been there two months his father died and he had to return home.

Later he went to Paris to study, and this country lad became very lonesome and discouraged. He did not like the ways of the city and almost returned home. He was jeered at for being a country fellow who could paint only countryside pictures. But he remained because he enjoyed the wonderful pictures in the galleries of Paris.

Later after many hardships he moved to Barbizon, where he remained the rest of his life painting pictures of the peasants of France. He died in 1875.

PART II—POETRY

THE CAMEL'S HUMP

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo:
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
And a snarly-yarly voice.

We shiver and scowl, and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
When we get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire.

And then you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump—
The horrible hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo—
We all get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups—too!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Camels have humps on their backs, and they are not very beautiful to look at. An old story relates how at the beginning of

the world a camel became very lazy and would not work. He was in the desert and would not help the horse, or ox, or dog, and so Djinn, who was in charge of All Deserts, made a disgraceful hump on his back. The poem is about the cameelious hump which any of us might get. Did you like the poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

When we get lazy and have nothing to do, we get the terrible black and blue cameelious hump. That would be a dreadful thing to have, wouldn't it? No one wants to get it, and so the best thing to do is to keep busy all the time and not get lazy. Will you remember that when you get lazy you will be likely to get the cameelious hump?

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

ROBERT BROWNING

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

THIS poem is called "Pippa's Song," and there is a story in this book called *Pippa Passes* which will tell you more about it. Pippa was a happy little girl and you will like to read about her.

THE FAIRIES

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow-tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with the music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
Between the night and the morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,

We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

We have always wondered where the fairies lived and what they wore, and now this poem tells us all about them. Up in the mountains and down in the glen are the troops of wee folk with their green jackets, red caps, and white owl's feathers. They must be a happy lot of folk. Did you like to read the poem about them?

WORDS TO REMEMBER

rushy glen	trooping	lost his wits
wee folk	crispy	stately journeys

SILENT READING

Read the poem through several times and then find the answers to these questions:

1. Where do the fairies live?
2. What kind of folk are they?
3. What do they wear?
4. Where do they make their home along the shore?
5. Who are their watchdogs?
6. Where does the old King sit?
7. What is the matter with the King?
8. Where is Bridget sleeping?
9. What is planted among the mosses?
10. Should one dig up the thorn trees, what would happen?

Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

A DAY

EMILY DICKINSON

I'll tell you how the sun rose,
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till, when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

3. AMETHYST—A clear purple or violet color.
10. STILE—Steps for crossing a fence.
14. DOMINIE—A clergyman.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

THE poem tells us how the sun rises in the morning and how it sets at night. There are some beautiful pictures in this poem—

the rising sun sending out streaks of violet light like ribbons, lighting the church steeples and the hills around. At the setting of the sun, the colors are yellow and purple—little yellow boys and girls seem to be climbing a purple stile, and then the colors turn to gray and a kind dominie leads the children away and closes up the evening bars. Do you like this poem with its lovely pictures?

WORDS TO LEARN

amethyst	stile
bobolinks	dominie
softly	evening bars

SILENT READING

After reading the poem answer the following questions:

1. What colors appear at sunrise?
2. What does the sun first light up?
3. What animals frisk about at sunrise?
4. What bird is heard?
5. What color is the sunset?
6. Where do the little boys and girls seem to be going?
7. Who meets them?

What pictures can you see when the following phrases are mentioned?

1. A ribbon at a time.
2. Swam in amethyst.
3. Untied their bonnets.
4. Purple stile.
5. Dominie in gray.

NICHOLAS NYE

WALTER DE LA MARE

Thistle and darnell and dock grew there,
And a bush, in the corner, of may,
On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
In the blazing heat of the day;
Half asleep and half awake,
While the birds went twittering by,
And nobody there my lone to share
But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and gray,
Lame of a leg and old,
More than a score of donkey's years
He had seen since he was foaled;
He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
And turn to his head, as if he said,
"Poor Nicholas Nye!"

Alone with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
Lazily swinging his tail,
At break of day he used to bray—
Not much too hearty and hale;
But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
And a clear calm light in his eye,
And once in a while: he'd smile:—
Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush, in the corner, of may,—
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
Knobble-kneed, lonely and gray;
And over the grass would seem to pass
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
Something much better than words between me
And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glowworm shine,
The birds in the nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

What an interesting poem about an old lazy donkey browsing among the weeds in the meadow! The thistle and darnell and dock are common weeds which grow in grain fields and meadows. There was a bush of may also, which was probably a low growing shrub or bush.

It must have been fun to lie on the orchard wall and watch old Nicholas Nye lazily munching the thistles, and swinging his tail. At night when the boy went in to bed the poor old donkey was left out in the pasture and stood there like a ghost.

There is something about the rhythm and swing of the lines that make you really feel how lazy and sleepy and drowsy the old donkey was. Try reading the poem aloud and see if you get that feeling. Did you like the poem?

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

(Japanese Lullaby)

EUGENE FIELD

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window the moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;

In through the window the moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a beautiful little Japanese lullaby which would sing one to sleep very easily. It tells of a mother swinging her babe to sleep and of the things she sings about—the silver star shining down, the moonbeams, and the moaning of the waves. Isn't it beautiful, and didn't you like this poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The Japanese mother calls her wee baby a little blue pigeon with velvet eyes, and so sings the baby to sleep with the lullaby. She tells the little one to fold its wings, meaning to fold its arms. This is not a poem of a bird at all, you see, but of a real little baby. It is so lovely and sweet and shows the wonderful love which a mother has for her baby. What will you remember about the lullaby?

WORDS TO LEARN

silvery star	misty wings
tinkling	groaning and moaning
silently creeping	in anguish

SILENT READING

From the poem answer the questions given below:

1. Who is singing to her little one?
2. What color is the star?
3. What is the star doing?
4. What color is the moonbeam?
5. What does the moonbeam say?
6. What are the waves doing?
7. Will the ship come home?
8. Did you like this lullaby?

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This beautiful description of October is given to us in lovely rhyme. The bees and flowers and fruits of the fall blend with the skies and sun to make October the loveliest time of the year. Would you judge this true from reading the poem? And did you like the poem itself?

SILENT READING

1. What month is this poem about?
2. What does the bumblebee do?
3. What is happening to the goldenrod?
4. What fruits are found in the lane?
5. How do the chestnuts fall?
6. What red fruit is found in piles like jewels?
7. What color is the woodbine?
8. What are the white-winged seeds?
9. What happens to the leaves on the trees?
10. What is loved best of all the year?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3. Perilous—Full of danger.
4. Ramparts—Defenses.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

During the war of 1812, Francis Scott Key was captured by the British at the time of the Battle of Baltimore, and was held prisoner on one of the British ships lying out in the harbor. He watched all through the night to see if the American flag was still waving. If it had been taken down, it meant that the British had won the battle and perhaps destroyed the city of Baltimore. It was while he was so anxiously waiting that he wrote the poem of the *Star-Spangled Banner,* and Congress has adopted it as our national anthem. Did you like to read it?

THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go,
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the woods—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

MR. NOBODY

Anonymous

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;

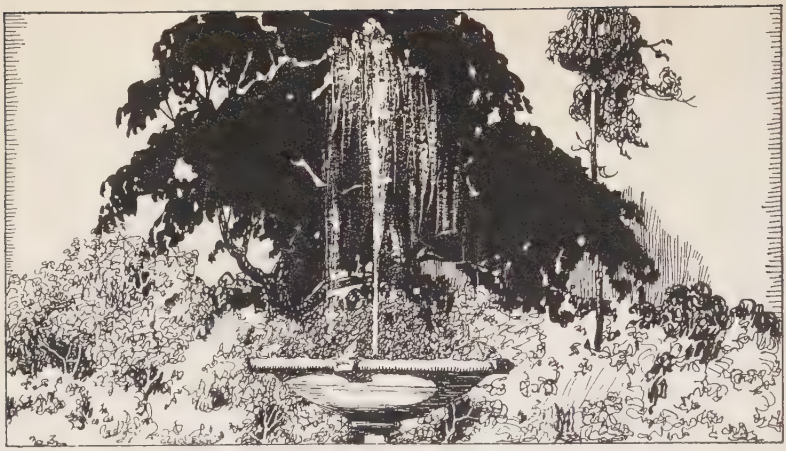
That squeaking door will always squeak
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The fingerprints upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

When you read this poem were you reminded of a Mr. Nobody that *you* have perhaps known? It is always easy to blame some one else for all our mistakes and troubles, and Mr. Nobody is a very convenient person on whom to put all the blame. Maybe he gets rather tired of shouldering all the troubles we push on to him, and would like a rest. Shall we try to shoulder our own mistakes and not blame Mr. Nobody for everything that goes wrong? Did you like this poem?



THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Into the sunshine
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward and downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem reads just like a happy, sparkling fountain as it leaps upward into the air. It is written to represent a tall fountain which flows all day in the sunshine, and all night in the moonlight, and waves about as the wind blows. Always happy and carefree, yet constant and fresh, is the leaping fountain in its basin. Did

you like reading the short lines, and did you think of a fountain as you read them?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The words of the poem fairly tinkle and sparkle like the water of the fountain itself. We can almost hear the splash of it as it comes back into the fountain basin after leaping in the sunshine. It is like a happy child ever in motion, taking what comes in the way of weather and storm. What lovely traits the fountain has, blithesome and cheery, content, never weary! Wouldn't you delight to be like that? What will you remember about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

leaping and flashing	ceaseless
whiter than snow	aspiring
blithesome and cheery	changeful
never aweary	constant
ever the same	glorious

SILENT READING

Answer the questions after you have read the poem several times.

1. Describe a fountain in the day.
2. Describe it at night.
3. Explain why a fountain seems to be happy.
4. Tell the meaning of the last verse.
5. Why is the fountain always changing, yet always the same?
6. Tell of a fountain you have seen in the park.
7. Is the picture preceding the poem the kind of a fountain you have seen?
8. Which fountain did you have in mind when you read the poem—the one you have seen in the park, or the one in the picture?

THE BLUEBIRD

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging,
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps
out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so
merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll
hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swing-
ing and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and Springtime is here!"

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;

Daffodils, daffodils! Say, do you hear?
Summer is coming and Springtime is here!"

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

The bluebird is among our earliest birds to return from the South in the spring, and he is welcome because he is a sign that spring is surely on its way. He comes before the snow is gone and his beautiful blue coat against the gray and dreary sky is a lovely thing to see. And his merry song wakes all the little blossoms from their long winter sleep. The poem tells us what he sings as he swings up in the apple tree. Did you like this merry little poem about the merry little bird?

WORDS TO LEARN

dreary	awhile	crocus
cheery	snowdrop	mantles

SILENT READING

Answer the questions below after you have read the poem several times.

1. Where is the bluebird?
2. How does he show he is so happy?
3. What message does he bring to the little blossoms?
4. What is meant by the little blossoms being down under the snow?
5. What does the bluebird bid the flowers do?
6. Name four flowers mentioned in the poem.
7. What is the color of each of these flowers?
8. What does the bluebird tell them?
9. The bluebird stands for happiness. Can you tell why?
10. In this book is an Indian story of how the bluebird originated. Find it and read it at this time.

LITTLE BROWN BROTHER

EDITH NESBIT

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you,
Little brown brother, good-by.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

In the springtime of the year two little brown seeds are lying side by side in the warm dark earth. They were talking to each other and our poem tells what they might have said. The little seeds which lay in the ground were brothers to each other, but each would grow into a different flower. What flowers did these two brown brothers grow into? Did you like the poem?

SILENT READING

Answer the following questions from your reading of the poem:

1. What were the little brown brothers?
2. Where were they?
3. What did the lark say to them?
4. What time of year was it?
5. Into what two flowers would the brown brothers grow?
6. What would be their colors?
7. How high would each grow?
8. When they are grown what will the poppy do with the bees?
9. What would begin to happen when he said good-by?
10. Why did you like the poem so well?

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heartsease a face,
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

The short lines in this poem make it very easy to learn. After you have read it three or four times you will probably be able to say the poem by heart. Do you like the rose best of all flowers? The lily is tall and stately, the snowdrop is graceful, the sweet pea has a sweet way, and the heartsease, which is another name for the pansy, has a little face, but the poetess thinks that in spite of all these things, the rose is the loveliest of all. Do you agree with her?

A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

LEWIS CARROLL

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

1. Whiting—A kind of fish.
2. Porpoise—An animal which lives in the water.
4. Shingle—Seashore.
9. Look askance—Suspicious look.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

13. Scaly—Covered with scales.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Have you read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland?* If you have you will remember her strange experience with the improper Gryphon and the mournful Mock Turtle. You will remember that the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this song very slowly and sadly. If you read the poem aloud you can just imagine them dancing around, and the Mock Turtle singing, "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you." Did you like this funny poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

porpoise	shingle	snail
treading	dance	whiting
eagerly	lobster	kindly

BOB WHITE

GEORGE COOPER

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!

So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name,
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Out in the fields on an early morning in autumn may be seen a shy, black and white fellow running fast along the ground. It is Bob White, and he whistles his name as clearly and shrilly as though he could actually speak. Our poem tells us about him. Did you enjoy it?

WORDS TO LEARN

remote	hailing
bracing	blithe
zigzag	billows
stacked	stubble

SILENT READING

The following questions can be answered after the poem has been read several times:

1. What color is this bird?
2. Where does he hide?
3. What time of year can he be seen easiest?
4. What does he seem to say when he whistles?
5. Who is hiding near him?
6. Why is he so proud of his name?
7. If you have ever seen Bob White, tell the class when and where you saw him.
8. Find some colored pictures of Bob White and bring them to class with you.

THE BASKET-MAKERS

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

The ordinary merchant
  Lives just like you or I;
His house is made of brick or stone,
  His rooms are warm and dry;
And if we want his merchandise,
  On foot or in a 'bus
We journey to his shop, because,
  His shop won't come to us.

But Basket-making Gypsies
  Consider people more:
They harness horses to their house
  And bring it to your door;
And 'neath the shelter of the trees
  It stands when day is done—
A kitchen, bedroom, workroom, shop
  And nursery in one.

The Basket-making Gypsies,
  A pleasant life is theirs,
Without the sameness of a street,
  The weariness of stairs—
They've every day another ride,
  Another town to see,

And, in the shade beside the road,
Another picnic tea.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

What a lovely gypsy poem this is! It almost makes one wish to be a gypsy and travel to a new town every day. It would be just like a continual picnic, wouldn't it? The gypsies are the basket-makers and sell their wares to make their living. Did you like this poem about the vagabond gypsies?

WE THANK THEE

Anonymous

For mother love and father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything His goodness sends,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This Thanksgiving prayer is beautiful indeed. It expresses the many things for which we should be thankful. The poem can be easily memorized and it would be a beautiful one to know and treasure. It would make a real prayer for our Thanksgiving day. Did you like the poem?

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

MARIAN DOUGLAS

Said Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!
And since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make someone as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh, sure," Biddy said, " 'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!

Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little Lame Jake—who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake;
"Oh, what beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake!
And oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"

And the sparrows they twittered as if they would say,
Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem is like a chain of good deeds, isn't it? From Old Gentleman Gay to the sparrows, each link in the chain is a friendly act to make somebody else happy. Did you like the poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

It is a joyous feeling to make another person happy by giving him something. It makes us as happy as the one to whom the present is given. This generous spirit of giving makes our Christmas the happiest time of all the year. But Christmas is not the only time when we can be happy because we have made others happy. At Thanksgiving time, when we are thankful for all the good things which have been bestowed upon us, we will be all the happier if we remember those who are less fortunate than we are. Just try being a link in a chain of good deeds and see how happy you become yourself. What will you remember about the poem?

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

EDWARD LEAR

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you know we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you;
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound,
And they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,

"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley
To a castle in the valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle and a Mouse,
Who took them in their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon!"
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Can you imagine a table and a chair taking a stroll down the street? Surely each one of them has legs and so why couldn't they take a walk? They had a wonderful time bumping around the town, but they finally lost their way and their friends had to show them the way home. Who were their friends—do you remember? And do you remember what they ate when they got back?

Do you think you could draw a picture of a table and a chair holding hands and toddling down the street? Don't you think it would be fun to try?

THE OWL CRITIC

JAMES T. FIELDS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily,* the *Herald,* the *Post,* little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,

4. The *Daily,* the *Herald,* the *Post*—Newspapers.

"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology:
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughingstock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed

11. Preposterous—Foolish, absurd.
15. Owl-eology—A word manufactured by the poet to mean the science of studying owls.
33. Canted—Tilted.

Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes,
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.

38. Anatomy—The science of the structure of the body.
39. Ornithology—The science of bird study.
53. Taxidermists—Those who stuff birds as an occupation.
56. Audubon—A noted bird scientist.
57. John Burroughs—Another great scientist.

Do take that bird down; have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that!
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather;
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."
And the barber kept on shaving.

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

73. Analytic—As if to pick him to pieces.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a very amusing and humorous poem. The critic who had so many remarks to make about the owl was evidently one of those fellows whom we call "know-it-alls," but he found he did not know as much about owls as he thought he did. What did you

think when the owl got down from his perch? Weren't you surprised? And how did you like to have each verse end with the sentence, "And the barber kept on shaving?" Do you like this kind of a poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

When one boasts and tries to show that he knows more than anyone else, he very often gets a lesson taught to him which he does not like. This boastful fellow in the poem who thought he knew more about owls than the barber, or anybody else, must have been very much humiliated when the owl walked down off his perch. What will you remember about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

apology	amazed
unskillful	absurd
laughingstock	fault-finding
attitude	critic

SILENT READING

These questions can be answered after reading the poem:

1. Where was this story laid?
2. What were the customers doing?
3. What did the critic first ask?
4. Name a few things which the critic said were wrong with the owl.
5. What word did the poet manufacture for use in his poem? What did he mean by it?
6. What two great scientists are named in the poem?
7. What did the owl do?
8. Who became the laughingstock of the town?
9. What did the barber do?
10. Why did you like the poem?

BIRDS IN SUMMER

MARY HOWITT

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to another, they lovingly call,
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!"

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come! we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living above in a leafy tree!

5. Boon—Happy.
12. Traverse—Move across.

And away through the air what joy to go;
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper cloud winds—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mates at play
Above and below and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

40. Amethyst—A clear purple or violet.
42. Listeth—Pleases.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees,
Lightly to soar and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold
That gladdened some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

52. Heath—Waste land covered with purple shrubs.
53. Furze—A shrub.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a very happy poem—as happy as the merry birds are as they flit among the trees. Did you like it?

WORDS TO LEARN

leafy tree
airy chambers
frolicsome
breezy sea
cresting the billows
cliff-built home
upborne
silver cloud

SILENT READING

Find the lines in the poem that tell that

1. A tree is like a beautiful palace.
2. The winds are playful and free.
3. The birds' calls to each other are very loving.
4. The swallows skim the surface of the sea.
5. The skylark goes upward to meet the sun.
6. Swallows like to flit about waterfalls.
7. Birds go to the mountain tops as well as to the billowy seas.
8. The life of a bird must be very pleasant.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ Child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

The spirit of the Christmas time breathes in every line of this lovely poem. Sometimes we are so interested in our own Christmas and in our own Christmas tree and gifts, that we forget that it is Christmas all over the world. It is Christmas in all countries, and for all people. Christmas is for old and young, and in the palace and the cottage. It is the spirit of the Christ Child which is over all. Can you help make Christmas time the best time of the year? Did you like the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

fir tree and pine	hopeful
palm tree and vine	patient
solemn and white	palace
sunny and bright	cottage

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a song of Scotland, written by the greatest Scottish poet who ever lived, Robert Burns. Burns loved the Highlands and once took a trip into the north country, which he said was one of the most enjoyable experiences of his life. He wrote a great many songs and poems and many of them show his great love for his country as this one does. This poem has been set to music. Perhaps you can find the music for this song so that the class can sing it. Did you like the poem?

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

PHOEBE CARY

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter
That they cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bear's cubs
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know.

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And a still smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then she went up through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as the coal in the flame,

And every country schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood,
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though you live
As selfishly as you can;
But you will be changed to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish man.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is an interesting legend of the Northland—the land where boys and girls have to wear fur clothing so they look like little bear cubs. There is a story in this book of how the bluebird came to be, and here we have a poem telling us the woodpecker's origin. Did you like the story this poem tells?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The lesson which the poem teaches is very plain—that selfishness is a very bad trait and whoever becomes selfish gets punished for it. The greedy old woman deserved nothing better than to go hunting for her food in the tree trunks all her life, and so she was changed to a woodpecker. What will you remember about the poem?

THE SINGING LEAVES

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I

"WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:

1. FAIRINGS—Gifts from the fair.

"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistledown,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.' "

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves";
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree

"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

41. ASPEN—A tree whose leaves are constantly moving.
46. HOSE AND SHOON—Stockings and shoes.

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem is almost like a fairy tale. There are a king, two older proud sisters, a younger sister, and a page. The generous king is going on a journey and wishes to bring gifts to his daughters. The story of their wishes, especially that of the youngest daughter, is very charming and the tale has a happy ending, just

as all fairy tales should. The jingle of the verses adds to the charm of the poem. Did you like it?

WORDS TO LEARN

blithesome	greenwood	aspen
angry scorn	counsel	foot page

STORY-TELLING

Tell about the King going to Vanity Fair and tell what each daughter wanted.

Relate how the King looked for the Singing Leaves and where he found them, and also the promise he made.

Tell what happened when the King returned home.

DRAMATIZATION

Scene I

Characters—King and his three daughters.

Action—The King leaves for Vanity Fair and each daughter tells him what she wishes brought back for her.

Scene II

Characters—King and Walter, the page.

Action—The King searches far and wide for the Singing Leaves and cannot find them. His foot page, Walter, offers to get them. The King makes his promise, and Walter gives him the leaves.

Scene III

Characters—King, Princess Anne, the three Singing Leaves, and Walter.

Action—The King returns home. Princess Anne meets him, and is given the Singing Leaves, each of which sings when opened. Then Walter comes and leads Princess Anne away.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the Talmud you may read this story)—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty King.

Nor this alone: much had her highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word:
What wholesome lessons he was to teach
In pleasing proverbs: and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;

3. Talmud—An old Hebrew book.
13. Piqued—Angered.
18. Sage—King Solomon.

The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said,
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the King;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
A little band of bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,

23. The other—Was artificially made.
34. Liege—Sovereign, king.
38. Casement—Window.

And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the King and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find,
In trifles light as atoms of the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—
Some truth designed to profit or to please—
As Israel's King learned wisdom from the bees.

45. DEXTER—Right.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

KING SOLOMON was supposed to be the wisest of all the kings of old. This little story tells how some bees decided an answer for him, and also how we can learn from everything about us, even from the bees. Did you enjoy the story in the poem?

SILENT READING

1. In the first stanza find words which have the same meaning as the following: ruling, splendor, royal seat, enchanted power, king, gift.

2. In the second stanza tell what each of the following refers to: her highness, the royal speech, gems of wisdom.

3. In the fourth stanza describe what the Queen of Sheba carried to King Solomon, and explain how she was to try his wisdom.

4. Tell the end of the story, showing how King Solomon made his decision.

5. Discuss the lesson to be learned from the story.

THE GARDEN YEAR

SARA COLERIDGE

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
To stir the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fires, and Christmas treat.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is really a garden calendar, isn't it? Each rhyme of two lines tells the most important happening which occurs in that month. The months are pictured very beautifully and are just as we know them. Can you name from memory one thing for which each month is noted? Did you like the poem?

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

GEORGE COOPER

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare flinty meadows
A cover lays he..
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a grim silent ghost

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the task that is done,
And smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

WINTER TIME

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEMS?

The last two poems are about winter, and all the experiences which we have when winter is upon us.

The Wonderful Weaver tells how the snow comes and from where it comes. Do you remember the tools and machines which the weaver uses to make the snow? Do you remember where he spreads it? What did the old pump look like when it was all covered? And then the jolly sun make a joke of it all and said he would just melt it all off "just for fun."

In *Winter Time* is a colorful description of winter. The poem tells of the sun and stars and the biting cold. Did you ever feel the "frosty pepper" up your nose? Of what do the hills all covered with snow remind the poet? Is this a true picture of our real winter time?

Did you like these two poems?

Art Appreciation

THE FOG WARNING

WINSLOW HOMER

I THE STORY OF THE PAINTING

In the picture we see a fisherman in his oilskins and sou'wester returning to his schooner. He has two or three fine large halibut stowed away in the stern of his dory. The water is dark and glassy in the light of the late afternoon, and the sea is beginning to get rough. High up the sky is still bright, but low on the horizon is a heavy bank of fog with its fingers reaching upward and forward. The sails of the schooner are visible far off at the right, and the fisherman is turning to see just where his vessel is. The bow of the dory lifts on a wave, and the stern settles into a trough. The man is robust and will pull steadily and firmly on his oars because his schooner is far away, and the fog is threatening. The picture was first called "Halibut Fishing" but later the artist changed the name to its present title. This painting now hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

II A STUDY OF THE PICTURE

The picture shows us an anxious moment in a fisherman's life. The picture is filled with action. The wind-

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THE FOG WARNING

WINSLOW HOMER

(1836-1910)

AMERICAN

swept waves are tossing the dory and the wind-driven fog is approaching. The boat is borne high upon the crest of a wave but the courage of the fisherman is felt in every line of the picture. Notice that the oars are in the same position as the skyline, and that the points of the fog bank slant the same as the boat. These things make the picture pleasing to look at.

The fog has hidden the sun which darkens the color of the water. You can almost smell the water and feel the slap of the waves against the side of the boat. The beautiful colors of the sky are being hidden by the fast approaching fog.

The boat is painted in warm brown colors which we like against the cold blues and greens of the ocean. The curve of the fish's tail sends our eye to the man and then to the fog and then to the ship. The waves also carry us to the ship. The artist has made us feel the grandeur and strength of the ocean and fog.

Have you noticed that the skyline does not divide the picture into two equal parts? There is more water than sky and this makes the picture look more real.

III THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

The artist who painted this picture was born in Boston in 1836, and his name was Winslow Homer. He spent his boyhood around Cambridge which was then only a little country village and his greatest delight was in hunting and fishing. At the age of nineteen he went to work for a printer, and learned how colored pictures are printed.

Later he was employed by *Harper's Magazine* to do illustrating and one of his assignments was to do the inauguration of Lincoln in pictures. Later he set up a studio in New York City and continued to study painting.

He did not like New York, however, and so he traveled to Washington and Virginia and did much painting of Virginia plantation life. Then he returned and was invited to spend a little time with a friend in Scarborough, Maine. He liked it so well there that he bought a home, set up a studio, and began painting pictures of fisher folk and the sea. Here he painted "The Fog Warning" in 1885. He died in Scarborough in 1910. His paintings hang in most of the large art galleries in the United States, and his picture "Eight Bells" sold for $50,000. This is the highest price ever paid for an American painting.

PART III—PROSE

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

EMELINE G. CROMMELIN

I think there is not one,
But he of Robin Hood hath heard and Little John,
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.

I A GREENWOOD HUNTER

It was when Richard I, called the Lion-hearted, was king of England that Robin Hood and his merry men lived in Sherwood Forest.

Some people say that when Robin Hood was young he recklessly spent the money he had inherited; and, being

an adventurous youth, he fled to the forest that ever since has been associated with his name.

Whether Robin was forced to live there or not, he loved its freedom and wild beauty better than anything else in the world. He loved its thickly wooded hills and valleys, its sparkling streams, and its carpet of bright green; its flowers of every color, and the songs of its birds. Robin was a mere lad when he first made the forest his home. As he grew older, one after another joined him, until he had more than a hundred men, who not only obeyed him, but loved him as well. It was not long before Robin Hood was looked upon as a kind of king, and he and his men defied the unjust laws that the real kings made. They spent much of their time in stopping travelers on their way, and in hunting the king's deer, with which Sherwood Forest abounded.

It was on this game that the poor Saxons had lived when they were driven into the forest and hemmed in by their enemies. The Normans, who ruled the land, made such severe laws that it was dangerous to hunt or kill the deer, which had been a common dish for the Saxons before they were conquered.

Now Robin Hood was not altogether bad, for he did many things that were to his credit. He always spared the poor and the weak, never allowed a woman to be oppressed, and divided all booty with his men.

II MAID MARIAN

If you have heard of Robin Hood, you have heard also of Maid Marian, the fair Saxon maid, whom everyone

loved. She, too, loved the beauty and freedom of the wild woods—the birds, the flowers, and the streams. It was amid such scenes that she had lived, from the time she was a child. She had learned from her mother how to dress wounds, and she knew a great deal about the herbs in the forest which had been her school.

Maid Marian was often mistress of the sports in her woodland home. Indeed, she handled the bow with such skill that she could shoot a running deer or flying bird, and thought it no uncommon feat.[1]

Robin and Marian met often in their beloved Sherwood Forest. Often they took long walks together, when the hunt was over. Often they sat beneath the old oaks that met above their heads. Often Robin sang some old Saxon song to the notes of Marian's harp. Thus it was that, amid the beauty and the music of the grand old forest, the youth and the maiden grew to love each other. And when deep sorrow came to Marian, no one spoke such gentle words of comfort as Robin.

Marian and her father had not joined in any of the merry times among the hunters since her mother's death, until the day that was the beginning of a new grief. Their friends welcomed them with great joy, and Marian's father, who was a minstrel,[2] was asked to sing for the company. Taking the harp from his daughter, the minstrel began an old Saxon war song, in which he told how the Saxons once owned the beautiful land, and hunted the deer in the vast forest as much as they pleased, till the

[1] Feat—Act of skill.
[2] Minstrel—Musician.

Normans came and drove them from their cities, and made severe laws for those who lingered near their old homes; and how their unrelenting conquerors still wrought hardships upon them by killing the beasts and birds that filled the forest.

The song closed with words of sorrow for the friends who had been taken away and would never return.

It was in this fashion that the wandering minstrels used to chronicle [3] in song the mighty deeds of friend and foe. Had it not been for them, many of our most delightful stories, which were remembered from father to son, would have been lost. When people knew how to write these tales, the old minstrels were needed no longer.

Just as Marian's father finished the last words of his song, an arrow came whizzing through the air, and struck the harp. This was the beginning of an attack by the foresters,[4] in which Marian's father was killed.

It was not long after this that Robin's father was slain by one of the foresters, and Robin declared he would have revenge. He knew to whom the arrow belonged, for it was marked with a crown [5] between the feathers. Taking it in his hand, he said: "I shall never rest until I have found the owner of this arrow, and avenged my father's death."

His mother, who was overcome by the loss of her husband, died soon after, and Marian and Robin were both without father or mother.

[3] CHRONICLE—Relate, tell.
[4] FORESTERS—Those employed by the rich to guard the forests.
[5] A CROWN—A sign that the arrow belonged to the king.

III HOW ROBIN BECAME AN OUTLAW

The king had heard so much about Robin Hood killing his deer and defying his foresters, that he sent the sheriff to capture the bold outlaw without delay. But Robin was too much for the sheriff, who lost his life by a well-aimed arrow from Robin's bow. After this sheriff was buried, a man whom Robin had caught and bound in the forest was appointed in his place.

The condition of the poor Saxons seemed to grow ever worse; and Robin was anxious to find out for himself just how affairs stood. So he disguised himself as a beggar, and went to a part of the forest where the Saxons were cutting wood for the abbeys.

He begged the men to give him something to do. They told him to go to the sheriff, if he would feed himself and a Norman.

"Bad times these are, indeed," said Robin, "when a Saxon works that a Norman may eat and play."

"Yes," answered one of the woodcutters, "but there are worse times coming."

Many encounters between the oppressors and the oppressed followed. Finally, Robin Hood, who had been so successful in fighting the enemy, was looked upon as a powerful leader among the Saxons. They hoped he would be able to free them from the rule of the Normans. At last a number of them held a meeting, and decided to build a house in a secluded part of the forest. The house was to be well protected, and surrounded by a moat, or ditch, filled with water, and to be entered by ladders only.

Then Robin Hood was chosen leader of the band, because he was the most skillful with his bow, and the most popular with the people.

The men promised, on Robin's bow, to be true to him and to one another; to obey all his orders, and keep secret all he told them.

Then Robin made them promise never to rob the poor nor trouble the weak, but to help them if need be; never to strike a Saxon, unless struck first by him; never to harm women or children; and, last of all, to keep only what they needed of the booty, and to give the rest to the poor and needy.

It will be interesting to know how one after another joined this little band in the forest, whose names were associated with their famous leader ever after.

IV ROBIN HOOD AND ALAN A-DALE

Once, when Robin and Marian were walking through the forest, they found a young harper, who seemed to be in great trouble. He told them his name was Alan a-Dale, and he was unhappy on account of a Saxon maid, whom he loved, and could not wed because he was poor. Her father and mother were trying to make her marry a rich Norman lord, whom she did not like.

Ellen, for that was the young girl's name, was kept at home with her parents, while Alan roamed through the forest, and sang sorrowful songs to the notes of his harp. When Robin and Marian had heard the sad story, they were determined to help the young couple.

It happened there was a fair in the dale, and Marian, dressed as a harper, attended it. She sang some old Saxon songs that Alan used to sing, and Ellen, listening, wondered and drew near.

Ellen was so near the harper that she was able to hear what Marian had come to tell her. It was soon arranged that Marian should remain with Ellen in her home, and teach her to play the harp, of which she was very fond.

When Robin came to Marian's home, and found she had not returned from the fair, he dressed himself as a beggar and came to Ellen's house to see if all were well.

He was able to see Marian, who whispered hurriedly to him at the door:

"All is going well. I will stay here until the time for the wedding, when we will meet you at the church."

Then the beggar left the house, and no one except Marian knew that he was the bold Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.

Of course Ellen was very happy that, when the time came for the wedding, the bridegroom was Alan a-Dale instead of the rich old lord, and Ellen was taken to live in the greenwood instead of the castle.

And there was another wedding that day, for Robin and Marian were married also. When Robin Hood's name was read out in church the people were surprised and startled. Then cheers were given for the bold outlaw and his band, as the happy couple went to their forest home.

A great feast had been prepared for them. The minstrels played and sang, and all made merry.

V ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

Little John was second to Robin Hood in command. His real name was John Little, some people said; but he was called Little John because he was so tall, being over seven feet high.

One day, Robin went hunting with his men; but, finding the sport poor, he thought he would try it alone, and said:

"If I am in danger and cannot escape, I will blow my horn that you may come and help me."

He had not gone far when he came to a stream at the foot of a hill. In the middle of the bridge over it, which was a single tree lying across the stream, he met a monstrous big man, and neither would let the other pass. After some angry words, Robin said:

"Let us fight this matter out on the bridge. The one who is able to push the other into the water shall be the victor."

The stranger agreed to this, and the matter was settled very quickly. They fought with great fury, and neither would give in. Finally, the stranger succeeded in throwing poor Robin into the water, and exclaimed:

"Where are you now, my good fellow?"

"Our battle is ended," cried Robin, as he waded to the bank of the stream, "and you are the victor."

Then Robin, who was wet to the skin, blew a loud blast on his horn. At once there appeared fifty of his men, all dressed in Lincoln green, who wanted to know what had befallen their leader.

Robin explained to them that the stranger had tumbled him into the water. At these words, the men were going to seize the stranger, who was quite ready and willing to fight them all; but Robin stopped them, saying:

"My friend, no harm shall come to you. These are my men, and, if you like, you shall be one of them. Will you join our band?"

"I will, with all my heart," answered the stranger, whose strength and courage had pleased Robin greatly.

When he told them his name, one of the number said he should be called Little John, by which name he was known ever after.

VI ROBIN HOOD AND FRIAR TUCK

A DAY of merrymaking had been appointed by Robin Hood and his men. There were jumping, racing, and shooting matches, for which prizes were given. The jugglers did wonderful tricks, and the minstrels sang and played. The holiday closed with a dance in the woodland by the hunters and their friends.

While one of these tests of strength and skill was being made, a member of the band told of a certain friar who could draw a bow with the greatest strength that ever he had seen.

As soon as Robin heard this he made up his mind to see the famous friar, and started out with one of his men to find him. They had not gone far when Robin saw in the distance the friar walking by the water. He alighted from his horse, and called loudly:

"Carry me over the water, Friar, or you lose your life."

The friar said not a word; but did as he was told, and put Robin down on the other side of the stream. Just as he did so, however, he said to Robin:

"It is your turn now to carry me over the water, my bold fellow. You do so, or I shall make you sorry."

Robin looked surprised, but said not a word. Taking the friar on his back, he carried him across the stream, and put him down on the other side. Then he spoke to the friar as he had at first, when he told him to carry him over the water or he would lose his life.

The good-natured friar smiled, and took Robin on his shoulders, as before, but said not a word. When he reached the middle of the stream, however, he shook him off, and cried:

"Choose now for yourself whether you sink or swim."

Robin reached the shore after a good ducking, and began shooting arrows at the friar, who swam to a tree near by. But Robin's arrows did not hurt the friar, who called:

"You may shoot at me all day, my bold fellow, and I shall stand it."

Robin did not mind these words, but kept on shooting until he had not one arrow left in his quiver. Then he and the friar fought with their swords, but neither would yield. At last, Robin asked the friar to hold his hand, and let him blow his horn. The friar consented. When the horn had sounded three times, behold, there appeared fifty men, all dressed in Lincoln green!

The astonished friar asked Robin who they were.

"They are my men," said Robin; "but that is nothing to you."

Then the friar, remembering that Robin blew his horn three times, asked that he might be allowed to whistle three times.

Robin consented with all his heart.

At once there appeared fifty-three raging dogs, who flew at Robin and his men. Then the friar cried at Robin:

"For every man there is a dog, and two for you."

Before Robin could believe what had happened, two dogs sprang upon his back, and tore his coat to bits. Then Little John and the others beat the dogs back. The friar, seeing he could not fight so many brave men even with his dogs, made an agreement with Robin Hood that he would live with him and be his chaplain. So the friar left his home in the dale, where he had lived seven years, and was known as Friar Tuck of Robin Hood's band.

VII ROBIN HOOD AND THE BARON

A NUMBER of the king's men, with a baron at their head, started out to capture Robin Hood. As they journeyed through the forest, they found a man bound to a tree, who seemed to be in great distress. He was dressed as a beggar, and had been hurt in some way, they thought. The baron ordered his men to set the poor man free. The beggar thanked him graciously, and said:

"As I was coming through the forest, some robbers came up to me, and searched me for gold. Finding none, they tied me to this tree, where I have been ever since."

"They must have been Robin Hood's men," cried the baron.

To this the beggar nodded his head, and said:

"They were divided into three bands, and were on their way to meet the men sent to capture them. They intended to kill the leader and to tie the others to trees and leave them to die."

The baron and his men were terrified, and seemed less eager to find Robin Hood and his men.

They thought they would have a good dinner before they continued the search. No sooner had the meat and bread been laid on the grass, and they were about to begin, when they heard the sound of a horn echo loudly through the forest. They stopped for nothing, but started to run as fast as they could.

In the meantime, the beggar whom they had set free was calling out Robin Hood's name. At once there appeared three bands of men, all dressed in Lincoln green, and carrying bows and short swords.

While the leaders and the bands were seizing the baron and his men, the beggar dropped his disguise, and appeared all dressed in Lincoln green, like Robin Hood's men—indeed, it was Robin Hood himself who had played this trick on the baron.

The baron, who held a written order to capture Robin Hood, and all his men were seized and guarded carefully. The dinner which they had prepared was eaten and enjoyed by the bold outlaw and his archers.

When they had finished, they invited the poor prisoners to eat also; but fear had taken away their hunger.

But Robin Hood did not treat them badly, after all. He took them to another part of the forest, and welcomed them to a fine feast, which they enjoyed. He made them promise never to take part in any attempt to capture Robin Hood or his men; never to refuse them shelter or help if they needed it; and that the baron should pay a sum of money every year for the support of Robin Hood and his men. Then he set them all free.

VIII ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP

When Robin Hood heard that the bishop was coming, he and some of his men dressed themselves as shepherds, and waited in the forest for him and his company to pass. While they were waiting, they roasted a fine buck [1] for dinner. As the bishop drew near, he noticed the delicious meat roasting, and, being very hungry, said to his followers:

"I believe those forest rovers, who are always giving trouble, are roasting some fine venison [2] for dinner. If so, we shall eat it, and take the hungry prisoners to the king."

When the bishop reached the place, he asked one of the "shepherds" what he meant by roasting the king's venison, and told him it was the last time he would have a chance to do it.

The "shepherd" paid no heed to the bishop's words, but invited him to join them in their merry feast. The bishop

[1] Buck—Deer.
[2] Venison—Deer meat.

became very angry at this, and ordered his men to bind the saucy fellow to a tree, and said they should all be taken to the king without delay.

Before the men had time to carry out the order, however, Robin blew a loud blast on his horn. In an instant the frightened bishop and his company were surrounded by a band of men, all dressed in Lincoln green, and carrying bows and short swords.

At the same time Robin Hood and the men who were with him dropped the dress of shepherds. There they stood, all dressed in Lincoln green, like the others who had come out of the forest so suddenly.

Now it was Robin's turn. He ordered Little John to bind the poor bishop, who cried:

"Mercy, mercy, I pray! If I had known you, I should not have come this way."

Robin and his men went into the forest for a short distance, and ate their dinner. Then Little John spread the bishop's cloak on the ground, and on it emptied the bishop's bag of three hundred pounds. The bishop gave up the gold very willingly, because his life was saved.

But Robin did not intend to let him off so easily, so he asked Alan to bring his harp and play for the bishop to dance. Alan did so, and the bishop danced, in spite of his heavy riding boots, until he fell exhausted to the ground. Then Robin bade the harper stop his music, and the worn-out bishop cried:

"You may shoot all the deer you wish in Sherwood Forest, and if you or any of your band ever catch me again you may hang me."

IX ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD

King Richard had heard a great deal of Robin Hood's deeds and pranks. He wished to see the bold outlaw and his merry men, who roved as they liked through the forest. So the king and his twelve lords dressed themselves as friars, and rode to the place where they thought they would find Robin and his men.

When Robin saw the company of friars draw near, he mistook the king for the abbot, as he was taller than the others. He seized his horse by the head, and cried:

"It is against such fellows as you that I make war."

"We are messengers from the king," said the king himself; "and he is waiting, at a short distance from here, to speak to you."

"God save the king!" shouted Robin, "and all who wish him well."

"You are a traitor," cried King Richard, "for you do not wish him well yourself."

"If you were not one of his messengers," said Robin, "I should make you sorry for what you say. I am as true to the king as any of his subjects. I have never harmed any but those who live by taking from others that which does not belong to them. Come with me, for you are welcome—

"All hail the lordlings of high degree,
Who live not more happy though greater than we,
Our pastimes to see,
Under every green tree,
In all the gay woodland, right welcome ye be."

King Richard and his men wondered what sort of cheer Robin intended to give them; but they did not wonder long. Robin led the King's horse to his own tent, saying as he did so:

"I treat you this way because you come from the king. For his sake, no matter how much gold you may have with you, it is safe."

Then he blew a loud blast on his horn, and lo! from all directions came Robin Hood's men, all dressed in Lincoln green. There were a hundred and ten men, and every man bent the knee to Robin Hood.

The king was surprised to see them pay such respect to their master, and thought his courtiers might learn something from these woodland rovers. Then a fine dinner was prepared for the king and his lords, and they declared they had never dined better. Marian and Ellen were presented to the guests. When the feast was over, Robin and his archers entertained the company with such skillful archery as the king had never seen in any land before. He said to Robin, with whom he was greatly pleased:

"If I should get a pardon from King Richard, would you serve him well in all things?"

"With all my heart," answered Robin; and so said all his men with one accord.

Then, to the surprise of all the forest rovers and their bold leader, the king cried:

"It is King Richard who stands before you!"

At these words, Robin Hood and all his band fell on their knees before him.

But King Richard bade them rise, and told them he would give them the pardon he had promised, and that they should enter his service. He would make them his bodyguard, and they should remain in the castle with him as long as they desired.

When King Richard left the forest, Robin Hood rode by his side, and Marian and Ellen were in the gay procession. Never was there a grander display than when the king and his followers entered the city. They were welcomed by shouts and cheers from the crowd, rich and poor, young and old. When the people saw Robin Hood riding by the king's side, they cheered him also loudly.

And they are gone to London court,
Robin Hood and all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

X DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood stayed at the castle until King Richard died. Then he and the faithful followers who had remained with him went back to the forest. They were glad to return to the freedom and the sports of the outdoor life, for which they had longed ever since they went with the king to his castle.

During the years that followed, Robin lost many of his men, which grieved him greatly. But a greater sorrow than all came when Marian was taken away. Just before she died, she reminded Robin, who stood beside her, of the happy days they had spent together in the forest.

Robin was never quite the same after Marian and some of his comrades had left him.

But when the new king offered a reward for his capture, he played some of his old tricks, and ruled in his forest home as long as he lived.

One day, poor Robin was wounded sorely in a fight. As he fled with all the strength he had left, he said to Little John, his faithful companion:

"I can shoot no more, for the arrows will not fly. I am wounded. I will go to my cousin, the abbess, who lives near, and she may make me well again."

Robin reached Kirkley Hall, where his cousin dwelt. When he knew he could not live long with his failing strength, he blew three blasts on his horn. Little John, who sat under a tree near by in the greenwood, heard the feeble sound, and said:

"Robin must be dying, for his blast is very weak."

When Little John reached him, Robin asked for his bow and arrows. Then, fitting an arrow into the bow carefully but slowly, he shot it from the window of Kirkley Hall, and said piteously:

"Bury me where the arrow falls, and place my bow at my side."

Little John did as his master wished, and Robin Hood was buried under the yew tree, just where the arrow had fallen.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

Robin Hood was a great hero of the English people at the time their country was gaining the name of Merrie England. The people

lived an open-air life with many festivals and merrymakings, and were much given to woodland sports and pastimes. It was also at a time, however, when the great mass of the people were sadly oppressed by the rich. It was no wonder, then, that the poor should have despaired of obtaining justice and that many of them became outlaws. They loved Robin Hood and the stories of him and his merry band will always be popular. Did you like these stories?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Robin Hood was the hero of the oppressed common people. He had three wonderful rules for the conduct of his band—to spare the poor and protect the weak, to guard women and children, and to divide all the booty with those who needed it. Robin Hood was strong and brave and outspoken; he stood for liberty, and he refused to cringe before anyone, however high his position. He loved an outdoor life and excelled in all those exercises which an outdoor life encourages. Will you remember Robin Hood and his merry men?

WORDS TO LEARN

Normans	chivalry	victor
Saxons	quiver	merrymaking
Sherwood Forest	disguise	friar

STORY-TELLING

Relate the story of how each of the following men met Robin Hood: Little John, Alan a-Dale, Friar Tuck, the Baron, the Bishop, King Richard.

Tell all the things Robin Hood could do.

Show what kind of a man Robin Hood was.

Tell the story of Maid Marian.

Give an account of the death of Robin Hood.

SILENT READING

Read each chapter separately and then answer the questions.

Chapter I

1. Who lived in Sherwood Forest?
2. How old was Robin Hood when he began to live there?
3. How many men were in his band?
4. What did they do in the forest?
5. What good deeds did Robin Hood do?

Chapter II

1. What did Marian learn from her mother?
2. What instrument did Marian play?
3. What did Marian's father do?
4. What happened when her father finished singing?
5. Who were the foresters?

Chapter III

1. How did Robin Hood disguise himself?
2. Who were the Saxons?
3. Who were the Normans?
4. Of which did Robin become leader?
5. What was the band of followers instructed to do?

Chapter IV

1. Whom did Alan love?
2. Whom was she supposed to marry?
3. Who went to the fair?
4. What weddings took place?
5. What was given in honor of the wedding?

Chapter V

1. Why was Little John called by that name?
2. Where did Robin meet Little John?
3. Who was victor in the fight?

4. How many men appeared at Robin's signal?
5. Was Little John glad to join Robin Hood's band?

Chapter VI

1. Where did Robin meet the Friar?
2. What did Robin make him do?
3. Then what happened?
4. After Robin summoned his men, what did the Friar summon?
5. Did the Friar join Robin's band?

Chapter VII

1. Where did the Baron and his men find Robin?
2. What was the Baron told?
3. What happened to the Baron's men?
4. How were Robin Hood's men dressed?
5. What did Robin Hood demand of the Baron?

Chapter VIII

1. What were Robin Hood's men roasting?
2. How were Robin and his men disguised?
3. What did they take away from the Bishop?
4. What did they make him do?
5. What did he tell them?

Chapter IX

1. How did King Richard disguise himself?
2. Was Robin Hood loyal to the king?
3. What did Richard do?
4. Where did Robin and his band go?
5. Did they like it?

Chapter X

1. How long did Robin Hood stay with King Richard?
2. What gradually became of the band of followers?
3. What became of Marian?
4. Who was with Robin when he was wounded?
5. How did Robin indicate where he wished to be buried?

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

ANDREW LANG

I HOW ALI BABA FOUND THE CAVE

In an old town of Persia there lived two brothers, Cassim and Ali Baba.

Cassim married a wife who owned a fine shop, a warehouse, and some land; he thus found himself quite at his ease, and soon became one of the richest men in the town.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, had a wife no better off than himself, and lived in a very poor house. He supported his family by cutting wood in the forest, and carrying it on his mules to sell about the town.

One day Ali Baba went to the forest, and had very nearly finished cutting as much wood as his mules could carry, when he saw high in the air a thick cloud of dust,

which seemed to be coming toward him. He gazed at it for a long time, until he saw a company of men on horseback, riding so fast that they were almost hidden by the dust.

Although that part of the country was not often troubled by robbers, Ali Baba thought that these horsemen looked like evil men. Therefore, without thinking at all what might become of his mules, his first and only care was to save himself. So he climbed up quickly into a large tree, the branches of which spread out so close and thick that from the midst of them he could see everything that passed, without being seen.

The robbers rode swiftly up to this very tree, and there alighted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and saw that each horseman took the bridle off his horse and hung over its head a bag filled with barley. Then they took their traveling bags, which were so heavy that Ali Baba thought they must be filled with gold and silver.

With his bag on his shoulder, the Captain of the thieves came close to the rock, at the very spot where the tree grew in which Ali Baba had hidden himself. After the rascal had made his way through the shrubs that grew there, he cried out, "Open Sesame!" so that Ali Baba distinctly heard the words. No sooner were they spoken than a door opened in the rock. The Captain and all his men passed quickly in, and the door closed again.

There they stayed for a long time. Ali Baba was compelled to wait in the tree with patience, as he was afraid some of them might come out if he left his hiding place.

At length the door opened, and the forty thieves came out. After he had seen all the troop pass out before him, the Captain exclaimed, "Shut Sesame!" Each man then bridled his horse, and mounted. When the Captain saw that all were ready, he put himself at their head, and they rode off as they had come.

Ali Babi did not come down from the tree at once, because he thought they might have forgotten something, and be obliged to come back, and that he should thus be caught. He watched them as long as he could; nor did he leave the tree for a long time after he had lost sight of them. Then, recalling the words the Captain had used to open and shut the door, he made his way through the bushes to it, and called out, "Open Sesame!" Instantly the door flew wide open!

Ali Babi expected to find only a dark cave, and was very much astonished at seeing a fine large chamber, dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach. It received its light from a hole in the top of the rock. In it were piled all sorts of rare fruits, bales of rich merchandise, silk stuffs and brocades, and great heaps of money, both silver and gold, some loose, some in large leather bags. The sight of all these things took Ali Baba's breath away.

But he did not hesitate long as to what he should do. He went boldly into the cave, and as soon as he was there, the door shut; but since he knew the secret by which to open it, this gave him no fear. Leaving the silver, he turned to the gold which was in the bags, and when he had gathered enough for loading his three mules, he

brought them to the rock, loaded them, and so covered the sacks of gold over with wood that no one could suspect anything. This done, he went to the door, and had no sooner said the words, "Shut Sesame," than it closed.

And now Ali Baba took the road to the town; and when he got home, he drove his mules into the yard and shut the gate with great care. He threw off the wood that hid the gold and carried the bags into the house, where he laid them down in a row before his wife, who was sitting upon a couch.

When he had told the whole story of the cave and the forty thieves, he emptied the sacks, making one great heap of gold that quite dazzled his wife's eyes.

His wife began to rejoice in this good fortune, and was going to count over the money that lay before her, piece by piece.

"What are you going to do?" said he. "Why, you would never finish counting them. I will dig a pit to bury it in; we have no time to lose."

"It is right, though," replied the wife, "that we should know about how much there may be. I will go and borrow a small grain measure, and while you are digging the pit, I will find how much there is."

So the wife of Ali Baba set off and went to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived a short way from her house. Cassim was away from home, so she begged his wife to lend her a measure for a few minutes. "That I will with pleasure," said Cassim's wife. She went to seek a measure but knowing how poor Ali Baba was, she was

curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; so she put some tallow on the bottom of the measure in such a way that no one would notice it.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home, and placing the measure on the heap of gold, filled it over and over again, till she had measured the whole. Ali Baba by this time had dug the pit for it, and while he was burying the gold, his wife went back with the measure to her sister-in-law, but without noticing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it.

II HOW CASSIM BECAME GREEDY

THE wife of Ali Baba had scarcely turned her back, when Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. "What!" said she, "Ali Baba measures his gold! Where can the wretch have got it?" When her husband Cassim came home, she said to him, "Cassim, you think you are rich, but Ali Baba must have far more wealth than you; he does not count his gold as you do; he measures it." Then she showed him the piece of money she had found sticking to the bottom of the measure—a coin so ancient that the name of the prince engraved on it was unknown to her.

Far from feeling glad at the good fortune which his brother had met with, Cassim grew so jealous of Ali Baba that he passed almost the whole night without closing his eyes. The next morning before sunrise he went to him. "Ali Baba," said he, harshly, "you pretend

to be poor and miserable and a beggar, and yet you measure your money"—here Cassim showed him the piece of gold his wife had given him. "How many pieces," added he, "have you like this, that my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure yesterday?"

From this speech Ali Baba knew that Cassim, and his wife also, must suspect what had happened. So, without showing the least sign of surprise, he told Cassim by what chance he had found the retreat of the thieves, and where it was; and offered, if he would keep the secret, to share the treasure with him.

"This I certainly expect," replied Cassim in a haughty tone, "otherwise I will inform the police of it."

Ali Baba, led rather by his good nature than by fear, told him all, even to the words he must pronounce, both on entering the cave and on quitting it. Cassim made no further inquiries of Ali Baba; he left him, determined to seize the whole treasure, and set off the next morning before break of day with ten mules laden with large baskets which he proposed to fill. He took the road which Ali Baba had pointed out, and arrived at the rock and the tree; on looking for the door, he soon discovered it. When he cried, "Open Sesame!" the door obeyed; he entered, and it closed again.

Greedy as Cassim was, he could have passed the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold; but he remembered that he had come to take away as much as he could; he therefore filled his sacks, and coming to the door, he found that he had forgotten the secret words, and instead of saying, "Open Sesame" he said,

"Open Barley." So the door, instead of flying open, remained closed. He named various other kinds of grain; all but the right one were called upon, and still the door did not move.

The thieves returned to their cave toward noon; and when they were within a short distance of it, and saw the mules belonging to Cassim laden with baskets, standing about the rock, they were a good deal surprised. They drove away the ten mules, which took to flight in the forest. Then the Captain and his men, with their sabers in their hands, went toward the door and said, "Open Sesame!" At once it flew open.

Cassim, who from the inside of the cave heard the horses trampling on the ground, did not doubt that the thieves had come, and that his death was near. Resolved, however, on one effort to escape and reach some place of safety, he placed himself near the door ready to run out as soon as it should open. The word "Sesame" was scarcely pronounced when it opened, and he rushed out with such violence that he threw the Captain to the ground. He could not, however, escape the other thieves, who slew him on the spot.

On entering the cave the thieves found, near the door, the sacks which Cassim had filled, but they could not imagine how he had been able to get in.

III HOW CASSIM WAS BURIED

The wife of Cassim, in the meantime, was in the greatest uneasiness when night came and her husband did not

return. After waiting as long as she could, she went in the utmost alarm to Ali Baba, and said to him, "Brother, I believe you know that Cassim has gone to the forest; he has not yet come back, although it is almost morning. I fear some accident may have befallen him."

Ali Baba did not wait for entreaties to go and seek for Cassim. He immediately set off with his three mules, and went to the forest. As he drew near the rock, he was astonished to see that blood had been shed near the cave. When he reached the door, he said, "Open Sesame!" and it opened.

He was shocked to see his brother's body in the cave. He decided to carry it home, and placed it on one of his mules, covering it with sticks to conceal it. The other two mules he quickly loaded with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as before. Then, commanding the door to close, he took the road to the city, waiting in the forest till nightfall, that he might return without being observed. When he got home, he left the two mules that were laden with gold for his wife to unload; and having told her what had happened, he led the other mule to his sister-in-law's.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Morgiana, who was a female slave, clever, and full of invention. "Morgiana," said he, "the first thing I have to ask you is to keep a deep secret! This packet contains the body of your master, and we must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Let me speak to your mistress, and hearken what I say to her."

Morgiana went to call her mistress, and Ali Baba then

told her all that had happened before his arrival with the body of Cassim. "Sister," added he, "here is a sad affliction for you, but we must contrive to bury my brother as if he had died a natural death; and then we shall be glad to offer you a shelter under our own roof."

The widow of Cassim reflected that she could not do better than consent. She therefore wiped away her tears, and suppressed her mournful cries, and thereby showed Ali Baba that she accepted his offer.

Ali Baba left her in this frame of mind, and Morgiana went out with him to an apothecary's[1] there. She knocked at the shop door, and when it was opened, asked for a particular kind of lozenge of great effect in dangerous illness. The apothecary gave her the lozenge, asking who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Cassim himself. He can neither speak nor eat!"

Meanwhile, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going backward and forward to the house of Cassim, in the course of the day, no one was surprised on hearing in the evening the piercing cries of his widow and Morgiana, which announced his death.

And so the body of Cassim was prepared for its burial, which took place the next day, attended by Ali Baba and Morgiana.

As for his widow, she remained at home to lament and weep with her neighbors, who, according to the usual custom, repaired to her house during the ceremony of the burial, and joining their cries to hers, filled the air

[1] Apothecary—Druggist.

with sounds of woe. Thus the manner of Cassim's death was so well hidden that no one in the city knew anything about it.

IV HOW THE THIEVES PLOTTED

But let us now leave Ali Baba and Morgiana, and return to the forty thieves. When they came back to their cave, they found the body of Cassim gone, and with it much of their treasure. "We are discovered," said the Captain, "and we shall be lost if we are not very careful. All that we can at present tell is that the man whom we killed in the cave knew the secret of opening the door. But he was not the only one; another must have found it out too. Having slain one, we must not let the other escape. Well, the first thing to be done is that one of you should go to the city in the dress of a traveler, and try to learn who the man we killed was."

The thief who agreed to carry out this plan, having disguised himself so that no one could have told who he was, set off at night, and entered the city just at dawn.

By asking questions in the town he discovered that a body had been prepared for burial at a certain house. Having found the house, the thief marked the door with chalk and returned to the forest.

Very soon after this, Morgiana had occasion to go out, and saw the mark which the thief had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. "What can this mark mean?" thought she; "has anyone a spite against my master, or has it been done only for fun? In any case, it will

be well to guard against the worst that may happen." She therefore took some chalk, and as several of the doors, both above and below her master's, were alike, she marked them in the same manner, and then went in without saying anything of what she had done either to her master or mistress.

The thief in the meantime arrived at the forest, and related the success of his journey. They all listened to him with great delight, and the Captain, after praising him, said, "Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us arm ourselves and depart, and when we have entered the city, which we had best do separately, let us all meet in the great square, and I will go and find out the house with the chalk mark."

Thus the thieves went in small parties of two or three to the city without causing any suspicion. The thief who had been there in the morning then led the Captain to the street in which he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house that had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out, saying that was the one. But as they continued walking on, the Captain saw that the next door was marked in the same manner. At this the thief was quite confused, and knew not what to say; for they found four or five doors more with the same mark.

The Captain, who was in great anger, returned to the square, and told the first of his men whom he met to tell the rest that they had lost their labor, and that nothing remained but to return to the forest.

When they had reached the forest, the Captain de-

clared the mistaken thief deserving of death, and he was at once killed by his companions.

Next day another thief, in spite of this, determined to succeed where the other had failed. He went to the city, found the house, and marked the door of it with red. But, a short time after, Morgiana went out and saw the red mark and did not fail to make a similar red mark on the neighboring doors.

The thief when he returned to the forest boasted of his success, and the Captain and the rest repaired to the city with as much care as before, and the Captain and his guide went immediately to the street where Ali Baba resided; but the same thing occurred as before.

Thus they were obliged to return again to the forest disappointed. The second thief was put to death as a punishment for deceiving them.

V HOW THE CAPTAIN OF THE THIEVES PLOTTED

Next time the Captain himself went to the city, and found the house of Ali Baba. But not choosing to amuse himself by making marks on it, he examined it so well, not only by looking at it, but by passing before it several times, that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

Thereupon he returned to the forest, and told the thieves he had made sure of the house, and had made a plan such that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

And first he ordered them to divide into small parties, and go into the neighboring towns and villages and buy

At this the thief was quite confused, and knew not what to say: for they found four or five doors more with the same mark.

nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leather jars to carry oil, one of which must be full, and all the others empty.

In the course of two or three days the thieves returned, and the Captain made one of his men enter each jar, armed as he thought necessary. Then he closed the jars as if each were full of oil, leaving, however, a small slit open to admit air.

Things being thus disposed, the mules were laden with the thirty-seven thieves, each concealed in a jar, and the jar that was filled with oil; whereupon the Captain took the road to the city at the hour that had been agreed, and arrived about an hour after sunset. He went straight to the house of Ali Baba, where he found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the fresh air after supper. "Sir," said he, "I have brought oil from a great distance to sell to-morrow at the market, and I do not know where to go to pass the night; if it would not occasion you much trouble, do me the favor to take me in."

Although Ali Baba had seen, in the forest, the man who now spoke to him and had even heard his voice, yet he had no idea that this was the Captain of the forty robbers, disguised as an oil merchant. "You are welcome," said he, and took him into the house, and his mules into the stable.

Ali Baba, having told Morgiana to see that his guest wanted nothing, added, "To-morrow before daybreak I shall go to the bath. Make me some good broth to take when I return." After giving these orders, he went to bed.

In the meantime the Captain of the thieves, on leaving the stable, went to give his people orders what to do.

Beginning with the first jar, and going through the whole number, he said to each, "When I shall throw some pebbles from my chamber, do not fail to rip open the jar from top to bottom with the knife you have, and to come out; I shall be with you soon after." The knives he spoke of were sharpened for the purpose. This done, he returned, and Morgiana took a light, and led him to his chamber. Not to cause any suspicion, he put out the light, and lay down in his clothes, to be ready to rise as soon as he had taken his first sleep.

Morgiana did not forget Ali Baba's orders; she prepared his linen for the bath and gave it to Abdalla, Ali Baba's slave, who had not yet gone to bed. Then she put the pot on the fire to make the broth, but while she was skimming it, the lamp went out. There was no more oil in the house, and she had no candle. She did not know what to do. She wanted a light to see to skim the pot, and mentioned it to Abdalla. "Take some oil," said he, "out of one of the jars in the court."

Morgiana accordingly took the oil can and went into the court. As she drew near the first jar, the thief who was concealed within said in a low voice, "Is it time?"

Any other slave except Morgiana, in the first moment of surprise at finding a man in the jar instead of some oil, would have made a great uproar. But Morgiana collected her thoughts, and without showing any emotion assumed the voice of the Captain, and answered, "Not yet, but presently." She approached the next jar, and the others in turn, making the same answer to the same question, till she came to the last, which was full of oil.

Morgiana by this means discovered that her master, who supposed he was giving a night's lodging to an oil merchant only, had afforded shelter to thirty-eight robbers, including the pretended merchant, their Captain. She quickly filled her oil can from the last jar, and returned to the kitchen; and after having put some oil in her lamp and lighted it, she took a large kettle, and went again into the court to fill it with oil from the jar. This done, she brought it back again, put it over the fire, and made a great blaze under it with a quantity of wood; for the sooner the oil boiled, the sooner her plan would be carried out. At length the oil boiled. She then took the kettle and poured into each jar, from the first to the last, enough boiling oil to kill the robbers.

This being done without any noise, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door. She put out the large fire she had made up for this purpose, and left only enough to finish boiling the broth for Ali Baba. She then blew out the lamp and remained perfectly silent, determined not to go to bed until she had watched what would happen, from a window which overlooked the court.

Morgiana had waited scarcely a quarter of an hour, when the Captain of the robbers awoke. He got up, and opening the window, looked out. All was dark and silent; he gave the signal by throwing the pebbles, many of which fell on the jars, as the sound plainly proved. He listened, but heard nothing that could lead him to suppose his men obeyed his summons. He became uneasy at this delay, and threw some pebbles down a second time, and

even a third. They all struck the jars, yet nothing moved, and he became frightened.

He went down into the court in the utmost alarm; and going up to the first jar, he was going to ask if the robber contained in it was asleep. As soon as he drew near, he smelled a strong scent of hot and burning oil coming out of the jar. From this he feared that his wicked plan had failed. He went to the next jar, and to each in turn, and discovered that all his men were dead. Terrified at this, he jumped over the garden gate, and going from one garden to another by getting over the walls, he made his escape.

VI HOW MORGIANA EXPLAINED HER ACTS

Before daybreak, Ali Baba, followed by his slave, went out and repaired to the bath, totally ignorant of the surprising events that had taken place in his house during his sleep. Morgiana had not thought it necessary to wake him, particularly as she had no time to lose, while she was engaged in her perilous enterprise, and it was useless to disturb him after she had averted the danger.

When he returned from the bath, the sun being risen, Ali Baba was surprised to see the jars of oil still in their places; he inquired the reason of Morgiana, who let him in, and who had left everything as it was, in order to show it to him.

"My good master," said Morgiana to Ali Baba's question, "may God preserve you and all your family. You

will soon know the reason, if you will take the trouble to come with me." Ali Baba followed Morgiana, and when she had shut the door, she took him to the first jar and bade him look in and see if it contained oil. He did as she desired; and seeing a man in the jar, he hastily drew back and uttered a cry of surprise. "Do not be afraid," said she; "the man you see there will not do you any harm; he will never hurt either you or anyone else again, for he is now a corpse."

"Morgiana!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what does this mean? Do explain this mystery." "I will explain it," replied Morgiana, "but pray be cautious, and do not awaken the curiosity of your neighbors to learn what it is of the utmost importance that you should keep secret and concealed. Look first at all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the rest of the jars, one after the other, from the first till he came to the last, which contained the oil, and he noticed that its oil was nearly all gone. This done, he stood, sometimes casting his eyes on Morgiana, then looking at the jars, yet without speaking a word, so great was his surprise. At length he said, "And what has become of the merchant?"

"The merchant," replied Morgiana, "is just as much a merchant as I am. I can tell you who he is."

She then described the marks made upon the door, and the way in which she had copied them, adding: "You see this is a plot contrived by the thieves of the forest, whose troop, I know not how, seems to be diminished by two. But be that as it may, it is now reduced to one at most. This proves that he is determined on your death, and

you will do right to be on your guard against him so long as you are certain that even one of the robbers remains."

Ali Baba, full of gratitude for all he owed her, replied, "I will reward you as you deserve, before I die. I owe my life to you, and from this moment I give you your liberty, and will soon do still more for you."

VII HOW THE CAPTAIN MADE NEW PLOTS

Meanwhile the Captain of the forty thieves had returned to the forest full of rage, and determined to revenge himself on Ali Baba.

Next morning he awoke at an early hour, put on a merchant's dress, and returned to the city, where he took a lodging. Then he bought a horse, which he used to convey to his lodging several kinds of rich stuffs and fine linens, bringing them from the forest at various times. In order to dispose of these wares, he took a shop, and established himself in it. This shop was exactly opposite to that which had been Cassim's, and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

The Captain of the thieves, who had taken the name of Cogia Houssam, soon succeeded in making friends with the son of Ali Baba, who was young and good-natured. He often invited the youth to sup with him, and made him rich gifts.

When Ali Baba heard of it, he resolved to make a return for this kindness to Cogia Houssam, little thinking that the pretended merchant was really the Captain

of the thieves. So one day he asked Cogia Houssam to do him the honor of supping and spending the evening at his house. "Sir," replied Cogia, "I am grateful for your kindness, but I must beg you to excuse me, and for a reason which I am sure you will think sufficient. It is this: I never eat of any dish that has salt in it; judge, then, of the figure I should make at your table." "If this be your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not prevent your coming to supper with me. The bread which is eaten in my house does not contain any salt; and as for the meat and other dishes, I promise you there shall be none in those which are served before you."

So Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and desired Morgiana not to put any salt in the meat she was going to serve for supper, and also to prepare two or three dishes of those that he had ordered, without any salt.

Morgiana obeyed, though much against her will; and she felt some curiosity to see this man who did not eat salt. When she had finished, and Abdalla had prepared the table, she helped him in carrying the dishes. On looking at Cogia Houssam, she instantly recognized the Captain of the robbers, in spite of his disguise; and looking at him more closely, she saw that he had a dagger hidden under his dress. "I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master; he is his enemy, and means to murder him! But I will prevent the villain!"

When the supper was ended, the Captain of the thieves thought that the time for revenging himself on Ali Baba had come. "I will make them both drink much wine,"

thought he, "and then the son, against whom I bear no malice, will not prevent my plunging my dagger into the heart of his father, and I shall escape by way of the garden, as I did before, while the cook and the slave are at their supper in the kitchen."

VIII HOW THE PLOT WAS THWARTED

Instead, however, of going to supper, Morgiana did not allow him time to carry out his wicked plans. She dressed herself as a dancer, put on a headdress suitable to that character, and wore round her waist a fancy girdle of gilt, to which she fastened a dagger, made of the same metal. Her face was hidden by a very handsome mask. When she had so disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor,[1] and let us go and entertain our master's guest, who is the friend of his son, as we do sometimes by our performances."

Abdalla took his tabor and began to play, as he walked before Morgiana, and entered the room. Morgiana followed him, making a low curtsy, and performed several dances with equal grace and agility. At length she drew out the dagger, and dancing with it in her hand, she surpassed all she had yet done, by her light movements and high leaps; sometimes presenting the dagger as if to strike, and at others holding it to her own bosom, as if to stab herself.

At length, as if out of breath, she took the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and holding the dagger in

[1] Tabor—Small drum.

her right, she held out the tabor to Ali Baba, who threw a piece of gold into it. Morgiana then held the tabor out to his son, who did the same. Cogia Houssam, who saw that she was coming to him next, had already taken his purse from his bosom, and was putting his hand in it, when Morgiana with great courage, suddenly plunged the dagger into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, terrified at this action, uttered a loud cry: "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what hast thou done? Thou hast ruined me and my family forever."

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your safety." Then opening Cogia Houssam's robe to show Ali Baba the dagger which was concealed under it, "See," continued she, "the cruel enemy you had to deal with; examine him, and you will recognize the pretended oil merchant and the Captain of the forty thieves! Do you now see why he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his treachery?"

Ali Baba, who now saw all that he owed to Morgiana for having thus saved his life a second time, cried, "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty, and at the same time promised to do more for you at some future time. This time has come, and I present you to my son as his wife."

A few days after, Ali Baba had the marriage of his son and Morgiana celebrated with great feasting.

After the marriage, Ali Baba decided to visit again the cave of the forty thieves. On reaching it he repeated the word, "Open Sesame." At once the door opened,

and he entered the cave, and found that no one had been in it from the time that Cogia Houssam had opened his shop in the city. He therefore knew that the whole troop of thieves was killed, and that he was the only person in the world who knew the secret of the cave.

From that time Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret of how to enter it, enjoyed its riches with moderation and lived in great happiness and comfort to the end of their long lives.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This story is an old favorite with boys and girls and is among the best for reading and enjoying. It is really a long story, yet it does not seem long because it is so full of interest all the time. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The greedy Cassim was punished for his desire for so much gold and wealth. Morgiana was very faithful to her duty and was well rewarded for it as she should have been. The thieves evidently were bad bold men and so their fate was just. It is an interesting tale which we enjoy, and I guess we will remember the story mostly because we like it.

WORDS TO LEARN

horsemen	measure	discover
barley	decided	merchant
exclaim	lament and weep	kettle
dazzled	escape	villain

SILENT READING

The following questions are arranged according to the chapters, so each group can be taken separately.

Chapter I

1. In what occupation was Ali Baba engaged?
2. When the robbers came down the road, where did Ali Baba hide?
3. What did the Captain say when he opened the cave?
4. What was in the cave?
5. How did Ali Baba carry a few sacks of gold home?

Chapter II

1. Who was Cassim?
2. How did Cassim's wife know Ali Baba had gold?
3. What did Cassim do?
4. What shows that he was a very greedy man?
5. Why could he not get out of the cave?

Chapter III

1. Who went after Cassim?
2. Who was Morgiana?
3. Why did she go to the apothecary's?
4. Was the cause of Cassim's death kept a secret?
5. Where were Cassim's wife and Morgiana to live after that?

Chapter IV

1. What did the robbers think when they returned to the cave?
2. On what errand did the first robber go and how did he succeed?
3. What did Morgiana do?
4. On what errand did the second robber go and how did he succeed?
5. Would you say Morgiana was a faithful servant? Why?

Chapter V

1. Who went next on the same errand?
2. What did the Captain order each thief to do?
3. What was to be his signal to the thieves?
4. What did Morgiana do with the boiling oil?
5. How did the Captain escape?

Chapter VI

1. Where did Ali Baba go?
2. Upon his return, what did Morgiana tell him?
3. What warning did she give Ali Baba?
4. Was Morgiana proving her faithfulness to her master?
5. What reward did she receive?

Chapter VII

1. In what business did the Captain of the thieves go?
2. Where was his shop located?
3. How did he treat Ali Baba's son?
4. How did Ali Baba wish to repay him?
5. What did he refuse to eat?

Chapter VIII

1. What did the merchant have concealed in his girdle?
2. What entertainment was given after the dinner?
3. What did Morgiana do as she was dancing?
4. What greater reward did she receive?
5. How did they live ever after?

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I HOW THE CENTAUR TRAINED THE HEROES ON PELION

MANY, many years ago there lived in Iolcos by the sea, a king by the name of Æson. He ruled wisely and well but was driven out by his lawless stepbrother Pelias who took the kingdom to himself. Æson, when he was driven out, went sadly out of the town, leading his little son by the hand; and he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the mountains; or Pelias will surely kill him, because he is the heir." So he went up from the sea across the valley, toward Pelion, the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow. He went up and up

into the mountain, over marsh, and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and footsore, and Æson had to bear him in his arms, till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave, at the foot of a mighty cliff.

Above the cliff the snow wreaths hung, dripping and crackling in the sun; but at its foot around the cave's mouth grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden, ranged in order, each sort by itself. There they grew gayly in the sunshine, and the spray of the torrent from above; while from the cave came the sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Then Æson put down the lad and whispered: "Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of Zeus, the father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.' "

Then the lad went in without trembling for he was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song. And there he saw the singer lying upon bearskins and fragrant boughs: Cheiron, the ancient Centaur, the wisest of all things beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain wall. And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key.

The lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Cheiron smiled, and said, "Call hither your father Æson, for I know you, and all

that has befallen, and saw you both afar in the valley, even before you left the town."

Then Æson came in sadly, and Cheiron asked him, "Why camest you not yourself to me, Æson?"

And Æson said: "I thought, Cheiron will pity the lad if he sees him come alone; and I wished to try whether he was fearless, and dare venture like a hero's son. But now I entreat you by Father Zeus, let the boy be your guest till better times, and train him among the sons of the heroes, that he may avenge his father's house."

Then Cheiron smiled, and drew the lad to him, and laid his hand upon his golden locks, and said, "Sit here by me till sundown, when your playfellows will come home, and you shall learn like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men."

Then he turned to Æson and said, "Go back in peace; this boy shall not cross the Anauros again till he has become a glory to you and your house."

And Æson wept over his son and went away; but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur, and his song, and the playfellows whom he was to see. Then Cheiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught him how to play it till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout was heard outside. And then in came the sons of the heroes, Æneas, and Heracles, and Peleus, and many another mighty name.

Now Cheiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands; and as he played they danced to his measure, in and out, and round and round. And the boy danced with them, delighted, and then slept a wholesome sleep,

upon fragrant leaves of bay and myrtle; and rose at the dawn and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons, and forgot his former life. But he grew strong, and brave, and cunning, and he learned to wrestle, and to box, and to hunt, and to play upon the harp. And next he learned to ride; and he learned the virtues of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds; and Cheiron called him Jason the healer, and that is his name until this day.

II HOW JASON LOST HIS SANDAL IN ANAUROS

TEN years came and went, and Jason was grown to be a mighty man. And it happened on a day that Jason stood on the mountain, and looked north and south and east and west; and Cheiron stood by him and watched him, for he knew that the time was come. And Jason looked and saw a pleasant land, with white-walled towns and farms, nestling along the shore of a landlocked bay, while the smoke rose blue among the trees; and he knew it for Iolcos by the sea.

Then he sighed, and asked, "Is it true what the heroes tell me—that I am heir of that fair land?"

"And what good would it be to you, Jason, if you were heir of that fair land?"

"I would take it and keep it."

"A strong man has taken it and kept it long. Are you stronger than Pelias the terrible?"

"I can try my strength with his," said Jason.

But Cheiron sighed, and said: "You have many a

danger to go through before you rule in Iolcos by the sea: many a danger and many a woe; and strange troubles in strange lands, such as man never saw before."

"The happier I," said Jason, "to see what men never saw before."

And Cheiron sighed again, and said, "The eaglet must leave the nest when it is fledged. Will you go to Iolcos by the sea? Then promise me two things before you go."

Jason promised, and Cheiron answered, "Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak."

Jason wondered why Cheiron asked this of him; but he knew that the Centaur was a prophet, and saw things long before they came. So he promised, and leaped down the mountain, to take his fortune like a man. He went down till he came to the Anauros, all foaming with a summer flood. And on the bank sat a woman, all wrinkled, gray, and old; and when she saw Jason she spoke whining, "Will you carry me across the flood?"

Jason was bold and hasty, and was just going to leap into the flood; and yet he thought twice before he leaped, so loud roared the torrent down, all brown from the mountain rains, and silver-veined with melting snow; while underneath he could hear the bowlders rumbling like the tramp of horsemen or the roll of wheels, as they ground along the narrow channel, and shook the rocks on which he stood.

But the old woman whined all the more, "I am weak and old, fair youth. For Hera's sake, carry me over the torrent."

And Jason was going to answer her scornfully, when Cheiron's words came to his mind. So he said, "For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals on Olympus, I will carry you over the torrent, unless we both are drowned midway."

Then the old dame leaped upon his back, as nimbly as a goat; and Jason staggered in, wondering. And the first step was up to his knees, and the second step was up to his waist; and the stones rolled about his feet, and his feet slipped about the stones; so he went on staggering and panting until he reached the shore, where he set the old woman down upon the bank; and a strong man he needed to have been, or that wild water he never would have crossed.

He lay panting awhile upon the bank, and then leaped up to go upon his journey; but he cast one look at the old woman, for he thought, "She should thank me once at least." And as he looked, she grew fairer than all women, and taller than all men on earth; and her garments shone like the summer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven; and over her forehead was a veil, woven of the golden clouds of sunset; and through the veil she looked down on him with great eyes which filled all the glen with light.

And Jason fell upon his knees, and hid his face between his hands.

And she spoke, "I am the Queen of Olympus, Hera the wife of Zeus. As thou hast done to me, so will I do to thee. Call on me in the hour of need, and try if the Immortals can forget." And when Jason looked up, she

rose from off the earth, like a pillar of tall white cloud, and floated away across the mountain peaks, toward Olympus the holy hill.

Then a great fear fell on Jason; but after a while he grew light of heart; and he blessed old Cheiron, and said, "Surely the Centaur is a prophet, and guessed what would come to pass, when he bade me speak harshly to no soul whom I might meet."

III HOW HIS UNCLE, THEN KING, RECEIVED HIM

Then he went down toward Iolcos; and as he walked he found that he had lost one of his sandals in the flood.

And as he went through the streets, the people came out to look at him, so tall and fair was he; but some of the elders whispered together; and at last one of them stopped Jason, and called to him, "Fair lad, who are you, and whence come you; and what is your errand in the town?"

"My name, good father, is Jason, and I come from Pelion up above; and my errand is to Pelias your king; tell me then where his palace is."

But the old man started, and grew pale, and said, "Do you not know the oracle, my son, that you go so boldly through the town with but one sandal on?"

"I am a stranger here and know of no oracle; but what of my one sandal? I lost the other in Anauros, while I was struggling with the flood."

Then the old man said, "I will tell you, lest you rush upon your ruin unawares. The oracle in Delphi has said

that a man wearing one sandal should take the kingdom from Pelias, and keep it for himself. Therefore beware how you go up to his palace, for he is the fiercest and most cunning of all kings."

Then Jason laughed a great laugh, like a war horse in his pride. "Good news, good father, both for you and me. For that very end I came into the town." Then he strode on toward the palace of Pelias, while all the people wondered at his bearing. And he stood in the doorway and cried, "Come out, come out, Pelias the valiant, and fight for your kingdom like a man."

Pelias came out wondering, and "Who are you, bold youth?" he cried.

"I am Jason, the son of Æson, the heir of all this land."

Then Pelias lifted up his hands and eyes, and wept, or seemed to weep; and blessed the heavens which had brought his nephew to him, never to leave him more. "For," said he, "you shall be my heir and rule the kingdom after me, though a sad kingdom you will find it, and whosoever rules it a miserable man. But come in, come in, and feast."

So he drew Jason in, whether he would or not, and spoke to him so lovingly and feasted him so well, that Jason's anger passed. But at last he said to Pelias, "Why do you look so sad, my uncle? And what did you mean just now when you said that this was a sad kingdom, and its ruler a miserable man?"

Then Pelias sighed heavily again and again and again, like a man who had to tell some dreadful story, and was

afraid to begin; but at last: "For seven long years and more have I never known a quiet night; and no more will he who comes after me, till the golden fleece be brought home."

Now the golden fleece was the fleece of a wondrous ram who had taken on his back two children when in danger of their lives, and fled with them over land and sea. One of the children fell into the sea, but the other was brought safe by the faithful ram to Colchis, the kingdom of Aietes. In memory of the good deed the ram's fleece was changed to gold and was nailed to a tree in a sacred grove where it was guarded by a terrible serpent, who devoured at one mouthful any person who might venture within its reach.

Jason sat awhile, sad and silent; for he had often heard of that golden fleece; but he looked on it as a thing hopeless and impossible for any mortal man to win. But when Pelias saw him silent, he began to talk of other things, and courted Jason more and more, speaking to him as if he was certain to be his heir, and asking his advice about the kingdom. "There is one thing in particular," said Pelias, "on which I need your advice; for although you are young, I see in you a wisdom beyond your years. There is one neighbor of mine, whom I dread more than all men on earth. I am stronger than he is now, and can command him; but I know that if he stay among us, he will work my ruin in the end. Can you give me a plan, Jason, by which I can rid myself of that man?"

After a while Jason answered, half laughing, "Were I

you, I would send him to fetch that same golden fleece; for if he once set forth after it you would never be troubled with him more."

And at that a bitter smile came across Pelias's lips, and a flash of wicked joy into his eyes; and Jason saw it, and started; and over his mind came the warning of the old man, and his own one sandal, and the oracle, and he saw that he was taken in a trap. But his second promise to Cheiron came into his mind and he thought, "What if the Centaur were a prophet in that also, and meant that I should win the fleece!" Then he cried aloud: "You have well spoken, cunning uncle of mine! I love glory, and I dare keep to my word. I will go and fetch this golden fleece. Promise me but this in return, and keep your word as I keep mine. Treat my father lovingly while I am gone, and give me up the kingdom for my own on the day I bring back the golden fleece."

Then Pelias looked at him and said, "I promise, and I will perform. It will be no shame to give up my kingdom to the man who wins that fleece."

"If you are indeed in earnest," said Jason, "give me two heralds, that they may go round to all the sons of the heroes who were pupils of the Centaur with me, that we may fit out a ship together, and take what shall befall."

At that Pelias praised his wisdom, and hastened to send the heralds out; for he said in his heart, "Let all the princes go with him, and, like him, never return; for so I shall be lord of all lands, and the greatest king in Greece."

IV HOW THEY BUILT THE SHIP *Argo* IN IOLCOS

So THE heralds went out, and cried to all the heroes, "Who dare come to the adventure of the golden fleece?" And Hera stirred the hearts of all the princes and they came from all their valleys, in helmets of brass and gold, and embroidered shirts of linen beneath their coats of mail; with each man his shield upon his shoulder, of many a fold of tough bull's hide, and his sword of tempered bronze in his silver-studded belt and in his right hand a pair of lances, of the heavy white ash staves.[1]

So they came down to Iolcos, and all the city came out to meet them, and were never tired with looking at their height, and their beauty, and their gallant bearing, and the glitter of their arms.

Then they felled the pines of Pelion, and shaped them with the ax, and Argus, the famed shipbuilder, taught them to build a galley,[2] the first long ship which ever sailed the seas. They pierced her for fifty oars—an oar for each hero of the crew—and pitched her with coal-black pitch, and painted her bows with vermilion; and they named her *Argo* after Argus, and worked at her all day long.

That night Jason went away to the northward and into the land of Thrace, till he found Orpheus, the prince of the minstrels, and he asked him, "Will you leave your mountains, Orpheus, to sail with the heroes, and bring

[1] ASH STAVES—The shafts of the lances were made of ash, a very strong wood.

[2] GALLEY—A ship which is moved by oars.

home the golden fleece, and charm for us all men and all monsters with your magic harp and song?"

Then Orpheus rose up and took his harp and led Jason to the holy oak, and he bade him cut down a bough, and sacrifice to Hera and Zeus; and they took the bough and came to Iolcos, and nailed it to the beakhead of the ship.

And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand. Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing; but Jason spoke, and said, "Let us ask the magic bough; perhaps it can help us in our need."

Then a voice came from the bough, and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while the heroes waited round, holding the pine trunk rollers, to help her toward the sea. Then Orpheus took his harp, and began his magic song. And the good ship *Argo* heard him, and longed to be away and out to sea; till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leaped up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse; and the heroes fed her path with pine trunks, till she rushed into the whispering sea.

Then they stored her well with food and water, and pulled the ladder up on board, and settled themselves each man to his oar, and kept time to Orpheus's harp; and away across the bay they rowed southward, while the people lined the cliffs; the women wept, and the men shouted, at the starting of that gallant crew.

V HOW THE ARGONAUTS SAILED TO COLCHIS

THE Argonauts sailed onward and met with many marvelous adventures until one day at dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sky and the sea they saw white snow peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew they were come to Colchis, at the end of all the earth, and they beheld the golden roofs of King Aietes, the child of the Sun.

Aietes saw the *Argo* sliding up beneath the bank, and drove down by the reedy shore with his daughters Chalciope, and Medeia the fair witch maiden. The heroes were awed before him as he shone in his chariot, like his father the glorious Sun; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud:

"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to the shore of Colchis? Do you take no account of my rule, nor of my people the Colchians who serve me, who never tired yet in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera the goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer, "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, Pelias, has set me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to

give blows and to take; yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Aietes's rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech:

"If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are that if you be beaten I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the heroes sat silent with sorrow, for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope went weeping to the town and she whispered to Medeia her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece?" And Medeia's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do."

And Medeia thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the shore, and Jason came boldly out to them. When Chalciope

saw him she wept and cried, "O, Jason, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medeia, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in the field of the war god; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medeia trembled, and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through; but here I have an ointment made from the magic ice flower. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the

deadly crop of the war god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the weeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced.

VI HOW THE GOLDEN FLEECE WAS GUARDED

At sunrise Jason sent up two of the heroes to tell Aietes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Aietes's hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, child of the blazing Sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

And Aietes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night; but he could not go back from his promise; so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful war god's field.

And there Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel chain mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window and bank and wall; while the heroes stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth."

Then Aietes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leaped out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head. He sprang upon the nearest and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell groveling on his knees. So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plow, and goaded them onward with his lance till he had plowed the sacred field.

And all the heroes shouted; but Aietes bit his lips with rage, for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven.

Then he took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the midst alone. But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the heroes rose and shouted, and Jason cried, "Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down."

But Aietes thought, "He has conquered the bulls, and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry, "Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

The heroes marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Aietes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. But Jason soothed them, for he hoped for Medeia's help.

And after a while Medeia came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last: "I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the woodside, and moor her against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight. And Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth."

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medeia, who guided them through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it; but Medeia held him back, and pointed,

shuddering, to the tree foot, where the mighty serpent lay. And when he saw them coming he lifted up his head, and roared like the fire among the woodlands. But Medeia made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song. And as he sung, the serpent's head sank down, and his eyes closed lazily, and he breathed gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, who gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves.

Then Jason leaped forward warily, and stepped across the mighty serpent, and tore the fleece from off the tree trunk. As he held it high and turned in triumph, lo! Medeia had vanished and Hera was standing beside him!

"As thou didst to me, so have I done to thee. The Immortals do not forget." And with these words she rose from off the earth and floated away toward Olympus.

Then Jason again blessed old Cheiron and his words of wisdom, and holding the fleece high in the air he rushed down to the bank where the *Argo* lay.

There was a silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good *Argo,* swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pinewood bent like willow in their hands, and stout *Argo* leaped the breakers like a horse; for she knew the time was come to show her mettle, and win honor for the heroes and herself.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a song of triumph, till the heroes' hearts rose high and they rowed on steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

Ancient heroes of the Greeks had many adventures, bold and daring. We like to read about the heroism of the different men and the trials they had to endure. The stories are exciting and full of adventure. Did you like this story about Jason?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER

The heroes of old were noble men who planned and did noble deeds. We should be like them for everyone of us has a golden fleece to seek. It may be wealth, or success, or renown, or happiness which we seek. But we all are hoping some day to have the golden fleece of our desires. We have many wild seas to sail over and hardships to endure and dragons to fight but by keeping strong and noble they can all be overcome. What will you remember about the golden fleece?

WORDS TO LEARN

ancient	heralds	armed
kingdom	minstrel	ointment
gallant	bronze	furrows
errand	stern	slumber

SILENT READING

After reading Chapter I about Jason's youth, answer the questions.

1. What happened to Æson, king of Iolcos?
2. Where did Æson take his son?
3. What kind of a man was the Centaur?
4. Did Jason like the Centaur's cave?
5. What did he learn to do?

Chapter II tells how Jason did a kindness. Answer the following after reading the chapter.

1. What did Jason learn about being heir to the land?
2. What two things did the Centaur tell Jason he must do?
3. As he was going down the mountain, whom did Jason meet?
4. What did he do?
5. Then what happened?

In Chapter III Jason goes to his uncle who was then king, having thrown Jason's father out of the land.

1. What did the people of Iolcos tell Jason?
2. How did Jason show that he was brave and bold?
3. What did his uncle, the king, promise him?
4. Why did his uncle say he was unhappy?
5. How was his uncle deceitful and tricky?

Chapter IV tells of building the ship to go on the adventure.

1. Who came to join Jason on his adventurous trip?
2. How were they dressed?
3. Tell how the ship looked.
4. What was fastened to the bow of the ship?
5. Tell about Orpheus and what he did.

In reading Chapter V we find how the heroes reached Colchis.

1. Who was the witch maiden?
2. How did King Aietes receive the heroes?
3. What did the king offer?
4. What did Medeia tell Jason?
5. What did she give Jason?

In Chapter V comes the end of the story.

1. What did Jason do at sunrise?
2. Tell about the fiery bulls.
3. What happened when the serpent's teeth were sown?
4. Tell what happened at midnight.
5. How did the heroes leave the land?

Art Appreciation

THE HORSE FAIR

ROSA BONHEUR

I THE STORY OF THE PAINTING

DRESSED like a boy, Rosa Bonheur used to rove about the horse fairs and cattle markets outside of Paris, always carrying her brush and paints with her. Had she been dressed like a girl she would not have been permitted to go about among the horses as she liked. Our picture was painted one summer while she was roving about at one of the fairs, and it shows the beautiful horses—the dappled grays, the sorrels, and the big blacks. And how Rosa loved them!

The picture is considered her masterpiece, which means that it is the greatest picture she ever painted. It was first exhibited in Paris, and she received the Honor Medal of the showing. An Englishman bought the picture for $8,000 and took it to England. Later it was sold for $55,000 and taken to New York. It has been exhibited all over Europe and the United States, and it now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The picture is sixteen feet long and seven feet high.

Because the picture was so wonderful Rosa was made a member of the Legion of Honor of France, although at

first the king hesitated to give her this honor because she was a woman, and not a man. We have a little story from Rosa Bonheur about the Legion of Honor, which you will like. This is the way she related it:

"In the year 1865 I was busy as usual one afternoon surrounded by my pictures. I was working at the easel when I heard the rolling of wheels and the cracking of a postilion's whip, and my little maid, Olive, came rushing into the studio greatly upset.

" 'Mademoiselle, mademoiselle! Her Majesty the Empress!'

"I had hardly time to slip a skirt over my flannel knickerbockers, to take off my long blue blouse and put on a velvet jacket, before the empress appeared.

" 'I bring you,' she said, 'a little jewel from the emperor. He allowed me to avail myself of my last day as regent to bring you the news of your promotion to the Legion of Honor,' and kissing the new chevalier, she attached the cross to my black velvet jacket. A few days after this I received an invitation to lunch at the emperor's palace. A seat at the table was given me near the emperor, and as long as lunch lasted he talked with me about the intelligence of animals. After lunch the empress took me on the lake in her gondola. The prince imperial accompanied us. This visit was very interesting."

II A STUDY OF THE PICTURE

What lively, excited horses these are! No two horses are in the same position—all the lines of their heads and

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THE HORSE FAIR

ROSA BONHEUR

(1822-1899)

FRENCH

bodies and legs differ in direction and every horse and man is in quick action. Some horses are running, some galloping, and some are rearing. The picture is full of rapid motion. You can almost hear the shouts of the men and the galloping hoofs of the horses.

The greatest action is near the center of the picture, and the excitement here is brought out by the contrasting black and white colors and by the different motions of the horses. Notice that the colors are brighter and clearer near the center of the picture than they are near the edges. This attracts our attention to the horses at the center of the picture. Many of the horses are proudly arching their necks as though they knew they possessed beautiful shiny coats.

No artist could have painted this picture who did not love and understand horses and know all about them. Rosa Bonheur loved them and also knew just how every muscle worked so she was able to make such a faithful picture of them in every possible position.

The trees form a peaceful background for the action in the foreground, and we like the strong sunlight and shadows of the noonday.

III THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

Little Rosalie Marie (Rosa for short) Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822. Her father was a painter and when she was a little girl she loved to be around his studio drawing rough outlines on the wall or burying her little hands in the modeling clay, or cutting

out paper figures. But she always cut out the same pictures—a shepherd, a dog, a cow, a sheep, or a tree.

Her mother died when Rosa was very young, and for the years until she was seventeen she had a very hard time. She had to work hard at housework and sewing, and was abused by the woman with whom she lived. Finally her father remarried and she went to live with him and her stepmother and again she was able to take up her studies in painting.

She was too poor to hire models and so she had to go out into the country in search of scenes and animals to paint. She would take a bit of bread in her pocket, with her paints and clay, and set out very early in the morning, and walk until she found a place which pleased her, either under a tree or on a river bank, and would remain until nightfall. She was browned by the sun and wind, soaked with rain at times, and often covered with mud. But although very tired she always rejoiced in the work of the day.

She often went to the horse fairs and cattle markets held near Paris. On these trips she always wore men's clothes so she would be admitted to the stables and have free access to the places she desired. The owners were always pleased with her paintings of their animals.

Her father was her only teacher and her first publicly exhibited pictures, shown in 1841, were received with great acclaim. They were two pictures, one a group of rabbits, and the other a group of sheep and goats. From that time on she always had exhibits at the Paris showings and they were always of animals in groups.

Her success from then on was unbounded. She received awards and prizes from her own country and from other countries also; she became a member of the Cross of San Carlos, Mexico; Order of Isabella, Spain; Cross of Leopold, Belgium; and Order of St. James, Portugal. But the greatest was the invitation to the Legion of Honor of France.

In 1899 she was taken ill and died, and was buried in Paris.

Art Appreciation

THE PURITAN

AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS

I THE STORY OF THE SCULPTURE

Had you visited New England three hundred years ago, you would have seen just such men as the one shown in the statue. They would have been dressed in long cloaks, full knee-breeches, with buttons and buckles, long pointed jackets also with many buttons, and tall conical hats. You would even have seen the same kind of expression on their faces—a kind of solemn reverence and great dignity. Many would have been carrying Bibles and canes.

We wonder if this Puritan shown in the statue is not on his way to the meetinghouse. How his footsteps will resound on the floor of the church as he enters!

This statue stands in Springfield, Massachusetts, in Merrick Park, near the City Library. On the base is the inscription "1595 anno domini 1675. Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the founders of Springfield." The story is related how Deacon Chapin joined a band of Pilgrims on the Massachusetts sea coast, and with them moved his family westward through the wilderness to the Connecticut River, where Springfield was founded.

For more than thirty years he was one of the most important men in the community, and was highly respected. He left a deep impression on the life of the city, and it was fitting that a statue be erected in his honor.

Mr. Saint Gaudens in making the statue could find no portrait of Samuel Chapin, but he studied members of the Chapin family and family portraits to try to get a likeness of the man. Then he studied the character of the early settlers to determine the type of men of that time. Deacon Chapin was a typical Puritan, and that is why the statue is often referred to as "The Puritan."

II A STUDY OF THE STATUE

Such a tall impressive figure gives a feeling of sturdiness and strength. The stern expression of the face and the determined lines about the mouth tell us that here is a strong character. The firmly extended arm and the strong hand holding the cane give a feeling that here is a man of great importance in the town. The firm step makes the statue full of action.

This is a very noted statue, and it was the first great

The Puritan (by Augustus Saint Gaudens)

piece of work which the sculptor made. Should you go to Springfield, Massachusetts, you will surely want to see the Puritan statue of Deacon Chapin.

III THE STORY OF THE SCULPTOR

Augustus Saint Gaudens was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1848. His father was a shoemaker and a native of southern France. When Augustus was very young his parents moved to the United States, first landing in Boston, and later going to New York. There Augustus attended school until he was thirteen years old and then he went to work as a cameo cutter. He studied drawing at night in the National Academy of Design.

When he was nineteen he went to Paris where he studied modeling. Then he went to Italy to study under a famous master and he remained in Rome for three years. Here he made a statue called "Hiawatha" which was purchased by the Governor of New York. He returned to New York City and set up his studio there. This was in 1878.

From that time until his death Mr. Saint Gaudens was our foremost American sculptor. During his later years he lived in the home which he called "Aspet" in the Cornish hills in New Hampshire. He died there in 1907. The year before his death he made the designs which are used on the gold coins of the United States.

PART IV—A GRADE POET

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

I A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW'S HOME

Up the walk!
Up the steps!
And here we are at the big white door!

SHALL we knock at the door, lift the latch and walk in? Or perhaps we might wait to see who comes to open the door for us. Will it be grave Alice or laughing Allegra or Edith with golden hair?

If you had been with me on my first visit, it would have been grave Alice. You would have thought her very grave indeed, but very quaint and pretty. Her hair was snowy white and her face, though crinkled all over with smiles of welcome, was no longer young. For you must know that it was many, many years ago that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lived in this big white house. So long ago did he write *The Children's Hour* that the three little girls, grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair, who were his own little daughters, have had time to grow up, grow old, and now are no longer living.

Maybe you can guess from that how old Longfellow would be. Well, when I tell you that he was born in 1807 you can figure it out for yourself. Not that it matters, except that you can think how many years boys and girls like you have been reading and learning these same poems that you are reading and learning.

But here we are all this time standing on the steps of this lovely house before this big white door! So long that Trap, the dog, has come sniffing around to see who we are. Even Trap recognizes us as friends. No one could be more sure of a welcome in this poet's home than we are. Can you guess why? This is Longfellow's home and Longfellow is the Children's Poet.

Longfellow's own children and all the children living at the time when he lived, loved him and were loved by him. Since then, all the children of those children have been telling their children about him and reading his poems to them. By and by, you will be telling your

children to tell their children about him Sounds funny, does it not? But that is the way things happen. A poet, who loves children enough to write such lovely poems for them, goes on living in their hearts forever.

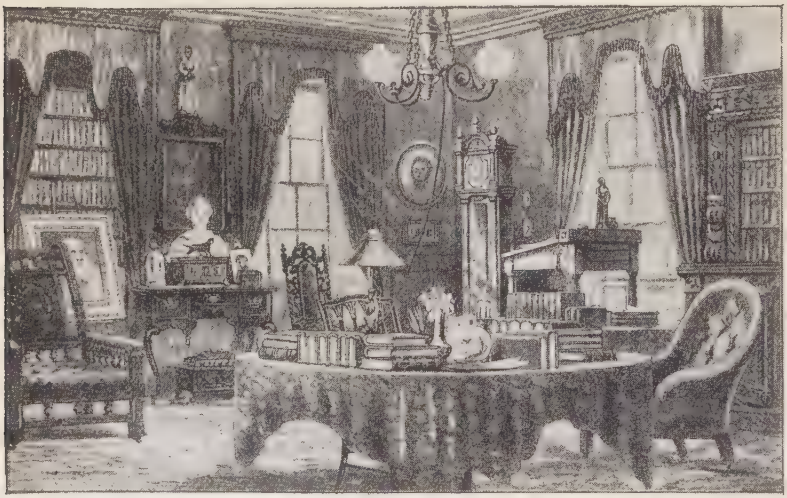
II THE INTERIOR OF HIS HOME

Because Longfellow is your poet and the poet of all children and you know that you are very welcome in his home, suppose we venture through the big white door. But go softly for I want you to get your first glimpse of Longfellow as few people have seen him. Look through this door on the left, but put your finger on your lips and stand very still, for something is going on in there which we must not disturb.

Yes, that is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the Children's Poet, sitting at the piano playing to his little grandson cuddled in his arm. I like the picture they make—Longfellow with his crown of snow white hair and the little fellow with his crown of golden curls. Let's tiptoe away and leave them to their lullaby.

Passing across the hall we see the old clock on the stairs that keeps saying, "Forever-Never! Never-For-

ever!" It is big enough for you to hide in and very tall. This clock is so old that it has watched everything that has happened in the family for years. It has watched



Longfellow's Study and the Chestnut Chair

the games of the children on rainy days. It has watched the children grow up. It has watched their parties and their weddings. It could tell us so much if it only would, but it says over and over always the same thing, "For-ever-Never! Never-Forever!" What words does your clock say?

This first door on the right will take us into the poet's study. He calls it his castle wall. This is the room in which he reads and thinks and writes. There is much to see.

First, because we are looking for it, we find the big black chair that the children of Cambridge gave to him on his seventy-second birthday. It was a lovely surprise for Longfellow. They had it made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree under which the smithy stood. Oh, yes! surely you may sit in it! Quite a grand seat, is it not? Even Longfellow said in a "thank-you" poem he wrote to the children, "Am I a king to sit on this ebony throne?" Sometimes he called it his elbow chair. Can you guess why? When you read *From My Arm Chair,* just imagine yourself sitting in this very chair where the poet so often sat. Put your arms up on the lovely carved arms of the chair and let your hands feel the smooth satin of the wood. Can you imagine that the autumn winds once tossed it about sending shining chestnuts down to the ground?

III LONGFELLOW'S FRIENDS

Over by the window is a tall desk that looks like a little pulpit. At this desk Longfellow used to stand to read or write. I think he liked to do this because he knew that Victor Hugo, a writer whose books he liked to read, used to do the same thing. Often he invited his friends in to listen to a new poem he had written, asking them to tell him how he could improve it. He was so anxious to please people. He wanted to give them his very best. He called himself the schoolmaster when he did this. When he was ready to read, he would say it was time for school to begin.

Many of Longfellow's friends were writers. They were

all in the habit of reading and talking over their work. Maybe that is why the writers who lived at that time have given us so many good poems and stories. They took time to make sure a thing was good before it was printed and given to the world.

Here is a list of some of Longfellow's friends who used to visit his home, have dinner with him, play with his children, walk under his trees, sit in his study to talk over his work and theirs. Have you heard any of their names before? If not, you will come to know many of them later as you grow older and have a chance to read more. It is a wonderful group.

James Russell Lowell	Julia Ward Howe
Oliver Wendell Holmes	Bayard Taylor
Ralph Waldo Emerson	Louis Agassiz
Charles Sumner	Charles Norton
Nathaniel Hawthorne	Grace Greenwood
John Greenleaf Whittier	Jenny Lind

Just as you would expect, the study is full of books. Here is one big bookcase filled with the poet's own writing. How contented he must have felt to sit there in his elbow chair and see the amount of work he had accomplished! But he kept right on writing all his life, never feeling that he had accomplished enough.

The little grandson has been taken upstairs now for his afternoon nap and Longfellow is coming to greet us. He is not very tall but he carries himself so erect that he looks taller than he really is. He is always very carefully dressed. His gray blue eyes lighted by sweet smiles welcome you.

His voice is soft, sweet and musical. In fact, he is the ideal of what a poet should be. The simple and beautiful courtesy with which he receives you makes you feel yourself a friend at once. You would have loved to have had him for your own grandfather.

IV LONGFELLOW TELLS OF HIS BOYHOOD

Perhaps if we could get him to tell us about his boyhood he would begin with the first stanza of his poem, *My Lost Youth:*

> "Often I think of that beautiful town
> That is seated by the sea;
> Often in thought go up and down
> The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
> And my youth comes back to me."

Then he might go on something like this:

Such a lucky lad I was to be born in the beautiful city of Portland on the coast of Maine! Not only near the sea, but my home actually faced the blue water. Always I could see the shining islands in the bay and build my dreams about them. My brother and I were wild with delight whenever a ship came into the harbor bringing its cargo from some foreign port. The sailors were strange and wonderful men to us and the great boats were full of mystery.

We could see the bulwarks of Fort Lawrence. Fort Sumner was just over on the hill. I shall never forget the sound of the sunrise gun fired at the fort every morn-

ing. It was one of the terrors of my childhood. But the beat of the drum, over and over and over, made me long for a drum of my own. My good aunt who lived with us had already bought a toy gun for me. I thought I wanted to be a soldier. I wrote to my father who was away at Boston Court asking him to bring me a drum. I told him that I already owned a gun and had powdered my hair so if he brought a drum I should be ready to march and fight.

How old was I then? Oh, about five or six I should think. Rather young to be thinking about war you will say. But the whole country was thinking about it and talking about it. Young as I was, I can very well remember the thunder of the guns as it came to us across the bay from Bristol during the sea fight between the *Enterprise* and the *Boxer*. Both captains were killed and brought to Portland for burial.

As I grew older I changed my mind about being a soldier. You will laugh when I tell you that when Fourth of July came I stuffed cotton in my ears. At ten, using my brother's gun, I aimed at and shot a robin. When I saw what I had done, I was broken-hearted. I never fired a gun again though I sometimes carried one as the other boys did when we tramped the fields and woods.

I think I must show you two of my report cards from school. We used to call them "billets." I suppose my dear mother was pleased with them and so they have been kept all this time. As long as you and so many other children are to see them I am glad they are so good:

Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school.

He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multiply numbers.

His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable.

Stephen and Henry have both commenced this quarter with an unusual degree of diligence in their studies.

Their deportment is remarkably good.

When I was three years old I began going to school with my brother Stephen who was two years older than I. This was a private school kept by Madam Fellows. I do not remember much about it except that there was a long rod hanging near the door always. Later, I went to a public school for a short time. The big boys seemed pretty rough, I remember. Still later we were sent to private school again. I was ready for college when I was fifteen.

I liked to go to school. I even liked to study some at home. In my old home at Portland you may see now in the boys' room on the third floor a school desk at which we studied. It shows that it has been used rather hard, too. But I was one of eight children and of course we all had our turn at it. We had this little ditty to name the children in our family:

"Stephen and Henry,
Eliz'beth and Anne,
Alex and Mary,
Ellen and Sam."

In this same room are large, old wall maps on which we traced our journeys in Geography and hunted out our interests in History. I think, too, you will find some of our old school books there.

V LONGFELLOW'S PORTLAND HOME

My GRANDFATHER had a farm of seven thousand acres north of Portland. Just like all boys who have grandfathers who live on farms I used to spend my vacations there, roaming the fields and the woods.

I also liked to listen to stories of the war. My grandfather had been a gallant general. In fact, I had several fighting ancestors. If you ever go to my Portland home which is open to visitors every day, you will see among many other things some of their uniforms and weapons.

It was in this Portland home that I first began my writing. My very first poem to be published I wrote when I was thirteen. I had heard the story of the battle of Lovell's Pond from my grandfather and it seemed as though I must write it. At last I was ready to send it to the publisher. Then I could keep my lovely secret no longer and I told my sister Elizabeth. We watched and waited together for it to appear in print. On November 17, 1820, there it was in the Portland *Gazette!* We read it over and over. From then on I was constantly writing.

The little round table on which I did most of my work is still in the old Portland home—also a desk that I often used in the dining room overlooking the garden.

Longfellow's Portland Home

I am trying to think of other things there that would interest you. Have you ever seen an old-fashioned cradle with a hood over the top? Mine was like that. It still has its place in mother's room in the old home. In the boys' room is a funny trundle bed that I slept in when I grew old enough to climb the steep stairs to the third floor. Next to the boys' room is the room I used when I grew up—when I came home for vacations from college and later when I was graduated and studied law at home for a while with my father. The room has been kept just the same. Always when I have been back home for a visit I have climbed the same steep stairs to my old third floor room.

In my poem *My Lost Youth* I am recalling all my dear old Portland home meant to me. It is all this that I mean when I say:

> "My heart goes back to wander there,
> And among the dreams of the days that were,
> I find my lost youth again."

VI LONGFELLOW AT COLLEGE

In this talk with Longfellow about his boyhood he has already told you that he was ready for college at fifteen. You will not be surprised at his rapid progress when you think of those excellent report cards that have been kept all these years. But he was so young that his father thought best for him to do most of his first year's work at home. The second year he and his brother Stephen made the trip together to Brunswick where Bowdoin College had been recently opened. They went up the coast in a sailing vessel and then made the inland trip by stage. Very different from the way you will travel when you go to college! But remember, this was more than a hundred years ago.

Longfellow gave great attention to his studies. He also wrote many poems during his college years. These were frequently published in the city papers. He thought that was a great honor. He made many friends among the boys and when he was an old man he still had many of these friends. They loved him all his life. He was always fair and true to them. I have read somewhere that the class of 1825 which was his graduating class was

the most famous class ever graduated from any college in America.

His letters to his people when he was away from home are full of happy thoughts. He wrote his father that he had made up his mind to be happy wherever he was. To his mother he once wrote that reading her letters gave him more pleasure than reading any book. He said that just looking at her handwriting made him wish to be good. No wonder that he has been called the sunshine of the home!

Longfellow's father was a lawyer. He had an idea that his son should be a lawyer also. But the son had other plans. He said:

"I cannot be a lawyer, I cannot argue.
I cannot be a preacher, I am not good enough.
I cannot be a doctor, I detest it.
I wish to read and study more.
I wish to write.
I will be eminent in something!"

VII LONGFELLOW BECOMES A TEACHER

Longfellow found that he could learn to speak other languages easily. In fact, he learned so easily that before he was twenty-one he could speak well in German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Finnish and Italian. At nineteen he was really mistaken for an Italian because he spoke the language so well.

Because of this ability he was made Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College. Five years later

he went to teach in Harvard College. It is rather interesting that he taught in both colleges from which he was graduated and also from which his father was graduated.

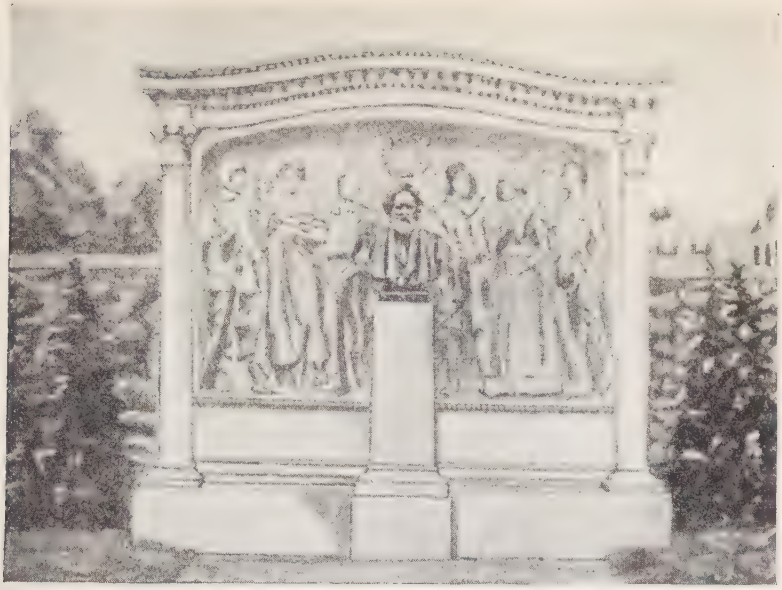
The college boys at Harvard liked Longfellow. I have never heard of anyone who did not like him. He was young. He liked the boys. He helped them with their work. He often helped them with money when they lacked funds. He was never too busy to make someone in the world happier.

When he went to Cambridge to begin his teaching in Harvard, he lived in the same house in which Washington had lived when he took command of the American Army. He even had the same room where the great general had slept fifty years before. This is the Craigie house. It is in this house that you are making your make-believe call. Did you know that you had walked up the same steps and through the same door that Washington and Longfellow had used? Maybe you really will when you are some day on a visit to Cambridge.

VIII LONGFELLOW'S HOME—CRAIGIE HOUSE

"Craigie house," said the poet, "is the most desirable spot in the world. How pleasant are the evening lights of home as one comes in from the dark and rain!" Here he lived and wrote for many years. In fact all the rest of his life was spent here except while he was traveling in Europe.

Here his family of five lovely children grew up. He called them his "quintet." The oldest son, Charles,



Monument Erected in Cambridge, Massachusetts

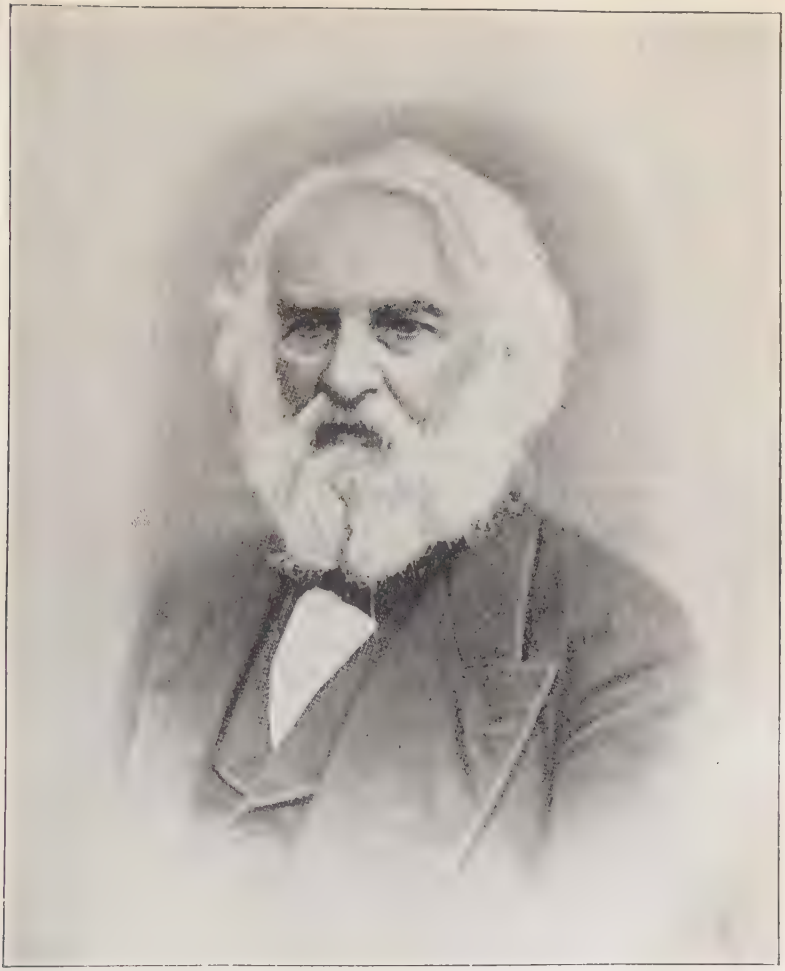
named for the poet's lifelong friend, Charles Sumner, was a lieutenant in the army of the Potomac. When he was wounded in the battle of Mine Run in 1863 his father hurried to him, watched all night by his bedside and brought him home to Craigie house. Here he lay in his father's study day after day while the poet read and wrote until he became well and strong again. "How brave these boys are!" said Longfellow over and over again. Ernest, the other son, became an artist and painted quite an excellent picture of his father. The other children are the three daughters, "grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair," whom we read about in *The Children's Hour.*

No one could pay a visit to Longfellow without seeing the children, for they were constantly running in and out of his study, slipping an arm around his neck to whisper some secret to him, or begging him to come out and share their fun. When the snow came he built snow houses with them and drew them on their sleds over the snow and ice. In the summer when they had a Maypole in the garden he put up tents for them and feasted with them in the summerhouse. Frequently he took them on trips; sometimes to the Navy Yard to see a boat launched, or to Boston to the museum. In his diary he has written on one special occasion: "Go to town with the boys; flags flying, bells ringing to celebrate the laying of the telegraph."

To amuse the boys on rainy days during vacation he drew pictures and made boats. Books were a chief delight in the Longfellow home. Long happy evenings were spent when the father read aloud. All the time the poet was writing *Hiawatha,* he was reading Indian stories to his boys. As the children grew older they began to have their boy and girl friends in for supper with music and dancing. Longfellow thought these parties very charming and was delighted to put on his dress coat with a rose in his buttonhole and enjoy the evening with them.

IX CHRISTMAS AT LONGFELLOW'S HOME

A friend of the poet, who was spending Christmas with him, has written a picture of Christmas morning in this pleasant home. He says: "The yule log sparkled on the



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

hearth; the plum pudding smoked upon the board; with his prettiest offerings did the good Saint fill the stockings of the little girls by night; and all day long did the presents come pouring in to the children of a much-loved household, till the drawing-room table looked like the stall of a fancy fair. This is a home where the presence of the Master is a perpetual sunshine—where never a harsh word is spoken and yet there is perfect loving obedience."

Visits from little children always delighted the poet. He would go out to meet them, lift them tenderly out of the carriage and carry them into the house.

One little boy who came to see Longfellow looked over his books to see if he had *Jack the Giant Killer.* When the poet had to confess that he did not have it, his young visitor felt very sorry for him. The next day again came the little friend. This time he had two cents tightly clasped in his fat fist to help buy the book. You can imagine how amused and delighted Longfellow was!

Knowing that Longfellow began to write when he was thirteen and continued to write all during his lifetime, you will not be surprised at the amount of work he accomplished, for he lived to be seventy-five years old. When I read his poems I like to think of him as living in his beautiful home surrounded by this fine family, having fun with his children and making them happy. It helps me to understand his poems when I know how he felt about things, the kind of people he liked and the sort of things he enjoyed. Many of his poems are just like pages out of his own life and experience. You have already

read or been told that that is so about *The Children's Hour* and *My Lost Youth.*

X LONGFELLOW'S WRITINGS

To a Child is written about his first boy Charles. *Children* is written about his own family of little folks. *The Old Clock on the Stairs* tells the story of a real clock in the family. *The Rainy Day* was written in the Portland home while the poet was sitting at the window actually looking out at the vine he is writing about.

Occasionally we find lines of great sadness in Longfellow's poems. We must not think his life was all sunshine. Sorrow came to him as it comes to everybody. *Footsteps of Angels* was written after the death of his first wife. Many years afterwards his second wife was burned to death. All that he wrote at this time makes us feel how deeply he mourned for her.

But there are many poems full of happiness and sunshine. Some that you will enjoy now besides those given in your book are: *Pegasus in Pound, The Singers, Children, From My Arm Chair, Maiden and Weathercock, The Clock on the Stairs* and *The Poet and His Songs.*

Later as you grow older you will want to read all of *Hiawatha, The Skeleton in Armor, The Wreck of the Hesperus, Excelsior, The Bridge, The Day Is Done, The Lighthouse, The Open Window, The Courtship of Miles Standish, The Masque of Pandora* and *The Birds of Killingworth.*

There are many, many more, but when you have read

these, you will not need anyone to tell you about any more. You will be liking Longfellow's poems so much that you will be looking them up for yourself.

Though Longfellow died in 1882, he is never forgotten. The whole world loves and honors him. People are constantly making visits to the house where he was born in Portland, to his old boyhood home in the same city and to his home in Cambridge where he lived and wrote for so many years. It is rare to find anyone who does not know "by heart" one or more of Longfellow's poems. It is rare, too, to find a home without a copy of Longfellow's poems. Somewhere, on the table, or in the bookcase, or maybe open on the desk, just as someone has put it down after reading some favorite stanzas, there is sure to be a volume of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Maybe this is what our Children's Poet meant when he wrote:

> "Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
> At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,
> To have my place reserved among the rest,
> Nor stand as one unsought or uninvited."

Our call at Longfellow's home is over. As we go down the long walk and turn to wave good-by, we almost think we hear the poet say, "Come again and sit in the Children's Chair!"

Fannie L. Avery.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HAVE you ever seen a blacksmith shop? There are very few of them now, but when Longfellow lived they were scattered about the country almost as thick as gasoline stations are now. A blacksmith makes shoes for horses and puts them on. You will see at once why so few are needed now. Of course, Longfellow never saw an automobile. In his day everybody used horses. Even Longfellow tried riding horseback. With what success you may guess when I tell you that he asked a friend, with a jolt after every word, "Why —don't you—get a—horse and—ride as—I do?"

Longfellow was always very much interested and entertained by the work in blacksmith shops even when he was very young. On his grandfather's farm where he spent so many vacation days, there was a blacksmith shop in which all of the farm horses were cared for. Longfellow used to spend a great deal of time looking in at the open door just as he tells in this poem that the school children did. He loved "to see the flaming forge and hear the bellows roar."

If we should count far enough back we should find among Longfellow's great-grandfathers, a Stephen Longfellow, who was a black-

smith. He lived probably a hundred years before Longfellow was born, but Longfellow had great pride in his family history and who knows but that this poem may be a tribute, not only to this smithy who worked under the spreading chestnut tree in Cambridge, but also to that early, sturdy ancestor of his own!

You may sometime, somewhere, have a chance to go into one of these old blacksmith shops. You will see the smithy wearing a big black leather apron, for he has to take the horse's foot right up on his knee when he works. You will see the flaming forge and the sparks flying from the anvil. Then you will understand, perhaps, the fascination that the open door under the spreading chestnut tree had for these school children so long ago.

You know it was this spreading chestnut tree that was made into a chair for Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday, and presented to him by the children of Cambridge.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

What time does your daddy come home in the afternoon? Do you watch for him? Maybe you run to meet him and, slipping your hand in his, take very long steps to keep in step with him. How you do chatter to tell him all that you have been doing while he has been away, busy at his work. This time in the day daddy belongs to you. It is your hour—the children's hour.

Longfellow had a family of little children, too. Each day when his work was done they went to play with him. It grew to be a sort of game with them. They played they were robbers (banditti) coming to storm the walls of his castle. He made believe that they surprised him, and each day he captured them as prisoners in his heart.

The study, the room in which Longfellow read and wrote, was on the first floor directly under the children's nursery and play room. If you shut your eyes, maybe you can paint two pictures like this:

Up in the nursery are the three little girls—Alice, Allegra, and Edith. Alice is very serious, Allegra very merry, and Edith has golden curls. They have put on their little fresh frocks for supper and arranged their curls all as their father likes best. They are ready to begin the game and they mean to be very quiet, so it will be a

real surprise. But the door opens while they are talking, so they have to hush up quickly, not to be heard.

Now the other picture is in the study downstairs. Here is Longfellow at his desk. He begins to notice that the daylight is fading. He has probably worked all day since his brisk walk early in the morning. He is rather tired. He lays aside his quill pen and pushes his papers together to leave things in order for the next day. He listens. In the room above he hears the children. He knows they are getting ready to come down for their hour with him. He hears them plotting and planning together as they come down the stairs which he can see through the open door.

If you would see how the raid is carried out, you must read about it as the father has told it. It is his story of their hour together—*The Children's Hour* as he calls it.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

29. Banditti—Robbers.
30. Scaled—Climbed over.
31. Old mustache—Old man with a beard.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

RAIN IN SUMMER

Longfellow and his mother were great friends, and they used to take long walks together. She loved the out-of-doors. The flowers and birds, the wind and rain, even the thunderstorms she claimed as friends. It was from her, I guess, that the poet learned to talk about these things as though they were real people. When you read any of Longfellow's poems about nature, keep watch for expressions like these:

"I met the east wind to-day."
"The northwest wind shot me in the back with an arrow."
"Rain came and seemed to enjoy itself."
"The trees seemed to try to run away."

You will find some in the poem you are going to read now.

As you read this poem try to pick out any experiences you have had like those described in the different stanzas. Think back to some good hard downpour of rain on a hot summer day. Perhaps you, too, have sailed little boats down the wet streets and watched them upset in the rush of water at the gutter! And there is a chance, too, that you have been wakened in the night by what sounded like the tramp of hoofs as the rain clattered over the roof.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is rain!
How it clatters along the roofs

Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the windowpane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

25. Wonted—Usual.
31. Turbulent—Swirling, swiftly moving.

In the country on every side,
Where, far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand,
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

At the end of the front hall in Longfellow's old home in Portland, Maine, is a door leading into the garden. Just outside this door, at the beginning of the garden walk, is a box in which you may drop some pennies or nickels if you wish, for the garden fund. This fund pays for someone to take care of this lovely garden and so gives joy and pleasure to many, many people. Just over this box is a copy of this poem, *The Arrow and the Song*. It is one of the best known of all Longfellow's poems and probably most school

children like you have learned it. Perhaps, after you read it, you will want to learn it too.

I think Longfellow means that whatever we do or whatever we say, whether it is sharp and swift like an arrow, or soft and sweet like a song, makes somebody either sadder or happier, even though we do not know it at the time. A hasty, cross word from you may spoil the day for someone who loves you. It may, like the arrow, pierce right through the heart and stay there and hurt. But, oh! the lovely things you say, like "Good morning," "If you please," "Thank you," and the kind things you do! How happy they will make the day for someone you love and bring happiness back to you from "the heart of a friend."

Longfellow was never too busy to make someone in the world happier. The sorrows of others threw a shadow over his face. Even when he had to refuse anything he tried to say "No" so softly that it would sound better than "Yes."

Will you scatter songs rather than arrows? Will you make the world happier because you are living in it?

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE WINDMILL

Do you ever wish you were a giant of some kind so you could sit on top of the world and see all that is going on?

You know Longfellow often thought of things, as real people, able to talk and think and act. So he makes this Windmill talk to you. The Windmill feels that he must introduce himself to you. He begins at once by letting you know that he is just where you would like to be—"aloft in his tower"—and that he is really a giant!

How bold he is, standing high, swinging his long arms and grinding his granite jaws! He looks down upon the farms and sees the grain in the fields. He is not a bit afraid of work. He knows he is going to grind all the grain growing in these fields over which he is looking. He flings out his arms to show that he is strong for the work. He turns to face the wind whichever way it blows to show that he is eager and fearless as a strong man who goes out to meet a foe.

But on Sunday, mind you, he rests. Instead of the sound of flails comes the sound of church bells. Instead of wide-flung arms eager for work, his arms are idle, crossed on his breast. Instead

of watching over the farms with their fields of grain, what do you suppose he watches over on Sunday?

Find the lines which make you think this Windmill Giant is a greedy old creature.

Find the lines which make you think this Giant Windmill is powerful.

What stanza shows you the contrast between week days and Sunday in the habits of the people on the farms?

Which stanza holds a promise?

BEHOLD! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,

I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

AN APRIL DAY

In the city of Portland, Maine, which was Longfellow's early home, is Deering Park. This contains part of Deering woods that he speaks of in several of his poems. It was in this woods that he used to tramp with his brother and other schoolmates. Here, too, he took long walks with his mother, watching the birds and butterflies, and studying each new flower as it bloomed afresh. He was always glad of companionship when he went on long walks. He once said: "I find that it takes two to take a walk: yes, and a dog."

An April Day is one of his earlier poems. That is, he wrote it when he was rather young. So probably it was these same Deering woods in which he was wandering on this April day. As you read it, you may imagine him the center of a group of boys to whom, perhaps, he is pointing out all the lovely changes that come with spring. Or perhaps you would rather fancy him with his mother; yes, and his dog.

In each stanza the poet points out something new for his companions to see. In the first stanza it is the early spring flowers. The "bright forms" in the second stanza are probably shafts of sunshine. In the third stanza are trees, and in the fourth are birds flying. The sunset is sending its colors through the next stanza. As it grows into evening we see the moon and stars reflected in the lake. And last, the well-known gray rocks of Maine are mirrored upside down in the cool, clear water.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seedtime and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mold
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

The Song of Hiawatha is a very long poem which tells us all about the life of Hiawatha, an Indian boy. It is divided into twenty-two parts. Each part makes a short story by itself. Each short story makes us want to read the next one and the next one until we have read them all. In this book you will read three of them.

Longfellow tells us that *The Song of Hiawatha* is founded on a tradition of the North American Indians. They believed in a wonderful person who had been sent among them "to clear the rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and teach them the arts of peace."

The story was passed on from one generation to another by story-telling. The chief of each tribe was the story-teller.

All the time Longfellow was writing this long poem he was reading and studying Indian legends. He has woven these legends into the poem so when we read it we are reading real Indian stories. But best of all, when he was writing the poem he was telling these Indian stories to his family, his own boys and girls. It was a custom of the family to walk and talk together. In the evening they gathered in the library and read together or listened to the stories that this wonderful father told. Perhaps he told his boys and girls the very stories about Hiawatha which you are going to read.

School children began to make plays and tableaux from the poem as soon as it was published, and they have been doing so ever since. "They will be reading and playing it," someone has said, "long after every Indian has disappeared."

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

When you were in the Third Grade, did you, by any chance, meet Hiawatha? If you did, you will remember that he was the boy who "learned of every bird its language, learned their names and all their secrets." You will also remember that he lay hidden in the alder bushes while he waited till the deer came. "Then upon one knee uprising, Hiawatha aimed an arrow." Do you recall whether he was successful when he aimed that arrow?

And do you remember how he looked?

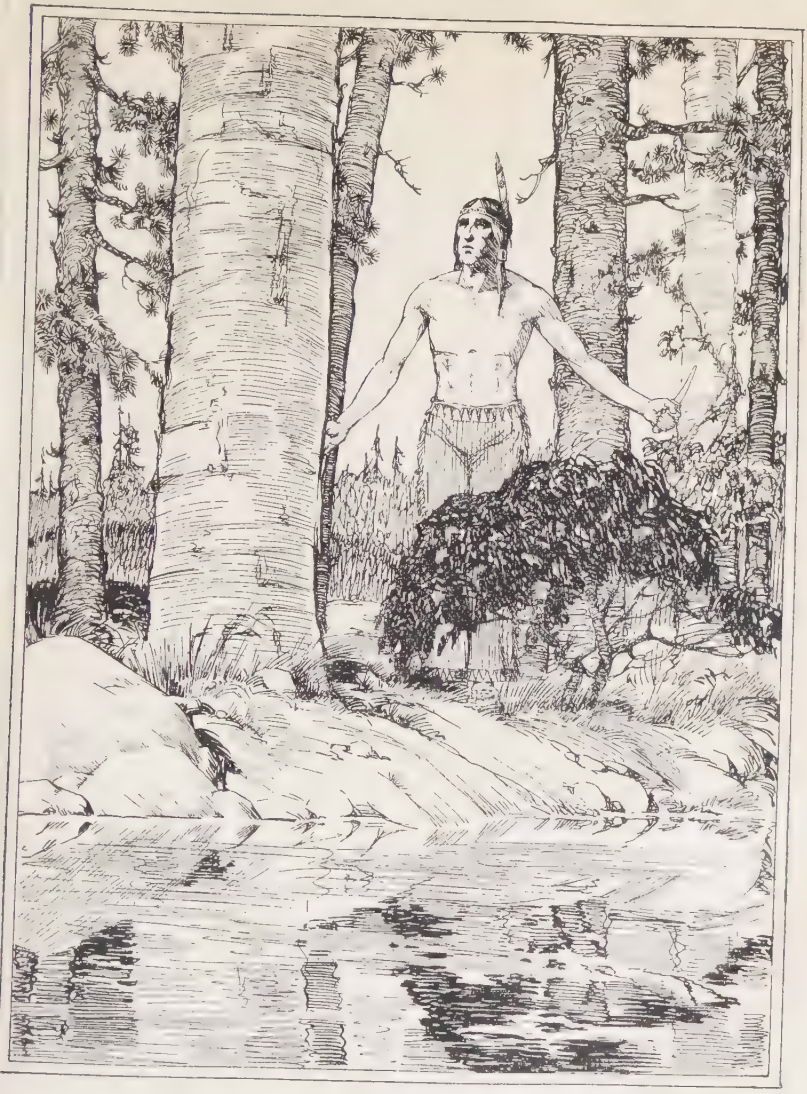
> Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
> Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
> Richly wrought with quills and wampum:
> On his head his eagle feathers,
> Round his waist his belt of wampum.
> In his hand his bow of ash wood,
> Strung with sinews of the reindeer.

Now we are ready to find out about Hiawatha's sailing. We know where he got his bow and arrows, his mittens, and his magic moccasins. But where do you think he got his canoe? How do you think he guided it without paddles? Who cleared the river for him of sunken logs and sand bars?

If you are interested in finding out these things, read what follows. You will find the answers to these questions and many others.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,



"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!"

That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

75. Fissure—Opening.

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;

95. RESPLENDENT—Splendid.

Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his armpits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

In this part of *The Song of Hiawatha,* we see Hiawatha setting forth alone upon the Big-Sea-Water in his birch canoe. He is not just going fishing for the fun of fishing, but he is going to try to catch a particularly big sturgeon, in fact, the King of Fishes.

Adjidaumo, the squirrel, goes with him perched on the bow of the canoe. They have a perilous adventure. The sturgeon has made up his mind not to be caught. He tries to get the better of Hiawatha several times and finally gives him a mighty surprise. Do you think Hiawatha ever conquered him? Suppose you read the story and find out for yourself.

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.
Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the crawfish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.
At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing line of cedar;

In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
  On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand floor.
  There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing line of cedar.
  "Take my bait," cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"

And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"
Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.
Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted, through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,

You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sunfish,
To the bream, with scales of crimson,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sunfish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.
But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sunfish,
You are not the fish I wanted.
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,

85. Bream—Fish. 101. Refulgent—Radiant, brilliant.

Sank the Ugudwash, the sunfish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.
From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fiber,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.
Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fiber,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail in air the boys shall call you!"
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.
Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,

Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
"'Tis our brother, Hiawatha!"
And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns:
"O ye sea gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"
And the wild and clamorous sea gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.
He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,

Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea gulls feeding on him.
"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;
"Look! the sea gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea gulls;
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in winter."
And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.
To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea gulls,

Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning banquet.
Three whole days and nights alternate
Old Nokomis and the sea gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the rib bones,
Till the sea gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Here Longfellow introduces us to Chibiabos, the musician, and Kwasind, the strong man. They are two of Hiawatha's best friends. To these he gave the "right hand of his heart."

When you read this, see if you can find out what it was that kept them such close friends. What was it that they were constantly thinking over and planning to do?

How did Chibiabos look? What did he do besides sing?

What effect did his music have on the people? On the birds?

Why did Hiawatha love him so much?

Was it for the same reason that he loved Kwasind?

Chibiabos and Kwasind were very different, but Hiawatha loved them both—one for his gentleness, the other for his strength.

That is the way it is with our own friends. Some we like for one reason, others for some other reason. We are not all alike. No one of us can be *all* that someone else likes, neither can some one person be *all* that we like. We may pick and choose our friends and so have as many as we like if we are good friends in return.

Think of five of your friends. Think of one reason why you like each one of them. Are the reasons the same? Does being friends with one interfere with being friends with the others?

What do you think of the plan of friendship Hiawatha and Hiawatha's friends had?

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.
Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers,
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,

All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.
From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.
Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"
Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"
Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"
And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;

All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.
Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.
Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.
Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
"In my work you never help me!

In the summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"
Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."
Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,

Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.
"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow:
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,

Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in summer.
Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.
Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.
And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Art Appreciation

THE PRIMITIVE SCULPTOR

EANGER IRVING COUSE

I THE STORY OF THE PAINTING

THE Indians of Taos, New Mexico, are still very much like they were hundreds of years ago. They dress much the same and live in the cliffs as they always did. They have their clans, still called as of old, such as the Turtle Clan, the Corn Clan, the Snake Clan, and the Eagle Clan. The Indian names still prevail, like Rain-in-the-Face, Flying Eagle, and Rushing Wind.

Mr. Couse, who has now lived with the Indians for some years, is a rather large, round, fat man and he usually wears a green sweater. The Indians call him Green Mountain.

When Mr. Couse first started to paint Indians he had a difficult time getting models. The Indians were afraid to pose for him, because they thought their souls left them and went into the pictures. This peculiar superstition was gradually overcome, and Mr. Couse now paints the Indians in their home conditions. He does not want savage, warlike Indians, but would rather have the peaceful Indians with their colorful blankets and jugs, and have them in their quiet home life. This picture

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THE PRIMITIVE SCULPTOR

EANGER IRVING COUSE

(1866-)

AMERICAN

shows an Indian shaping some vases and figures from clay. The original painting hangs in a private collection.

II A STUDY OF THE PAINTING

We are immediately interested in the crouched position of the Indian who closely examines his own work. Though there are other objects in the picture, our first and longest gaze is directed at the Taos Indian. He is painted in clear, true Indian colors. His costume fascinates us, from the feathered headdress to his elaborately beaded moccasins. The artist has made a careful picture of the Indian—his shiny, blue-black hair, his healthy, brown skin, his buckskin trousers and moccasins. Do you see how the reds, and greens, and browns have been repeated in the pottery? Even the color of the hair is repeated in the color of the vase.

The bowl is decorated with a true Indian design, but the colors are quiet so that they will not steal our interest from the important figure of the Indian. The cool, deep, bluish green of the background also makes the colors of the Indian's costume look brighter and warmer.

III THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

Here is an American artist who paints American subjects and sells his paintings all over America. Eanger Irving Couse was born in Saginaw, Michigan, in 1866, and attended public schools until he found his way to the

Art Institute in Chicago where he studied. Then he went to the National Academy of Design in New York City and from there to Paris. But he returned to New York to live. Half of the year he lives in Taos, New Mexico, and the other half he lives in New York.

He sought all over America for Indians to paint. He first went to the Klickitats in Oregon, but they were too superstitious and would not let him paint them. Then he tried the Sioux Indians of the Dakotas, but they were so civilized that they had lost the true Indian ways which he wanted. He visited other tribes until at last he came upon the cliff-dwelling Taos Indians in New Mexico, forty miles away from a railroad. These Indians are peaceful and primitive, and still retain many of their old customs and they furnish just the kind of models which Mr. Couse wanted.

So Mr. Couse purchased an old Spanish mission house as his home and half of each year he lives there among the Indians, painting them in different settings.

His paintings have taken many prizes in New York and Paris.

PART V—PROSE

KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD *

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

I THE MAGIC SHIELDS

THERE was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose way above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it, but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there

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floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by anyone in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness, but at other times the surface of the shield would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now, when each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was given him from among those that the magician had made, and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help the poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the victory, or when he went on some difficult errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of

such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

II OFF TO THE BATTLE

THERE came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred, the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use, and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest.

This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in

the most dangerous place of all so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said, "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this duty."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander, and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against his feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from the outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside of the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought someone else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads,

and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

III SIR ROLAND GUARDS THE GATE

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle with them. But after a little while he put this out of his mind, and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said, "I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she wished.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go to help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am left to guard the gateway of the castle, and cannot go."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I, but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are a knight who likes to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if she were only a man instead of a woman, he would show

that he liked fighting. But as she was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together. Just then the servant came with the food he had sent for. He gave it to the old woman quickly, and shut the gate that she might not talk to him.

IV THE TRICKERY OF THE MAGIC SWORD

It was not very long before he heard someone calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak. "Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, you will be crowned the victorious knight, the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who

was speaking to him, for certainly it appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him, that he reached out his hand to take it, and the little old man came forward, to cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that the bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out, "No!" so loudly that the old man stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again, and said, "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The

giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, went angrily back into the forest.

V THE GOLDEN STAR APPEARS

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward with joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty, and blood-stained, and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants, and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give an account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out:

"The shield! The shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Everyone turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was a golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why everyone was looking at him so excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

We always like stories of knights because knights are so brave and do such good deeds. This story is full of adventure and excitement, and has a very pleasing ending. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

To do exactly as one is told is one of the commands of the army. A knight would always carry out very carefully all the directions that his commander gave him. Sir Roland performed faithfully the orders given him, and won the Golden Star by so doing. Do we always do faithfully what we are told to do? When our mothers or fathers or teachers tell us to do something, do we always do it exactly as a knight would do it? What will you remember about Sir Roland?

WORDS TO LEARN

knights	achieve	plumes
shields	warriors	castle
armor	giants	moat
commander	dangerous	enemies
distress	eager	drawbridge
service	approached	magic power

SILENT READING

Read Chapter I and answer the questions following:

1. Where was the castle situated?
2. Who lived about it?
3. What did the knights wear?
4. How did the shield of a cowardly knight look?
5. How could a knight win his star?

Read Chapter II and tell which of the following are false statements, and which are true statements:

1. The giants gathered together to do battle.
2. Sir Roland was very eager to go to battle.
3. He was allowed to go with the other knights.
4. The giants could very easily capture the castle.
5. The knights marched away to the battle in the forest.

Read Chapter III and relate the following:

1. Tell who first came to the gate and what he suggested to Sir Roland.
2. Tell about the beggar woman and what she wanted.
3. What did the beggar woman suggest to Sir Roland?
4. How did she make Sir Roland angry?

Read Chapter IV, and rewrite the sentences filling in the missing word.

1. A little old man with a black —— came to the gate.
2. He had a magic —— which he wanted to give Sir Roland.
3. He wanted Sir Roland to take it and go into the ——.
4. Sir Roland struck the great —— and had the drawbridge lifted.
5. Then the little old man grew larger and larger until he was a ——.

Read Chapter V and choose the correct answers to the questions given.

1. Who won the battle? (The knights, *or* the giants.)
2. Whose shield shone the brighter? (The commander's, *or* Sir Roland's.)
3. How did the knights feel about this? (Amazed, *or* downhearted.)
4. Who is it that makes mistakes? (Men, *or* magic shields.)
5. What is it that never makes mistakes? (Men, *or* magic shields.)

THE FLAX

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

The Flax was in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, even more delicate than the moth's wings. The sun shone on it, the raindrops fell on it and moistened it, and it grew prettier every day.

"The people say that I look unusually well," said the Flax, "and that I am fine and long, and will make a good piece of linen. How well off I am! How the sunshine gladdens, and the rain refreshes one! I am the happiest of all beings."

"Yes, yes," said the fence post, "but you don't know the world; I do." And then he creaked out sadly:

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

"No; it is not done," said the Flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall—it matters not to me. I feel that I am growing: I am sure that I am in blossom. I am the happiest of beings."

But one day some people came and roughly pulled up the Flax—pulled it up by the roots. Then it was laid in some water, as if they were going to drown it; and then they put it over the fire, as if they were going to roast it. It was dreadful! "One cannot always have pleasant times. One must suffer some to know what life is," said the Flax.

But times grew worse. The Flax was moistened and roasted, and broken and hackled; and other things were done that it could not tell. Then it was put on the spinning wheel—whirr! whirr! whirr! round and round, till it was quite dizzy.

"I have been very happy, even if I am not now," it thought, in all its pain. "One must be contented with the good one has enjoyed! Contented! Contented!" And it kept saying that until it was put into the loom and became a large, beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"How remarkable this is!" said the Flax. "I could not have believed it. The fence post was wrong when he said, 'The song is done.'

"The song is not done by any means. Now it is beginning in earnest. If I have suffered, I have been made into something! How strong and fine I am, and how white! This is much better than being a plant. Now I am cared for; the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath every evening from the watering pot. Even the clergyman's wife says I am the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier."

One day the linen was taken into the house and put under the scissors. How it was cut and torn, and then pricked with needles! That was not pleasant; but twelve garments were made of it—a whole dozen!

"Just think," it said; "now something has really been made of me! I shall be of some use in the world!"

Years passed away, and now the garments were old and worn—they could not hold together any longer.

"It must be over, some day," said one piece. "I could gladly have held together a little longer, but I know that we cannot last always."

They were now torn into pieces. They thought they were to be thrown away, but they were ground into shreds, and softened and boiled; and even they, themselves, did not know all that was done to them. But at last they became beautiful white paper!

"Now, what a surprise this is!" said the paper. "I am even finer than before! How fortune favors me! I shall be taken to the printer."

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were printed upon it. The people read what was on the paper, and became wiser and better.

"This is more than I ever imagined when I was bearing little blue flowers in the fields. How could I know that I should spread joy among men? Each time I have been promoted from one pleasure and honor to another. Each time, when I thought the song was done, it began again in a higher and better way."

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

This is a story of contentment and happiness. Did you like it? The flax went through many hardships, but it never once complained of the treatment it received and each time it was more beautiful and better than ever before. Every stage of its life was a stage of greatness and the flax was always happy and contented. Would you like to be more like the flax plant? What will you remember about it?

A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO

ALICE E. ALLEN

Little Abe hurried home as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting shoes, like yours, he could have run faster. But, instead of stockings, he wore deerskin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy moccasins of bearskin that his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm, gray homespun. His odd-shaped cap had once been on the back of a raccoon. The coon's tail flew out behind as he walked—like a funny, furry tassel. But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling, blue eyes of this lad of long ago you would have liked him at once.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold, nor a bag of gold. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would of gold or precious stones. To know just what that book meant to little Abe, you must be very fond of reading. You must think how it would seem to live far away from all the schools, to have no books of your own, and to see no books anywhere, except two or three old ones of your mother's that you had read over and over until you knew them by heart.

So, when a neighbor had said that little Abe might take a book home and keep it until he had read it all through, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars? A real

book—a book that told about little boys and girls and the big world! Little Abe's heart beat fast; it seemed almost too good to be true.

Little Abe's home was built on a hillside. It was not much like your home. It was not built of stone or brick, not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks between the logs and see the great, white stars shining down on him. Sometimes the great yellow moon smiled at him as she sailed through the dark night sky. And sometimes, too, saucy raindrops pattered down on the little face on the coarse pillow.

To-night, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious book in a small crack between the logs. When the first gray light came in, in the morning, he awoke and read until his father called him to get up. Night after night he read, until the book was nearly finished. Little Abe worked hard all day long, and never a minute had he in the daytime to peep between the covers of his beloved book.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of the wonderful story. He awoke very early, but there were no golden sunbeams to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow. The loft was dark and little Abe could hear the wind whistling out in the trees. He reached out his hand for the book—and what do you think?—he put it into a pile of something white and cold lying on his bed! His little bed was covered with an outside blanket of soft, white snow!

He shivered and sat up, reaching again for the book.

He pulled it out. Then the poor little fellow almost cried —for that precious book was wet from cover to cover, and its crisp leaves were crumpled and soaked from the heavy fall of snow.

Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold bed and brushed off the snow as best he could. He could scarcely keep the tears back. There was a big lump in his throat, and a big lump in his heart. What would the kind neighbor say?

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the snowy fields to the kind neighbor's house. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold, but only of the book. When he found the neighbor he held out the poor, spoiled book, and, looking straight up into the man's face, with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you," said the little fellow.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind face.

"Then, sir," he said, wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the man, good-naturedly, "you may have the book; you will earn it."

So little Abe went to work for three days. He was cold, and his back ached as he pulled corn for the cattle, but he was too happy to mind, for was not that precious book to be soon his very own?

What do you suppose the book was, for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful fairy tales, like yours? No; the book was the story of George Washington. And, long years afterwards, when little Abe had grown to be a great man and the President of the United States, he used to tell the story of his first book.

"That book—the story of George Washington—helped me to become President," he said.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This true story is very interesting, and when we remember that little Abe became one of the greatest presidents of the United States, the story becomes more interesting than ever. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

When our great Mr. Lincoln was a little lad, books were very scarce, and a book to little Abe was a very precious thing. The hardships which he endured amaze us, and we cannot imagine the very few books which he had to read. To-day we have great libraries full of books, and so many we cannot hope to read all of them. We ought to read just as many as possible, however. What will you remember about this little lad of long ago?

SILENT READING

Describe how little Abe was dressed.

Describe his bed in the loft.

Tell how fond he was of books.

Give the story of how the borrowed book was spoiled, and how he had to work to earn it.

What was the book? How did it help little Abe in later life?

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

GEORGE W. DASENT

I THE WHITE BEAR COMES

Once upon a time there was a poor husbandman who had so many children that he hadn't much of either food or clothing to give them. Pretty children they all were, but the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so lovely there was no end to her loveliness.

One day, 'twas on a Thursday evening late at the fall of the year, the weather was wild and rough outside, and it was cruelly dark, and rain fell and wind blew, till the walls of the cottage shook again. There they all sat round the fire, busy with this thing and that. But just then, all at once something gave three taps on the win-

dowpane. Then the father went out to see what was the matter; and, when he got out of doors, what should he see but a great big White Bear.

"Good evening to you!" said the White Bear.

"The same to you!" said the man.

"Will you give me your youngest daughter? If you will, I'll make you as rich as you are now poor," said the Bear.

The man would not be at all sorry to be so rich; but still he thought he must have a bit of a talk with his daughter first; so he went in and told them how there was a great White Bear waiting outside, who had given his word to make them so rich if he could only have the youngest daughter.

The lassie said "No!" outright. Nothing could get her to say anything else; so the man went out and settled it with the White Bear that he should come again the next Thursday evening and get an answer. Meantime he talked it over with his daughter, and kept on telling her of all the riches they would get, and how well off she would be herself; and so at last she thought better of it, and washed and mended her rags, made herself as smart as she could, and was ready to start. Her packing gave her very little trouble.

Next Thursday evening came the White Bear to fetch her, and she got upon his back with her bundle, and off they went. So, when they had gone a bit of the way, the White Bear said:

"Are you afraid?"

No, she wasn't.

"Well! mind and hold tight by my shaggy coat, and then there's nothing to fear," said the Bear.

So she rode a long, long way, till they came to a great steep hill. There, on the face of it, the White Bear gave a knock, and a door opened, and they came into a castle where there were many rooms all lighted up; rooms gleaming with silver and gold; and there, too, was a table ready laid, and it was all as grand as grand could be. Then the White Bear gave her a silver bell; and when she wanted anything, she was only to ring it, and she would get it at once.

After she had eaten and drunk, and the evening wore on, she got sleepy after her journey, and thought she would like to go to bed, so she rang the bell; and she had scarce taken hold of it before she came into a chamber where there was a bed made, as fair and white as anyone would wish to sleep in, with silken pillows and curtains and gold fringe. All that was in the room was gold or silver; but when she had gone to bed and put out the light, a man came into the room with her. That was the White Bear, who threw off his beast shape at night; but she never saw him, for he always came after she had put out the light, and before the day dawned he was off again.

So things went on happily for a while, but at last she began to get silent and sorrowful; for there she went about all day alone, and she longed to go home to see her father and mother and brothers and sisters. So one day, when the White Bear asked what it was that she lacked, she said it was so dull and lonely there, and how

she longed to go home to see her father and mother and brothers and sisters, and that was why she was so sad and sorrowful, because she couldn't get to them.

"Well, well!" said the Bear, "perhaps there's a cure for all this; but you must promise me one thing, not to talk alone with your mother, but only when the rest are by to hear; for she'll take you by the hand and try to lead you into a room alone to talk; but you must mind and not do that, else you'll bring bad luck on both of us."

II A VISIT BACK HOME AGAIN

So ONE Sunday the White Bear came and said now they could set off to see her father and mother. Well, off they started, she sitting on his back; and they went far and long. At last they came to a grand house, and there her brothers and sisters were running about out of doors at play, and everything was so pretty, 'twas a joy to see.

"This is where your father and mother live now," said the White Bear; "but don't forget what I told you, else you'll make us both unlucky."

No! bless her, she'd not forget; and when she had reached the house, the White Bear turned right about and left her.

Then, when she went in to see her father and mother, there was such joy, there was no end to it. None of them thought they could thank her enough for all she had done for them. Now, they had everything they wished, as good as good could be, and they all wanted to know how she got on where she lived.

She said it was very good to live where she did; she had all she wished. In the afternoon, after they had done dinner, all happened as the White Bear had said. Her mother wanted to talk with her alone in her bedroom; but she minded what the White Bear had said, and wouldn't go upstairs.

"Oh! what we have to talk about will keep!" she said, and put her mother off.

But, somehow or other, her mother got her at last, and she had to tell her the whole story. So she said, how every night when she had gone to bed a man came as soon as she had put out the light; and how she never saw him, because he was always away before the morning dawned; and how she went about woeful and sorrowing, for she thought she should so like to see him; and how all day long she walked about there alone; and how dull and dreary and lonesome it was.

"My!" said her mother. "Now I'll teach you a lesson how to set eyes on him. I'll give you a bit of candle, which you can carry home in your bosom; just light that while he is asleep, but take care not to drop the tallow on him."

Yes! she took the candle and hid it in her bosom, and as night drew on, the White Bear came and fetched her away.

But when they had gone a bit of the way, the White Bear asked if all hadn't happened as he had said.

Well, she couldn't say it hadn't.

"Now, mind," said he, "if you have listened to your mother's advice, you have brought bad luck on us both,

and then, all that has passed between us will be as nothing."

No, she hadn't listened to her mother's advice.

So when she reached home, and had gone to bed, it was the old story over again. There came a man into the room with her; but at dead of night, when she heard he slept, she got up and struck a light, lit the candle, and let the light shine on him, and so she saw that he was the loveliest Prince one ever set eyes on, and she fell so deep in love with him on the spot that she thought she couldn't live if she didn't give him a kiss there and then. And so she did; but as she kissed him, she dropped three hot drops of tallow on his shirt, and he woke up.

"What have you done?" he cried; "now you have made us both unlucky, for had you held out only this one year, I had been freed. For I have a stepmother who has bewitched me, so that I am a White Bear by day, and a Man by night. But now all ties are snapped between us; now I must set off from you to her. She lives in a Castle which stands *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* and there, too, is a Princess, with a nose three ells long, and she's the wife I must have now."

She wept and took it ill, but there was no help for it; go he must. Then she asked if she mightn't go with him.

No, she mightn't.

"Tell me the way, then," she said, "and I'll search you out; *that* surely I may get leave to do."

Yes, she might do that, he said; but there was no way to that place. It lay *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* and thither she'd never find her way.

III THE SEARCH BEGINS

Next morning, when she woke up, both Prince and castle were gone, and then she lay on a little green patch, in the midst of the gloomy thick wood, and by her side lay the same bundle of rags she had brought with her from her old home.

So when she had rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, and wept till she was tired, she set out on her way, and walked many, many days, till she came to a lofty crag. Under it sat an old hag, and played with a golden apple which she tossed about. The lassie asked her if she knew the way to the Prince, who lived with his stepmother in the castle, that lay *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* and who was to marry the Princess with a nose three ells long.

"How did you come to know about him?" asked the old hag; "but maybe you are the lassie who ought to have had him?" Yes, she was.

"So, so; it's you, is it?" said the old hag. "Well, all I know about him is that he lives in the castle that lies *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* and thither you'll come, late or never; but still you may have the loan of my horse, and on him you can ride to my next neighbor. Maybe she'll be able to tell you; and when you get there, just give the horse a switch under the left ear, and beg him to be off home; and, stay, this golden apple you may take with you."

So she got up on the horse, and rode a long, long time till she came to another crag, under which sat another old hag, with a golden carding comb. The lassie asked her if

she knew the way to the castle that lay *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* and she answered, like the first old hag, that she knew nothing about it, except it was *East of the Sun and West of the Moon.*

"And thither you'll come, late or never, but you shall have the loan of my horse to my next neighbor; maybe she'll tell you all about it; and when you get there, just switch the horse under the left ear, and beg him to be off home."

And this old hag gave her the golden carding comb; it might be she'd find use for it, she said. So the lassie got up on the horse, and rode a far, far way, and a weary time; and so at last she came to another great crag, under which sat another old hag, spinning with a golden spinning wheel. Her, too, she asked if she knew the way to the Prince, and where the castle was that lay *East of the Sun and West of the Moon.* So it was the same thing over again.

"Maybe it's you who ought to have had the Prince?" said the old hag.

Yes, it was.

But she, too, didn't know the way a bit better than the other two. *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* it was, that was all she knew.

"And thither you'll come, late or never; but I'll lend you my horse, and then I think you'd best ride to the East Wind and ask him; maybe he knows those parts, and can blow you thither. But when you get to him, you need only give the horse a switch under the left ear, and he'll trot home of himself."

And so, too, she gave her the golden spinning wheel. "Maybe you'll find a use for it," said the old hag.

IV THE SEARCH CONTINUES

THEN on she rode many, many days, a weary time, before she got to the East Wind's house, but at last she did reach it, and then she asked the East Wind if he could tell her the way to the Prince who dwelt *East of the Sun and West of the Moon.* Yes, the East Wind had often heard tell of it, the Prince and the castle, but he couldn't tell the way, for he had never blown so far.

"But, if you will, I'll go with you to my brother the West Wind, maybe he knows, for he's much stronger. So, if you will just get on my back, I'll carry you thither."

Yes, she got on his back, and I should just think they went briskly along. So when they got there, they went into the West Wind's house, and the East Wind said the lassie he had brought was the one who ought to have had the Prince who lived in the castle *East of the Sun and West of the Moon;* and so she had set out to seek him, and how he had come with her, and would be glad to know if the West Wind knew how to get to the castle.

"Nay," said the West Wind, "so far I've never blown; but if you will, I'll go with you to our brother the South Wind, for he's much stronger than either of us, and he has flapped his wings far and wide. Maybe he'll tell you. You can get on my back, and I'll carry you to him."

Yes! she got on his back, and so they traveled to the South Wind, and weren't so very long on the way.

When they got there, the West Wind asked him if he could tell her the way to the castle that lay *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* for it was she who ought to have had the Prince who lived there.

"You don't say so! That's she, is it?" said the South Wind.

"Well, I have blustered about in most places in my time, but so far have I never blown; but if you will, I'll take you to my brother the North Wind; he is the oldest and strongest of the whole lot of us, and if he doesn't know where it is, you'll never find anyone in the world to tell you. You can get on my back, and I'll carry you thither."

Yes! she got on his back, and away he went from his house at a fine rate. And this time, too, she wasn't long on her way.

So when they got to the North Wind's house, he was so wild and cross, cold puffs came from him a long way off.

"Blast you both! What do you want?" he roared out to them ever so far off, so that it struck them with an icy shiver.

"Well," said the South Wind, "you needn't be so cross, for here I am, your brother, the South Wind, and here is the lassie who ought to have had the Prince who dwells in the castle that lies *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* and now she wants to ask you if you ever were there, and if you can tell her the way, for she would be so glad to find him again."

"Yes, I know well enough where it is," said the North Wind; "once in my life I blew an aspen leaf thither, but

I was so tired I couldn't blow a puff for ever so many days after. But if you really wish to go thither, and aren't afraid to come along with me, I'll take you on my back and see if I can blow you there."

Yes! with all her heart; she must and would go thither if it were possible in any way; and as for fear, however madly he went, she wouldn't be at all afraid.

"Very well, then," said the North Wind, "but you must sleep here to-night, for we must have the whole day before us, if we're to get thither at all."

Early next morning the North Wind woke her, and puffed himself up, and blew himself out, and made himself so stout and big, 'twas gruesome to look at him; and so off they went high up through the air, as if they would never stop till they got to the world's end.

Down here below there was such a storm; it threw down long tracts of wood and many houses, and when it swept over the great sea, ships foundered by hundreds.

So they tore on and on—no one can believe how far they went—and all the while they still went over the sea, and the North Wind got more and more weary, and so out of breath he could scarce bring out a puff, and his wings drooped and drooped, till at last he sunk so low that the crests of the waves dashed over his heels.

"Are you afraid?" said the North Wind.

No, she wasn't.

But they weren't very far from land; and the North Wind had still enough strength left in him that he managed to throw her up on the shore under the windows of the castle which lay *East of the Sun and West of the*

Moon; but then he was so weak and worn out that he had to stay there and rest many days before he could get home again.

V THE SEARCH ENDS

NEXT morning the lassie sat down under the castle window, and began to play with the golden apple; and the first person she saw was the Long-nose who was to have the Prince.

"What do you want for your golden apple, you lassie?" said the Long-nose, and threw up the window.

"It's not for sale, for gold or money," said the lassie.

"If it's not for sale for gold or money, what is it that you will sell it for? You may name your own price," said the Princess.

"Well! if I may get to the Prince, who lives here, and see him to-night, you shall have it," said the lassie whom the North Wind had brought.

Yes! she might; that could be done. So the Princess got the golden apple; but when the lassie came up to the Prince's bedroom at night he was fast asleep; she called him and shook him, and between whiles she wept sore; but all she could do she couldn't wake him up. Next morning, as soon as day broke, came the Princess with the long nose, and drove her out again.

So in the daytime she sat down under the castle windows and began to card with her carding comb, and the same thing happened. The Princess asked what she wanted for it; and she said it wasn't for sale for gold or

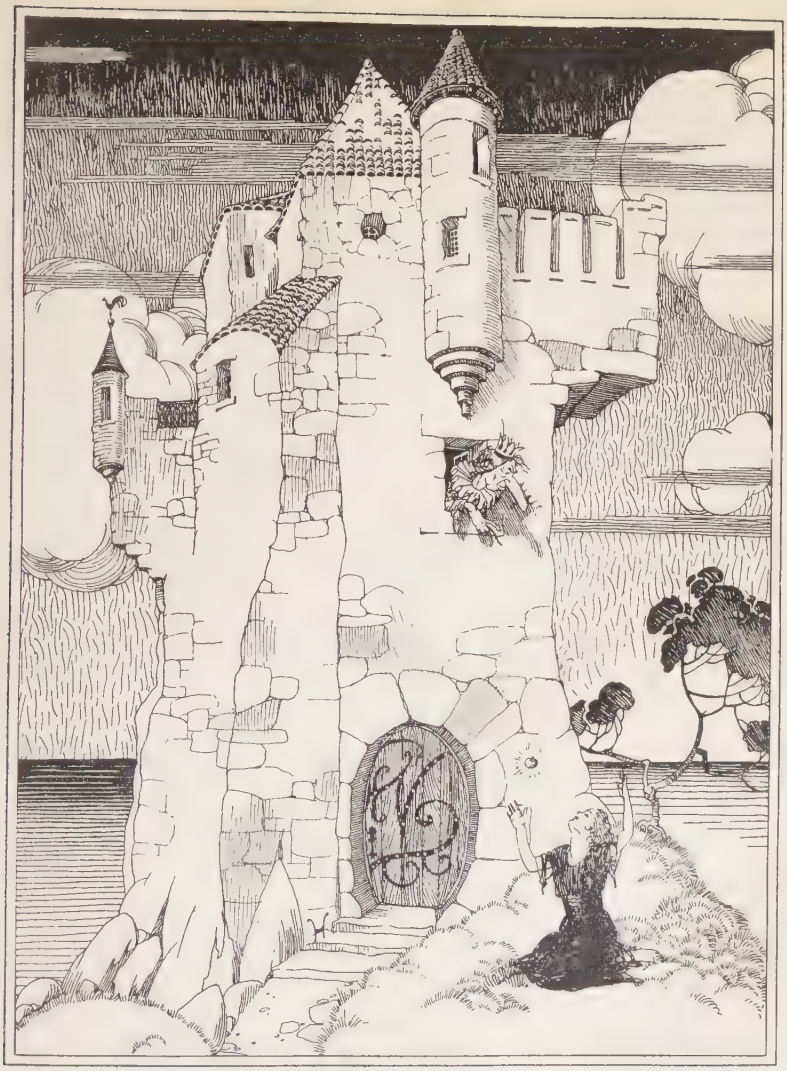
money, but if she might get leave to go up to the Prince and see him that night, the Princess should have it. But when she went up she found him fast asleep again, and all she called, and all she shook, and wept, and prayed, she couldn't get life into him; and as soon as the first gray peep of day came, then came the Princess with the long nose, and chased her out again.

So in the daytime the lassie sat down outside under the castle window and began to spin with her golden spinning wheel, and that, too, the Princess with the long nose wanted to have. So she threw up the window and asked what she wanted for it. The lassie said, as she had said twice before, it wasn't for sale for gold or money; but if she might go up to the Prince who was there, and see him that night, she might have it.

Yes! she might do that and welcome. But now you must know there were some Christian folk who had been carried off thither, and as they sat in their room, which was next the Prince, they had heard how a woman had been in there, and wept and prayed, and called to him two nights running, and they told that to the Prince.

That evening, when the Princess came with her sleepy drink, the Prince made as if he drank, but threw it over his shoulder, for he could guess it was a sleepy drink. So, when the lassie came in, she found the Prince wide awake; and then she told him the whole story how she had come thither.

"Ah," said the Prince, "you've just come in the very nick of time, for to-morrow is to be our wedding day; but now I won't have the Long-nose, and you are the only



"What do you want for your golden apple, you lassie?" said the Long Nose.

woman in the world who can set me free. I'll say I want to see what my wife is fit for, and beg her to wash the shirt which has the three spots of tallow on it; she'll say yes, for she doesn't know 'tis you who put them there; but that's a work only for Christian folk, and not for such a pack of Trolls, and so I'll say that I won't have any other for my bride than the woman who can wash them out, and ask you to do it."

So there was great joy and love between them. Next day, when the wedding was to be, the Prince said:

"First of all, I'd like to see what my bride is fit for."

"Yes!" said the stepmother, with all her heart.

"Well," said the Prince, "I've got a fine shirt which I'd like for my wedding shirt, but somehow or other it has got three spots of tallow on it, which I must have washed out; and I have sworn never to take any other bride than the woman who's able to do that. If she can't, she's not worth having."

That was no great thing they said, so they agreed, and she with the long-nose began to wash away as hard as she could, but the more she rubbed and scrubbed, the bigger the spots grew.

"Ah!" said the old hag, her mother, "you can't wash; let me try."

But she hadn't long taken the shirt in hand before it got far worse than ever, and with all her rubbing, and wringing, and scrubbing, the spots grew bigger and blacker, and the darker and uglier was the shirt.

Then all the other Trolls began to wash, but the longer it lasted, the blacker and uglier the shirt grew, till at last

it was as black all over as if it had been up the chimney.

"Ah!" said the Prince, "you're none of you worth a straw; you can't wash. Why there, outside, sits a beggar lassie, I'll be bound she knows how to wash better than the whole lot of you. Come in, lassie!" he shouted.

Well, in she came.

"Can you wash this shirt clean, lassie you?" said he.

"I don't know," she said, "but I think I can."

And almost before she had taken it and dipped it in the water, it was as white as driven snow, and whiter still.

"Yes, you are the lassie for me," said the Prince.

At that the old hag flew into such a rage, she burst on the spot, and the Princess with the long nose after her, and the whole pack of Trolls after her—at least I've never heard a word about them since.

As for the Prince and Princess, they set free all the poor Christian folk who had been carried off and shut up there; and they took with them all the silver and gold, and flitted away as far as they could from the castle that lay *East of the Sun and West of the Moon.*

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This is the kind of a fairy tale which is told to the little boys and girls in Norway. It is an interesting story and we like its many adventures. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

At first we were afraid that the White Bear would harm the beautiful girl, but he proved to be very kind. The girl did not

keep her promise when she returned home for a visit, and she told a falsehood to the White Bear. For this she had to suffer. But she had fallen in love with the Prince, and love will find a way, so when the Prince had to leave her, she found a way to follow him. She had a difficult time but if she had not told the falsehood, she would not have had to endure the suffering she did. We are punished for all the falsehoods we tell. What will you remember about the story?

WORDS TO LEARN

lassie	advice
bundle	bewitched
journey	spinning wheel
promise	puffed
candle	scrubbing

SILENT READING

After reading Chapter I, rewrite the sentences, filling in the missing word:

1. The three taps on the windowpane were made by a —— ——.
2. He wanted to take away the youngest ——.
3. He promised many —— to the father.
4. She was carried away to a wonderful ——.
5. At night a —— came into her room.

Read Chapter II and find which of the following sentences are true.

1. The lassie went back home.
2. Her people were not glad to see her.
3. She told her mother all about the man coming into her room.

4. Her mother told her how she could see the man.
5. She did not do as her mother told her to do.

Read Chapter III and then answer the following questions:

1. What did the first old hag give the lassie?
2. What did the second old hag give the lassie?
3. What did the third old hag give the lassie?
4. How did the lassie get from one hag to the other?
5. Where did she want to go?

After you have read Chapter IV, rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word.

1. The East Wind (knew, *or* did not know) the way to the castle.
2. The East Wind carried the lassie to (the castle, *or* the West Wind).
3. The West Wind carried the lassie to (the castle, *or* the North Wind).
4. The North Wind (knew, *or* did not know) the way to the castle.
5. The North Wind had (a hard time, *or* an easy time) to reach the castle.

Read Chapter V and from the list choose the answers to the questions.

the lassie	Long-nose	a sleepy drink
three	Trolls	Christian folk

1. What did they call the Princess?
2. The lassie saw the Prince how many times?
3. What were these people?
4. Whom had they captured?
5. What did Long-nose give the Prince?
6. Who washed the Prince's shirt as white as driven snow?

BETTY ZANE

LAWTON B. EVANS

Betty Zane moved with her parents to the Ohio country. The new home was in the western wilderness, but all the settlers were full of hope and courage. They lived in a big square fort with a high fence of logs on every side, and at each corner a strong-house with loopholes for guns.

Betty liked the place and soon began to do her share of the work, for everybody was busy at Fort Henry, as the place was called. All around were thick woods where the Indians lived, and Betty could hear the wolves howling in the depths of the forest. Soon other settlers came to live with the first comers, for in those days the strength of the white men depended on their numbers.

The Revolutionary War began just about this time. The Indians were treacherous and savage. The English wanted their help, and offered a good price for the scalp of every settler. One day a message came in great haste to Fort Henry. It was that the Indians were on the war-path and traveling rapidly toward Fort Henry. The alarm was given and all the settlers hurried into the fort to make ready for the attack.

Betty peeped through a crack in the wall and saw the Indians sneaking through the woods. Soon they were everywhere, dodging and hiding in the underbrush. The

leader of the band held a flag of truce. He was a white man. All the settlers knew Simon Girty. He hated the white people and willingly led the Indians against them.

He told the people of the fort that if they would surrender no harm would befall them, but that if they resisted the fort would be destroyed and every man, woman, and child would be put to death. Colonel Sheppard answered that as long as there was one person alive in the fort it would be defended.

Then the fighting began. The yells of the Indians filled the air, and the bullets whistled through the trees. Colonel Sheppard was dismayed to find his powder nearly all gone. A keg of it had been left outside in one of the cabins, and they must have it if they were to win. He called for a volunteer to go after the powder. The cabin was so far away that it was almost certain death to try to reach it.

Then Betty Zane came forward. She was a brave girl, and told them that she would go for the powder. The gate was opened before anyone could stop her. The men cried, "Come back and we will go," but she ran all the faster. She seized a bag of powder and started back. The Indians fired upon her, but not a bullet touched her. Into the gate she ran and gave the powder to the men, while they cheered her for her bravery.

With the powder that Betty had brought the men kept the savages at bay. Soon some hunters came to aid the settlers, and together they drove the Indians into the woods and away from the fort. Colonel Sheppard told

the newcomers how "brave Betty Zane" had saved Fort Henry and the settlers from the savage Indians.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

USUALLY an Indian story or a war story tells of the bravery of a man or of a boy, but this story is different. In this story it is a girl who saves the fort from the Indians. It is very thrilling. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Such a brave girl was Betty Zane! She risked her life to save others, and was very courageous. Girls can be brave and courageous just as well as boys. Would you be as brave if you were in a fort which was being attacked by Indians? What will you remember about Betty Zane?

WORDS TO LEARN

western wilderness
big square fort
high fence of logs
loopholes
savages
wolves howling
treacherous
underbrush
defended
settlers

SILENT READING

From the following answers choose the one which correctly answers the question:

1. Where did Betty Zane live? (New York City, Ohio wilderness, Chicago.)
2. Who was attacking the fort? (Wolves, soldiers, Indians.)
3. What did the fort need? (Water, powder, guns.)
4. Who went for it? (A man, a woman, a girl.)
5. Who won in the fight? (The settlers, the Indians.)

A RACE WITH A FLOOD

LAWTON B. EVANS

To-day we are going to learn how a man saved a whole village from destruction. The little village was built on the banks of a river, and a few miles above it was a great dam holding back the water until it looked like a large lake. It was very beautiful on bright sunny days to see the great sheet of water, and to watch the falls of the dam.

It had been raining for many days and the lake was becoming larger and larger. The water rose until it came to the very level of the dam; but everybody thought it was safe, for the great rocks looked as strong as the hills themselves.

So one night after the rain had stopped all the people of the village went to sleep as usual. Late in the night the water ran over the dam and tore a rock loose. Then a larger rock followed, and then another and another. By daybreak a great hole was in the dam and the sides were tottering.

Collins Graves, a young farmer, rose early and went on his way to the mill.

"I believe I will go by and take a look at the dam," he said to his wife, as he started off.

It was well he did so. When he came to the lake he noticed how the water was going down. Then he went over to the dam and saw the great hole in it, and saw it

growing bigger and bigger every minute. As he stood watching it the whole dam gave way and the lake emptied into the river.

"The village! the village!" he cried. "I must save the people!" and with that he leaped upon his horse and began a race with the flood.

Five miles down the river lay the village asleep. Onward swept the waters in a wave big enough to wash down the mill and all the houses of the people.

On went the brave horse as fast as he could race. Graves threw away his bag, his coat, even his hat to lighten the load, and called to his horse to run for the lives of the people.

He passed the big wave—gained on it—then rode a mile ahead of it and dashed into the village as the people were getting up.

"Run for your lives! The dam has broken and the waters are coming! Save the children and the stock—nothing else, for the wave will be here in a minute!" he cried out at the top of his voice. "Be quick!"

The people rushed from their houses, carrying the babes in their arms and calling for the children. The barns were opened and the stock ran, scenting the danger. Up to the hills they flew—all of them—not a soul was left in the village; and the great wave rolled over their houses, barns, bridges, and fences.

"Thank God for Collins Graves!" shouted the people, "one minute more and we should all have been drowned in the flood!"

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This is a hero story which tells how a man saved the people of a village from destruction. It is a thrilling story as we follow the horse racing with the flood waters. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Collins Graves was a hero. He saw danger for a whole village of people and he had to think quickly and act quickly in order to save them. In such a case would we all think and act as quickly, do you think? What will you remember about Collins Graves?

WORDS TO LEARN

sheet of water
leaped on his horse
onward swept
lighten the load
scenting
drowned

SILENT READING

After reading the story tell which of the following sentences contain correct information:

1. This is an Indian story.
2. Collins Graves was a hero.
3. Collins Graves fought in a battle.
4. A village was saved from destruction.
5. A terrible fire nearly burned the entire village.

Copy the following sentences, filling in the blanks.

1. Collins Graves, a young ——, was on his way to the mill.
2. He decided to drive past the ——.
3. The dam gave way and the water was emptied into the ——.
4. Collins Graves drove as fast as he could toward the ——.
5. He saved the ——.

THE SUNKEN CITY

A Dutch Legend

THERE was once, in Holland a great and beautiful city called Stavoren. It stood beside the sea, and many of the inhabitants were proud and rich. They had houses stately enough for royal palaces. They had gold and silver plate and diamonds without number, and great oaken chests filled with money. Their vessels sailed to the farthest parts of the ocean and brought back treasures from every land, and as the wealth of the people increased their selfishness increased, until they thought of nothing but their good fortune and had no pity for the poor.

Richest of all the rich folk in the city was a stately, beautiful woman. There was no home in Stavoren as

princely as hers, there were no jewels as gorgeous or silks and velvets as lustrous as those she possessed, and when she drove through the streets in her gold-blazoned carriage her splendor dazzled the eyes of all who saw. But she was as selfish as she was rich and powerful, and always she pondered in her mind the question, "How can I become richer still?"

One day she summoned the captain of her largest vessel and said, "Make ready to sail at once."

"Yes, madame," the officer replied, "but where shall I go and upon what mission?"

"Where you go you must decide for yourself, for I care nothing about that. But you must bring back the most precious cargo in all the world."

The man looked at her in surprise.

"That shall I gladly do, madame," he said, "if you will but tell me what you wish. Is it to be gold and silver, diamonds and jewels, or rare laces, tapestries, and velvets?"

The rich woman tossed her head and replied haughtily, "There is but one thing in the world more precious than all others, and what it is you must find. I have given my orders. Go now and fulfill them."

The captain was greatly troubled, for he feared the anger of his mistress. She was so powerful that she could have him thrown into prison or even put to death if she chose, and as he walked down the street from the house he thought, "What is the most precious thing in all the world?"

Sometimes he thought it was one thing and sometimes

another, but when he reached the shipyard he had not decided. He called to the officers and sailors standing there, told them of the woman's strange order, and said sadly, "But, alas! I know not what it may be. If any among you can tell, let him speak."

Everyone thought a minute, then came a chorus of suggestions. One officer suggested gold, another silver, and another precious stones, but the captain was not sure which was right. He must not decide too quickly, for to make a mistake would be a terrible thing.

Silently listening the sailors stood, for according to the law of the city they must not open their lips until the officers had had their say. Then one of the group, a slender, blue-eyed fellow, who seemed no more than a boy, said, "No, my captain! The most precious thing in the world is neither gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, nor costly laces and velvets. It is wheat, for without it we could have no bread, and without bread we cannot live."

Some of the officers laughed at this idea, for common sailors were not supposed to know much. But the captain quieted them, saying, "He is right. We will sail away and bring back a cargo of wheat."

So they sailed out of the harbor, and across the Baltic to Danzig. There they bought a great cargo of wheat, the largest that had ever been started out to sea, and the captain, delighted with the purchase, turned the ship's prow back toward Stavoren town.

He could hardly wait to get to his mistress and tell her what a wise and wonderful choice he had made. She

frowned when she saw him, displeased that he had returned so soon.

"You must have flown like a pigeon," she said. "Have you brought me the cargo I ordered?"

"Yes, madame," he replied, bowing low before her. "I have the finest cargo of wheat that ever went out of a port."

The woman screamed in anger. "Wheat!" she yelled. "A cargo of wheat! I told you to bring me the most precious thing in the world, and do you mean to say that you have brought a common, cheap thing like wheat?"

The captain was terribly frightened, but he did not regret his selection. He believed in the value of his cargo, and tried to lead the woman to see that he had made a wise purchase.

"Pardon, madame," he spoke. "Wheat is not cheap and common. It is in truth the most precious thing in the world, for without it we could have no bread, and without bread we could not live."

But he could not convince his mistress. She tossed her head and wrung her hands in anger and exclaimed, "Wheat! Wheat! Go to the port and throw your precious cargo of wheat into the sea."

The captain was horrified.

"Madame!" he exclaimed, "surely you do not command me to do that! Wheat is precious. If you will not have it yourself, give it to the poor and hungry, of whom there are many in Stavoren."

But she drove him from the house, saying, "Do as I

bid you. In a few minutes I shall come myself to see if you have carried out my orders."

Sadly the man went down the street, wondering how one so rich and beautiful could be so hard and unkind. But he had no thought of executing the order. Instead, he told all the poor he met, and dispatched messengers to tell others, that his mistress had refused to accept the cargo of wheat and perhaps, if they came to the port and asked her, she would give it to them.

A little later the great lady of Stavoren drove in her gold carriage to the shipyard, where a group of men, women, and children had joined the sailors and stood looking at the splendid vessel piled high with the best wheat that ever came out of Danzig. But when she saw them her anger increased.

"Have you carried out my orders?" she said to the captain, as he came in answer to her summons and stood beside the carriage.

"No, madame, not yet," he replied.

"Then," the woman commanded, "do it at once. Throw the cargo of wheat into the sea. I want to see, myself."

But the captain shook his head. "See these poor people," he said, pointing to the hollow-eyed men, women, and children who were standing there. "Give them the wheat, for they are hungry."

But the haughty woman silenced him and commanded, "Throw it into the sea!"

Then the captain seemed afraid no longer. He stood straight and fearless before her and declared, "Never, madame!"

But she shouted word to the officers, who dared not disobey, and amid the cries and pleas of the poor, the cargo that would have meant bread for thousands was thrown into the sea.

The woman watched the waters swallow it up and smiled heartlessly. Then she called to the people, "Did you see it go into the waves?"

"Yes, madame," they answered sadly.

"Yes, madame," repeated the captain, "and a day will come when you will regret what you have done. A day will come when you will be hungry, and no one will pity and help you."

The mistress looked at him in amazement. Then she laughed loudly. "I, go hungry," she exclaimed, "I, the richest of all the rich of Stavoren! It is impossible!"

Then she took a diamond ring, held it up for the people to see, and tossed it into the ocean. "When that ring returns into my hand," she said, "I shall believe what the captain has said." And she drove away in her splendid carriage, and boasted to the citizens of what she had done.

The next day one of her servants came running to her in wild excitement. "Madame," she cried, "the cook has found this in the stomach of a fish he is preparing for dinner." And she held up the diamond ring the woman had tossed into the sea the day before.

The great lady of Stavoren opened her eyes wider and wider. She was amazed and frightened, for she remembered the captain's words. "Can it be," she thought, "that they are to come true?"

It proved to be just as she feared, for that same after-

noon she received word of the destruction of all her ships, of the loss of all her houses and lands, of the pillaging of her chests of gold.

She was no longer the richest woman in Stavoren, but was as poor as any beggar. She went from house to house, begging for food as pitifully as the people at the port had begged her for wheat, but no one helped her, and at last she died from cold and hunger.

The other rich folk of Stavoren still lived on in the old selfish way. They drove through the streets in sumptuous carriages. They wore costly clothing and jewels, they danced and feasted and sailed their vessels out across the seas, forgetful of everyone but themselves. There were still many poor in the city, but they neither thought nor cared about them. They believed themselves to be so great and powerful that nothing could harm them, and they refused to listen to advice.

After a while the port of Stavoren became blocked by a grand sand bank. It rose just at the spot where the lady's cargo had been thrown into the sea, and was covered with wheat. Ships could no longer go in and out. Commerce was ruined, and because there were no vessels to unload, the poor lost the only way they had of making a living. They begged the rich people to help them dig the bar away, but they refused. They had enough to eat and plenty of gold, so what cared they for the distress of the laborers?

Then something else happened. One night as they feasted, a man came running into the banquet hall. "The dike is broken," he cried. "Protect the city! Protect the

houses of the poor that are close to the sea wall and will be swept away."

But one of the great folk said haughtily, "Let the beggars take care of themselves. The sea cannot harm us. We must finish the banquet." They turned away from him and went on with their revelry, but only for a short time.

A few hours later the entire dike gave way, and the ocean rolled in and covered the houses—not only the huts of the poor which were in the low quarters of the city, but even the palaces of the rich who had declared they could not be harmed. The great perished as well as the humble, and the waves of the Zuider Zee rolled where the banquet laughter had sounded.

It rolls there still. The sailors say that sometimes when the weather is fine and the sea is smooth as glass, they see spires and domes and stately columns far down under the water. They declare, too, that often strange, weird music like the sound of distant bells falls upon their ears, and then they look and listen and nod to each other, for they think of the palaces and chimes of Stavoren, once the fairest city of the Netherlands, submerged hundreds of years ago while the poor cried for help and the mighty danced.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

We have stories of heroes, and stories of gods and goddesses, and stories of knights, and stories of boys and girls, but here we have a story of a city. It is rather different and we like it for that reason. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The rich woman who was so heartless was representative of the rest of the rich people in the city. She was cruel and proud and selfish. She got what she deserved when misfortune overtook her and she died a beggar. The captain was a very obedient and dutiful man. He obeyed his orders until it came to emptying the wheat into the sea. This he knew to be wrong and he would not do it. The fate of the entire city was due to it because there was too much selfishness in it. What will you remember about the rich woman?

WORDS TO LEARN

selfishness	horrified
gorgeous	hollow-eyed
powerful	heartlessly
haughtily	destruction
precious	distress

SILENT READING

From the following list of words choose the ones which describe the woman in the story:

rich	greedy	kind-hearted
beautiful	commanding	generous
poor	selfish	sympathetic
kind	gentle	considerate of others
haughty	proud	conceited

From the following list find the words which tell what kind of a man the captain was:

obedient	thoughtful	harsh
kind	hard worker	commanding
cruel	gentle	bold
stubborn	obstinate	daring

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

ANDREW LANG

I A VISITOR COMES TO COURT

It was the Feast of the New Year, the oldest and most splendid of all the feasts in the Kingdom of Persia, and the day had been spent by the Sultan in viewing the wonderful sights of the festival. The sun was setting, and he was about to give his court the signal to retire, when suddenly a Hindu appeared before his throne, leading a horse richly harnessed, and looking in every respect exactly like a real one.

"Sir," said he, bowing low as he spoke, "although I come late before your Highness, I am sure that none of the wonders you have seen during the day can be com-

pared to my horse, if you think fit to cast your eyes upon him."

"I see nothing in it," replied the Sultan, "except a clever imitation of a real horse; and any skilled workman might do as much."

"Sir," returned the Hindu, "it is not of his outward form that I would speak, but of his use. I have only to mount him, and to wish myself in some special place, and no matter how distant it may be, in a very few moments I shall find myself there. It is this, Sir, that makes the horse so marvelous, and if your Highness will allow me, you can prove it for yourself."

The Sultan of Persia, who was interested in everything out of the common, and had never before come across a horse with such qualities, bade the Hindu mount the animal, and show what he could do. In an instant the man had vaulted on his back, and inquired where the monarch wished to send him.

"Do you see that mountain?" asked the Sultan, pointing to a high mountain a great distance from the city; "go and bring me the leaf of a palm that grows at the foot."

The words were hardly out of the Sultan's mouth when the Hindu turned a screw placed in the horse's neck close to the saddle, and the animal bounded like lightning up into the air, and was soon out of sight. In five minutes the Hindu was seen returning, bearing in his hand the palm, and, guiding his horse to the foot of the throne, he dismounted, and laid the leaf before the Sultan.

Now the Sultan had no sooner proved the astonishing

speed of which the horse was capable than he longed to possess it himself, and indeed, so sure was he that the Hindu would be quite ready to sell it, that he looked upon it as his own already.

"I never guessed from his mere outside how valuable an animal he was," he remarked to the Hindu. "If you will sell it, name your own price."

"Sir," replied the Hindu, "I never doubted that a sovereign so wise as your Highness would do justice to my horse, when he once knew its powers; and I even went so far as to think it probable that you might wish to buy it. Greatly as I prize it, I will yield it up to your Highness on one condition."

"Name anything you like," cried the Sultan. "My kingdom is large, and filled with fair cities. You have only to choose which you would prefer, to become its ruler to the end of your life."

"Sir," answered the Hindu, to whom the proposal did not seem nearly so generous as it appeared to the king, "I am most grateful to your Highness for your princely offer, but I can only deliver up my horse in exchange for the hand of the princess your daughter."

A shout of laughter burst from the courtiers as they heard these words, and Prince Firouz Schah, the royal heir, was filled with anger at the Hindu's presumption. The Sultan, however, thought that it would not cost him much to part with the princess in order to gain such a delightful toy, and while he was hesitating as to his answer the prince spoke.

"Sir," he said, "it is not possible that you can doubt

for an instant what reply you should give to such an insolent bargain."

"My son," replied the Sultan, "you speak nobly, but you do not realize the value of the horse. I should like to have you examine the horse, and, with the owner's permission, to make trial of its powers."

The Hindu, who had overheard the Sultan's speech, thought that he saw in it signs of yielding to his proposal, so he joyfully agreed to the monarch's wishes, and came forward to help the prince to mount the horse, and show him how to guide it; but, before he had finished, the young man turned the screw, and was soon out of sight.

They waited some time, expecting that every moment he might be seen returning, but at length the Hindu grew frightened, and said to the Sultan, "Sir, your Highness must have noticed that the prince, in his impatience, did not allow me to tell him what was necessary to do in order to return to the place from which he started."

"But," cried the Sultan in a burst of fear and anger, "why did you not call him back?"

"Sir," replied the Hindu, "he started off so fast that I was taken by surprise. We must hope that he will perceive and turn a second screw, which will bring the horse back to earth."

"But supposing he does!" answered the Sultan, "what is to hinder the horse from descending straight into the sea, or dashing him to pieces on the rocks?"

"Have no fears, your Highness," said the Hindu; "the horse has the gift of passing over seas, and of carrying his rider wherever he wishes to go."

"Well, your head shall answer for it," returned the Sultan, "and if in three months he is not safe back with me, your life shall pay the penalty." So saying, he ordered his guards to seize the Hindu and throw him into prison.

II THE UNEXPECTED VISIT

Meanwhile, Prince Firouz Schah had gone gayly up into the air, and for an hour continued to go higher and higher, till the very mountains were not distinguishable from the plains. Then he began to think it was time to come down and suddenly remembered that he had never waited to ask how he was to get back to earth again. Luckily, he did not lose his head, and set about examining the horse's neck till at last he discovered a tiny little peg, much smaller than the other, close to the right ear. This he turned, and found himself dropping to the earth, though more slowly than he had left it.

It was now dark, and as the prince could see nothing, he was obliged to allow the horse to direct his own course. Midnight was already passed before Prince Firouz Schah again touched the ground, faint and weary from his long ride. On dismounting he found himself on the roof of a huge palace. In one corner stood a small door, opening to a staircase which led down into the palace. He went cautiously down the staircase, and on a landing he noticed an open door, beyond which was a faintly lighted hall.

Before entering, the prince paused and listened, but

he heard nothing except the sound of men snoring. By the light of a lantern suspended from the roof, he perceived a row of black guards sleeping, each with a naked sword lying by him, and he understood that the hall must form the outer room to the chamber of some princess.

He noticed a bright light shining through a curtain in one corner. He then made his way softly toward it, and, drawing aside its folds, passed into a magnificent chamber full of sleeping women, all lying on low couches, except one, who was on a sofa; and this one, he knew, must be the princess.

Gently stealing up to the side of her bed he looked at her, and saw that she was more beautiful than any woman he had ever beheld. But he was well aware of his danger as one cry of surprise would awake the guards, and cause his certain death.

So sinking quietly on his knees, he took hold of the sleeve of the princess and drew her arm lightly toward him. The princess opened her eyes, and seeing before her a handsome man, she remained speechless with astonishment.

This favorable moment was seized by the prince, who bowing low while he knelt, thus addressed her:

"You behold, madame, a prince in distress, son to the King of Persia, who, owing to a strange adventure finds himself here, begging your protection. Only yesterday I was in my father's court, engaged in the celebration of our most solemn festival; to-day, I am in an unknown land, in danger of my life."

Now the princess whose mercy Prince Firouz Schah

implored was the eldest daughter of the Sultan of Bengal, who was enjoying a rest and change in the palace her father had built her, at a little distance from the capital. She listened kindly to what he had to say, and then answered:

"Prince, be not uneasy; hospitality is practiced as widely in Bengal as it is in Persia. The protection you ask will be given you by all. You have my word for it." And as the prince was about to thank her for her goodness, she added quickly, "I know that you must be faint for want of food, so I shall give orders to my women to take you to one of my chambers, where you will be provided with supper, and left to sleep."

By this time the princess's attendants were all awake, and listening to the conversation. At a sign from their mistress they arose, conducted the prince to a large and lofty room, where two of the number prepared his bed, and the rest went down to the kitchen, from which they soon returned with all sorts of food. Then they left the room.

During their absence the Princess of Bengal, who had been greatly struck by the beauty of the prince, tried in vain to go to sleep again. It was of no use: she felt wide awake, and when her women entered the room, she inquired eagerly if the prince had all he wanted.

When she dressed the following morning, her maids noticed that, contrary to her usual habit, the princess was very particular about her dressing, and insisted on her hair being combed two or three times over. "For," she said to herself, "if my appearance was not displeasing

to the prince when he saw me in the condition I was, how much more will he be struck with me when he beholds me with all my charms."

Then she placed in her hair the largest and most brilliant diamonds she could find, with a necklace, bracelets and girdle, all of precious stones. And over her shoulders her ladies put a robe of the richest cloth in all the country, that no one was allowed to wear except members of the royal family. When she was fully dressed according to her wishes, she sent to know if the Prince of Persia were awake and ready to receive her.

III A PRINCE AND A PRINCESS

When the princess's messenger entered his room, Prince Firouz Schah was in the act of leaving it, to inquire if he might be allowed to pay his respects to the princess, but on hearing her wishes, he remained. In a few moments the princess herself appeared, and after the usual compliments had passed between them, the princess sat down on a sofa. "I am anxious," she said, "to learn the wonderful accident which has brought you, and that is why I have come to you here."

So the prince began at the beginning, and told all the story of the festival held yearly in Persia, and the enchanted horse, and his arrival at the palace and in her chamber. "The rest, Princess, you know," he said, "and I want to thank you for the kindness you have shown me, and to assure you of my gratitude. I am already your slave, and I have only my heart, that is my own, to

"Prince, be not uneasy; hospitality is practiced as widely in Bengal as it is in Persia. The protection you ask will be given you by all. You have my word for it."

offer you. But what am I saying? My own? Alas, madame, it was yours from the first moment I beheld you!"

The air with which he said these words could have left no doubt in the mind of the princess as to the effect of her charms, and the blush which mounted to her face only increased her beauty.

"Prince," returned she as soon as her confusion permitted her to speak, "you have given me the greatest pleasure, and I have followed you closely in all your adventures, and though you are sitting before me, I even trembled at your danger in the upper regions of the air! And let me say that you could have entered no house which would have given you a warmer welcome."

"I do not know, Princess," answered the Prince, "how to express my gratitude for your hospitality. But I should be unworthy indeed of all my father's love for me, if I did not return to him at the first possible moment. For, while I am enjoying the society of the most amiable of all princesses, he is, I am quite convinced, plunged in the deepest grief, having lost all hope of seeing me again."

"Princess," he added, "I beseech you to come with me, for my life can only be happy when passed with you. As for your reception at the Persian Court, it will be as warm as your merits deserve."

The princess could not find words in which to reply to the arguments of the Prince of Persia, but her silence and her downcast eyes spoke for her, and declared that she had no objection to accompanying him on his travels.

The only difficulty that occurred to her was that Prince Firouz Schah did not know how to manage the horse, and she dreaded lest they might find themselves in the same plight as before. But the prince soothed her fears so successfully that she soon had no other thought than to arrange for their flight secretly, so that no one in the palace should suspect it.

IV THE RETURN TO PERSIA

Early the following morning, when the whole palace was wrapped in sleep, the princess stole up to the roof, where the prince was already awaiting her, with his horse's head toward Persia. He mounted first and helped the princess up behind; then, when she was firmly seated, with her hands holding tightly to his belt, he touched the screw, and the horse began to leave the earth quickly behind him.

He traveled with his accustomed speed, and Prince Firouz Schah guided him so well that in two hours and a half from the time of starting, he saw the capital of Persia lying beneath him. He determined to alight neither in the great square from which he had started, nor in the Sultan's palace, but in a country house at a little distance from the town. Here he showed the princess a beautiful suite of rooms, and begged her to rest, while he informed his father of their arrival, and prepared a public reception worthy of her rank. Then he ordered a horse to be saddled, and set out.

All the way through the streets he was welcomed with

shouts of joy by the people, who had long lost all hope of seeing him again. On reaching the palace he found the Sultan surrounded by his ministers, all clad in the deepest mourning, and his father was very nearly overcome with surprise and delight at the mere sound of his son's voice. When he fully realized that his son had returned, he begged the prince to relate his adventures.

The prince at once told the story of his treatment by the Princess of Bengal, not even concealing the fact that she had fallen in love with him. "And, Sir," ended the prince, "having given my royal word that you would not refuse your consent to our marriage, I persuaded her to return with me on the Hindu's horse. I have left her in one of your Highness's country houses, where she is waiting anxiously to be assured that I have not promised in vain."

As he said this the prince was about to throw himself at the feet of the Sultan, but his father prevented him, and embracing him again, said eagerly:

"My son, not only do I gladly consent to your marriage with the Princess of Bengal, but I will hasten to pay my respects to her, and to thank her in my own person for the benefits she has conferred on you. I will then bring her back with me, and make all arrangements for the wedding to be celebrated to-morrow."

So the Sultan gave orders that the habits of mourning worn by the people should be thrown off and that there should be a concert of drums, trumpets, and cymbals; also that the Hindu should be taken from prison, and brought before him.

His commands were obeyed, and the Hindu was led into his presence, surrounded by guards. "I have kept you locked up," said the Sultan, "so that in case my son was lost, your life should pay the penalty. He has now returned; so take your horse, and be gone forever."

It is said that the Hindu went far away to make many more horses which could fly through the air with great speed, and that in time to come there would be thousands of them flying in the air, and that many people all over the world would own them, and use them as the Hindu had.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

Boys and girls always like stories of princes and princesses. This one has the setting of Persia and of Bengal in India and our imaginations and fancies are carried along with the very interesting story. Did you like it?

The Sultan was a bit greedy to want everything for his own and to be so sure that he could have it. The Hindu was a bit self-important to think he could marry a princess. Both were punished somewhat—to the extent that they deserved. The story, however, is a pretty little love story between the prince and the princess. Would the people who lived so long ago think that we have enchanted horses now? What will you remember about the story?

WORDS TO LEARN

enchanted	Sultan	chamber
court	prince	messenger
throne	guards	festival

SILENT READING

Read Chapter I and answer the following questions by writing a sentence for the answer.

1. What did the Hindu bring into the Sultan's court?
2. What did the Hindu get at the foot of the mountain?
3. What did the Sultan wish to do?
4. What did the Hindu want?
5. Who made a trial of the horse?

After reading Chapter II tell which of the following are true statements:

1. The prince landed on the roof of a palace.
2. He entered the chamber of a princess.
3. He was thrown into prison.
4. The princess was anxious to see the prince the next morning.
5. The princess dressed in the best and richest jewels that she possessed.

Now read Chapter III and write the sentences below, filling in the blanks.

1. The prince told all his —— to the princess from the beginning.
2. It gave the princess great —— to listen to the story.
3. The prince wanted to return to his ——.
4. He wanted to take the —— with him.
5. She feared the prince would not know how to manage the ——.

After reading Chapter IV, answer the following questions:

1. Where did the prince take the princess?
2. How did the people receive the prince?
3. How did the Sultan, his father, receive him?
4. Was the marriage satisfactory to the Sultan?
5. What happened to the Hindu and the enchanted horse?

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL

FLORA J. COOKE

THE people in the North once believed that high above the clouds was the beautiful plain of Asgard.[1] In it stood Valhalla, the vast feast hall of Odin,[2] and all around it were the splendid, golden and silver palaces of the other gods. And in the middle of the plain of Asgard, and apart from the other dwellings, was a pure white palace. Only that which was fair and good ever dared to enter this palace, for it was the home of Balder, god of sunlight and gladness. Because of his great beauty and wisdom, he was called "Balder the beautiful" and "Balder the good."

Everything loved him. Joy filled the world when he smiled. The dull rocks and the gray old mountains softened with lichens and ferns the faces which they turned to Balder. The birds waked at dawn to praise him. For him the bare trees burst into bloom, and there was nothing on earth too small or too sad to welcome him.

But one night Balder dreamed that he must soon leave Asgard and all the things which he so dearly loved. The next night he dreamed that he was living in the black, gloomy, underground world. The third night, when the same terrible dream came to him, he was greatly trou-

[1] ASGARD (as'gärd)—The Norse heaven.
[2] ODIN—All-father. The chief god of Norse mythology.

bled and in the morning he told Odin, his father, and Frigga, his mother, about it.

Then Odin, in great alarm, called together his wisest gods and heroes. But they only shook their heads and could do nothing to help him. But Frigga cried, "It shall not be. I, his mother, will save him. I shall ask all things on earth to swear an oath not to harm Balder."

So Frigga sent her messengers into all parts of the world and everything—fire, water, iron and all metals, stones, trees, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and all creeping things—gladly promised what she asked. They wondered at the question for they thought, "Who could wish to hurt the gentle Balder?"

But Odin, Balder's father, was not satisfied with what Frigga had done, for he knew all things and his heart was very heavy. He feared that nothing could save Balder from death.

All the other gods, however, trusted in the great Frigga, and they rejoiced when they heard of the oath which all things had given her.

In their joy they found a new way to do Balder honor. He stood in their midst while the most skillful gods and heroes hurled their arrows at him. At first they threw only small twigs and stones. Everything, however, soon proved itself true to its promise. Then the heroes lost all fear of harming him, and amused themselves by throwing their huge swords, battle axes, and other war-like weapons. But always Balder stood unharmed and smiling among them. For many days they gathered for this strange sport, and all things proved their love for Balder.

Loke, alone, was unhappy. Loke was the wicked one in Asgard. He was always doing bad, evil things against the gods. His schemes were usually unkind and most of the misery in Asgard was caused by Loke's cruel tricks.

Now, when Loke saw that Balder was unharmed he was vexed that nothing had been able to hurt him. He took the form of an old woman and went to Frigga's palace and asked her if she knew what the gods were doing. She answered that they were throwing darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him. "Neither stones nor arrows, nor anything else can hurt Balder," said she, "for I have an oath from all of them."

"What," said the old woman, "have all things sworn to spare Balder?" "All," replied Frigga, "except one little shrub growing upon the eastern side of Valhalla, called the mistletoe. I thought that one too young and feeble to take the oath."

As soon as Loke heard this he took his own form again and soon found the mistletoe and cut it off. Then he went back to the place where the gods were gathered playing the game.

Soon Loke saw blind Hoder standing apart from the others—the only one in Asgard who could not join in the game. He was Balder's brother and loved him dearly. This was the chance the wicked Loke was looking for. He went straight to Hoder and said, "Hoder, why dost thou not do Balder honor? Why dost thou not, too, throw something at him?" "Because I am blind," Hoder answered. "And besides, I have nothing to throw."

"Here is my arrow," said Loke, "take it and do thy best. I will guide thy arrow to the place where he stands."

Alas, the cruel Loke had made the arrow of mistletoe. He knew that this was the only way in which Balder could be harmed. He longed to see the surprise of the heroes when Balder should at last be wounded.

Hoder took the mistletoe and, guided by Loke's hand, away flew the arrow. Balder the beautiful, pierced through and through, fell lifeless to the ground.

Then all Asgard was dark with sorrow. Strong heroes wept and would not be comforted. The earth grew cold and white and still. The water would not flow and the trees refused to grow. The birds became silent and no flowers breathed their fragrance into the air. And Odin said, "This is the doom that was foretold at his birth." And he bade the sorrowing gods build a funeral pyre worthy of Balder.

Then Hoder, pale with grief, begged that he might die and go himself to Hela's [3] regions to take Balder's place. But his mother, Frigga, said that there was but one messenger, Hermod, the swiftest of the gods, who could go. Therefore she sent Hermod on Odin's horse to the spirit world to beg Queen Hela to release Balder.

After three days Hermod returned saying, "Rejoice, for Hela says if everything living and lifeless weep for Balder he may return to us." And there was great happiness in Asgard that day. "Surely," they thought, "everything in the world will weep for Balder." They had forgotten the cruel Loke.

[3] Hela—The goddess of death.

Again Frigga sent messengers into all parts of the world, this time to ask for tears for Balder. And all went well until, at length the messenger went beyond the edge of Asgard into a forest filled with iron trees. There, before a dark cavern, sat a shriveled hag, toothless, and old, who gibed at them and said, "Why come you here to my iron forest? Do you scorn heaven and wish a change?" And they answered, "We come, not for gibes, but for tears." They told her how Hela held Balder prisoner until all things on earth should weep for him. They begged her not to grudge her tears. But with a loud laugh the hag replied, "I weep him not. Let Hela keep him safe." With a horrid grin, she fled, mocking, into the cavern's depth. Then they knew the old woman was no other than the wicked Loke.

But because there was one pair of dry eyes on the earth Balder could not return to Asgard.

Then all the gods hastened to obey Odin's command. For twelve days and nights they worked as only love can make men work. They did not pause for food nor rest. They built a great funeral pyre, and nothing was too small or too weak to help in the work of love.

They found Balder's ship upon the seashore and brought great logs from the forest and bound them upon the deck. Upon these they placed his beautiful white horse, his dogs, his shining armor, and many things which he loved upon earth. And by his side they placed his dear wife, Nanna, who had died of grief. When all was finished, they raised the sails, set the ship on fire and pushed it out upon the sea They stood upon the sea-

shore and wept all night until, at sunrise, the sails fell into the dark water. They watched the flames die down, and the waves wash over the sinking ship.

But even as the gods turned, sorrowing from the shore, they felt deep in their hearts that a time would come when Balder would return, and that then upon the earth there would be no more tears or darkness or cold, but only sunlight and love in all the world.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This Norse legend is very beautiful and the story rings with gladness until the bad Loke comes along and causes trouble. We like to read of the gods and goddesses and of the things that happened to them. Did you like this story of Balder the Beautiful?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Balder was a very beautiful god and we learn to like him very much, for he was as good as he was beautiful. He had no faults the way most people have. It would be fine if we were all more like him. In what way will you try to be more like Balder?

WORDS TO LEARN

Norway	messengers	cruel tricks
feast hall	skillful	darts
Odin	amused	mistletoe

SILENT READING

Write five sentences about Balder.
Write three sentences about Loke.
Write a sentence telling why you like the story.

THE BURNING OF THE RICE FIELDS

A Story of Japan

Once in far-away Japan there was a rich old man who lived in a big thatched farmhouse high up on a mountain. All around his house the ground was flat, and here were his big rice fields. Near them, on lower slopes, were the rice fields of all the people who lived in the village at the mountain's foot, on the shore of the sea.

There had been a very fine rice crop, and one evening the farmers were celebrating their harvest by merry-making and fun in the village. The old man had not been feeling well, and so he was alone in his house that evening, except for his little grandson, Tada, a lad of ten. All the servants had gone early to the village to join in the merrymaking.

As he stood looking over his rice fields, the old man suddenly felt an earthquake, and in the distance he saw that the waves of the sea were running away from the land and rolling far out. He knew what that meant—that it would be only a little while before the waves would return in a great flood which would cover the entire village at the foot of the mountain. How could he warn the people? He knew he would not have time to send a message to the village where they in their fun had not noticed the earthquake.

Suddenly he called to his grandson: "Tada!—quick! Bring me a lighted torch!" The boy kindled a torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields where he sat

fire to stack after stack of his sun-dried rice stacks. In a moment the flames and smoke ran high and Tada, terrified, ran after his grandfather crying, "Oh, grandfather! The beautiful rice! Oh! Why? Why?"

But his grandfather did not answer, for he was thinking only of the lives in danger and the little boy burst into tears and ran back to the house. Soon the big bell from the village pealed and the people began to hurry from the village to help save the precious rice crop. The whole village came and stood in sorrowful wonder, looking at the flaming fields.

"Grandfather is mad—he is mad," sobbed Tada, "He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it."

"The child tells the truth," said the old man, "I set fire to the rice."

"But why?" cried the villagers, "tell us why. We cannot understand."

"Look!" cried the old man, pointing to the sea. They looked and saw the great tidal wave coming in and rolling over their homes. "That is why I set fire to the rice," he said.

The good old man stood among the villagers, almost as poor as the poorest, for his wealth was gone but he had saved four hundred lives that day.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This story of Japan is exciting because of the dangers which are present to the people. We do not exactly understand why the rice fields were burned until the very end of the story. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

There was very quick thought and very quick action on the part of the old man, but in times of danger we have to think quickly. We admire the old man for destroying all his rice in order to save all the people of the town. He could not have saved them otherwise. What will you remember about the story?

WORDS TO LEARN

Japan	earthquake
thatched	flaming fields
celebrating	villagers
merrymaking	four hundred

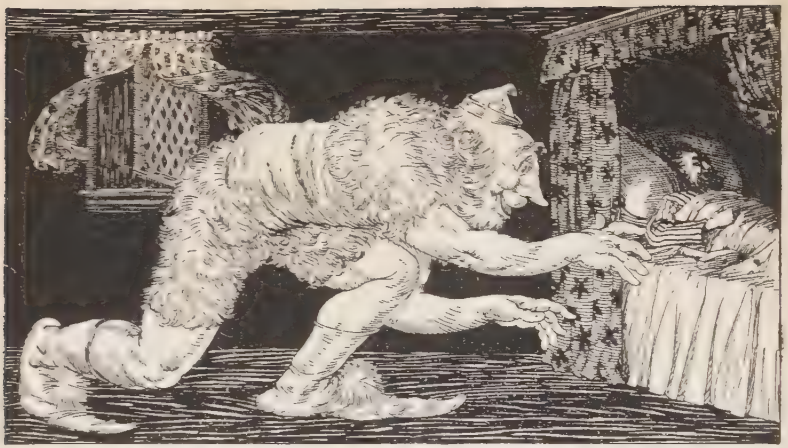
SILENT READING

Tell which of the sentences below are true:

1. The story is laid in America.
2. A great earthquake shook the town.
3. Tada set fire to the rice fields.
4. Four hundred people were drowned in the huge wave.
5. The good old man died.

Copy the following sentences, filling in the blanks correctly.

1. Up on the side of the mountain were fields of ——.
2. The fields were kept by an old —— and his grandson named ——.
3. Below the mountain was a —— where many people lived.
4. A great —— shook the town.
5. As a warning the old man set —— to the rice fields.



HOW THOR FOUND HIS HAMMER

HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE frost giants were always trying to get into Asgard.[1] For more than half the year they held the world in their grasp, locking up the streams in their rocky beds, hushing their music and the music of the birds as well, and leaving nothing but a wild waste of desolation under the cold sky. They hated the warm sunshine which stirred the wild flowers out of their sleep, and clothed the steep mountains with verdure, and set all the birds a-singing in the swaying tree tops. They hated the beautiful god Balder,[2] with whose presence summer came back to the

[1] ASGARD (as'gärd)—The Norse heaven.
[2] BALDER—The beautiful god of summer.

ice-bound earth, and, above all, they hated Thor,[3] whose flashing hammer drove them back into Jotunheim,[4] and guarded the summer sky with its sudden gleamings of power. So long as Thor had his hammer, Asgard was safe against the giants.

One morning Thor started up out of a long, deep sleep, and put out his hand for the hammer; but no hammer was there. Not a sign of it could be found anywhere, although Thor anxiously searched for it. Then a thought of the giants came suddenly in his mind; and his anger rose till his eyes flashed like great fires, and his red beard trembled with wrath.

"Look, now, Loke,"[5] he shouted, "they have stolen Mjolner[6] by enchantment, and no one on earth or in heaven knows where they have hidden it."

"We will get Freyja's[7] falcon guise[8] and search for it," answered Loke, who was always quick to get into trouble or to get out of it again. So they went quickly to Folkvang[9] and found Freyja surrounded by her maidens and weeping tears of pure gold, as she had always done since her husband went on his long journey.

"The hammer has been stolen by enchantment," said Thor. "Will you lend me the falcon guise that I may search for it?"

[3] THOR—God of thunder. The thunder was this god's wrath.
[4] JOTUNHEIM (yō'tōonhīm)—Home of the frost giants. Situated in the outermost parts of the earth.
[5] LOKE—The evil giant god.
[6] MJOLNER (miōl'ner)—Thor's hammer, the thunderbolt.
[7] FREYJA (frī'a)—The goddess of beauty and love.
[8] FALCON GUISE—Disguise to look like a bird.
[9] FOLKVANG (fōk'vang)—Freyja's dwelling.

"If it were silver, or even gold, you should have it and welcome," answered Freyja, glad to help Thor find the wonderful hammer that kept them all safe from the hands of the frost giants.

So the falcon guise was brought, and Loke put it on and flew swiftly out of Asgard to the home of the giants. His great wings made broad shadows over the ripe fields as he swept along, and the reapers, looking up from their work, wondered what mighty bird was flying seaward. At last he reached Jotunheim, and no sooner had he touched ground and taken off the falcon guise than he came upon the giant Thrym,[10] sitting on a hill twisting golden collars for his dogs and stroking the long manes of his horses.

"Welcome, Loke," said the giant. "How fares it with the gods and the elves, and what has brought you to Jotunheim?"

"It fares ill with both gods and elves since you stole Thor's hammer," replied Loke, guessing quickly that Thrym was the thief; "and I have come to find where you have hidden it."

Thrym laughed as only a giant can when he knows he has made trouble for somebody.

"You won't find it," he said at last. "I have buried it eight miles under ground, and no one shall take it away unless he gets Freyja for me as my wife."

The giant looked as if he meant what he said, and Loke, seeing no other way of finding the hammer, put on his falcon guise and flew back to Asgard. Thor was waiting

[10] THRYM (trim)—The king of the frost giants.

to hear what news he brought, and both were soon at the great doors of Folkvang.

"Put on your bridal dress, Freyja," said Thor bluntly, after his fashion, "and we will ride swiftly to Jotunheim."

But Freyja had no idea of marrying a giant just to please Thor; and, in fact, that Thor should ask her to do such a thing drew her into such a rage that the floor shook under her angry tread, and her necklace snapped in pieces.

"Do you think I am a weak lovesick girl, to follow you to Jotunheim and marry Thrym?" she cried indignantly.

Finding they could do nothing with Freyja, Thor and Loke called all the gods together to talk over the matter and decide what should be done to get back the hammer. The gods were very much alarmed, because they knew the frost giants would come upon Asgard as soon as they knew the hammer was gone. They said little, for they did not waste time with idle words, but they thought long and earnestly, and still they could find no way of getting hold of Mjolner once more. At last Heimdal, who had once been a Van,[11] and could therefore look into the future, said: "We must have the hammer at once or Asgard will be in danger. If Freyja will not go, let Thor be dressed up and go in her place. Let keys jingle from his waist and a woman's dress fall about his feet. Put precious stones upon his breast, braid his hair like a woman's, hang the necklace around his neck, and bind the bridal veil around his head."

[11] VAN—A god of the wind and sea.

Thor frowned angrily. "If I dress like a woman," he said, "you will jeer at me."

"Don't talk of jeers," retorted Loke; "unless that hammer is brought back quickly the giants will rule in our places."

Thor said no more, but allowed himself to be dressed like a bride, and soon drove off to Jotunheim with Loke beside him disguised as a servant maid. There was never such a wedding journey before. They rode in Thor's chariot and the goats drew them, plunging swiftly along the way, thunder pealing through the mountains and the frightened earth blazing and smoking as they passed. When Thrym saw the bridal party coming he was filled with delight.

"Stand up, you giants," he shouted to his companions; "spread cushions upon the benches and bring in Freyja, my bride. My yards are full of golden-horned cows, black oxen please my gaze whichever way I look, great wealth and many treasures are mine, and Freyja is all that I lack."

It was evening when the bride came driving into the giant's court in her blazing chariot. The feast was already spread against her coming, and with her veil modestly covering her face she was seated at the great table, Thrym fairly beside himself with delight. It wasn't every giant who could marry a goddess!

If the bridal journey had been so strange that anyone but a foolish giant would have hesitated to marry a wife who came in such a turmoil of fire and storm, her conduct at the table ought certainly to have put Thrym on his

guard; for never had bride such an appetite before. The great tables groaned under the load of good things, but they were quickly relieved of their burden by the hungry bride. She ate a whole ox before the astonished giant had fairly begun to enjoy his meal. Then she devoured eight large salmon, one after the other, without stopping to take breath; and having eaten up the part of the feast specially prepared for the hungry men, she turned upon the delicacies which had been made for the women, and especially for her own fastidious appetite.

Thrym looked on with wondering eyes, and at last, when she had added to these solid foods three whole barrels of mead, his amazement was so great that, his astonishment getting the better of his politeness, he called out, "Did anyone ever see such an appetite in a bride before, or know a maid who could drink so much mead?"

Then Loke, who was playing the part of the serving maid, thinking that the giant might have some suspicions, whispered to him, "Freyja was so happy in the thought of coming here that she had eaten nothing for eight whole days."

Thrym was so pleased at this evidence of affection that he leaned forward and raised the veil as gently as a giant could, but he instantly dropped it and sprang back the whole length of the hall before the bride's terrible eyes.

"Why are Freyja's eyes so sharp?" he called to Loke. "They burn me like fire."

"Oh," said the cunning serving maid, "she has not slept for a week, so anxious has she been to come here, and that is why her eyes are so fiery."

Everybody looked at the bride and nobody envied Thrym. They thought it was too much like marrying a thunderstorm.

The giant's sister came into the hall just then, and seeing the veiled form of the bride sitting there went up to her and asked for a bridal gift. "If you would have my love and friendship, give me those rings of gold upon your fingers."

But the bride sat perfectly silent. No one had yet seen her face or heard her voice.

Thrym became very impatient. "Bring in the hammer," he shouted, "that the bride may be consecrated, and wed us in the name of Var." [12]

If the giant could have seen the bride's eyes when she heard these words he would have sent her home as quickly as possible, and looked somewhere else for a wife.

The hammer was brought and placed in the bride's lap, and everybody looked to see the marriage ceremony; but the wedding was more strange and terrible than the bridal journey had been. No sooner did the bride's fingers close round the handle of Mjolner than the veil which covered her face was torn off and there stood Thor, the giant-queller, his terrible eyes blazing with wrath. The giants shuddered and shrank away from those flaming eyes, the sight of which they dreaded more than anything else in all the worlds; but there was no chance of escape. Thor swung the hammer round his head and the great house rocked on its foundations. There was a vivid flash of lightning, an awful crash of thunder, and the burning

[12] Var—Troth. She listens when mortals make promises, and is the punisher of broken promises.

roof and walls buried the whole company in one common ruin.

Thrym was punished for stealing the hammer, his wedding guests got crushing blows instead of bridal gifts, and Thor and Loke went back to Asgard, where the presence of Mjolner made the gods safe once more.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This is another Norse legend. The old myths of the Norse gods have been handed down for centuries and we like them as well as the boys and girls did hundreds of years ago when the stories were told by word of mouth because there were no books to read. Did you like the story?

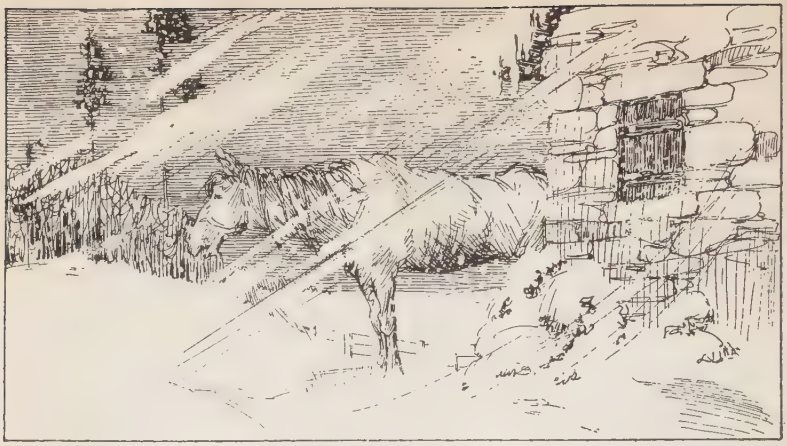
WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

This story of the mighty Thor and his hammer shows us that even the gods were not free from danger. When the bad giant stole the hammer, all the gods and goddesses were in danger until Thor regained it again. The bad giant was punished as he should have been, and just as we are punished when we do wrong. What will you remember about the story?

SILENT READING

These questions are to test your judgment about the story or the people in the story.

1. Do you think Thor was a very powerful god? Why?
2. Did the giant do right in stealing Thor's hammer?
3. Did Thor do right in dressing up as a bride?
4. Do you think Freyja should have married the giant?
5. Was the giant rightly punished?



THE BELL OF ATRI

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

The King had hung the bell there, in the market place of the old town of Atri. It hung very high and it was a large, deep-toned bell whose ringing could be heard very plainly in the market place and through all the town and even as far as the countryside. Whoever came to market—the hucksters with their carts bright with fruit and vegetables; the women and children with their baskets to hold the good things that they bought; the knights riding their fine horses and wearing shining armor—all looked up at the bell because it hung there for a very strange reason.

A long rope hung down from the bell, so low that the smallest child of Atri could reach it, and without standing

on his tiptoes either. That was what the King wished, that even a child should be able to pull the bell rope if necessary. What was the bell of Atri for; to ring if there were a fire, or to call the townspeople to a merrymaking, or to announce the coming of the King, or to warn the people of robbers coming down from the hills?

No, indeed. The bell of Atri was to ring for a very different purpose than any of these. The day that it had been hung there one of the King's messengers had galloped through the town telling in every street and in every lane and at every doorstep the message of the bell.

"Ring the bell of Atri if anyone has done a wrong," he called. "Ring the bell to tell of injustice."

That had been many years ago that the King's message had been flashed through the town; in all that time the bell had not rung. No one in the town of Atri had done a wrong to anyone else. The farmers had tended their vineyards and orchards and fields well, paying fair wages to their laborers and taking only the best of their apples and grapes and wheat to market. The shepherds had tended their flocks in sun and storm and cut their fleeces only at the warm season and sold them at a fair price. Each neighbor had shared his hearth and his board with a stranger who knocked at his door and the children had learned their lessons well and been industrious and happy and kind to their mates.

"Of what use is the bell of Atri?" the townspeople questioned among themselves and, indeed, it seemed to be of no use.

The bell grew rusty and a vine, growing in the market

place, reached up and clutched the bell rope with its little green tendrils. Then it pulled itself up, higher and higher, and twisted about the rope until it was a mass of green leaves as high as one could see. No one cut the vine. Everyone thought only of how beautiful it was. It could grow and twine about the bell rope forever; the bell of Atri would never ring, they knew.

On the high road that ran to the palace of the King lived a knight who was known by all the country round for his great wealth. His castle towers lifted their great gray turrets higher than those of any other castle in Atri. His gardens bloomed with lovelier flowers, his vineyards hung more heavily with grapes, his fields were wider and more fertile than any other knight's. His table service was of gold; he owned a hundred horses and it seemed as if there could be nothing in the world that he could want.

The Knight had one great wish, though. It was a wish that kept him from sleeping at night and from enjoying all the beauty of his castle in the day time. The Knight wanted more gold. He could see only gold in the sunlight that streamed in his windows in the morning and in the yellow roses that bloomed in his garden and in the sunset sky that shone behind his castle turrets.

"I want gold, more gold," he said to himself. "I will have more gold than anyone else in Atri."

So the Knight proceeded to go to work to try and get more gold. He sold his orchards, his vineyards and his fields until all their fertile acres were turned into golden coins that he hid in his treasure chests and he owned only as much land as lay about his castle walls. Then he sold

his flocks and his herds and his falcons and his dogs, one by one, until he had none left. Last, he sold his horses; two, ten, twenty-five, fifty, ninety-nine he sold and then there was only one horse left, the oldest horse of all, who had carried the Knight safely through all his battles and upon his many adventures.

The Knight went out to the castle stables, once so full of his prancing steeds and now so empty. He looked at the old horse, so glad to see his master for whom he had a great love that he whinnied and rubbed his head against the Knight's sleeve. But the Knight turned away; his heart had grown as hard as the gold that he had gathered and he could not feel the love of his friend, the horse. He only saw that the horse was a little lame and too heavy to ride and too old to sell. His usefulness was over and the Knight forgot the days when the animal had saved his life and won his honor.

"Go!" he cried, opening the stall and driving the horse out of the stable with a whip and kicking him to make him go faster. "Go, I say; I will care for you no longer. I wish nothing near me that has not a value in gold."

The snow had not yet gone and the winds were cold. From road to road the Knight's old horse wandered, through storms and gales, with no shelter for his head and only such food as a farmer now and then offered him in pity. No one wanted him, for he was too old to work in the fields and each day he grew more lean and weaker until it seemed as if he could not live until the spring. The sky was the only roof he knew and the memory of his master's blows and kicks bowed his head that he had

used to hold so proudly high. Sometimes he found shelter in the forest but when the snow melted and the fields were once more green with the spring, the horse took to the roadside again. He could be seen, like a great thin ghost of an animal, coming toward the market place.

Nearly the whole town of Atri was there, glad and gay because of the returning of the flowers and the green leaves. There were carts of flowers in pots and new green herbs for sale. Everyone was dressed as gayly as were the flowers themselves and all were so busy buying and laughing and talking that they did not see the old horse limping into the market place.

Suddenly the bell began to ring.

Ding, dong; ding, dong.

In a second the market place was as quiet as the church is on Sunday and there was no sound save the steady pealing of the bell. In all those many years the bell of Atri had never rung before. Why was it ringing now? Who had done the wrong?

Ding, dong; ding, dong.

Still the bell of Atri rang, and some people in their terror fell upon the ground and others covered their faces and the knights from the whole country side gathered and, following them, came the King.

"A wrong has been done. A wrong has been done. Who has done this injustice?" cried the King, but no one could tell him, for no hand was ringing the bell. Yet still it rang.

Ding, dong; ding, dong. "A wrong has been done," is what the bell of Atri was pealing.

At last they saw who was ringing the bell. The old horse, half dead with hunger, was gnawing at the new green leaves of the vines that twined the bell rope. As he touched the rope the bell rang and his master, the Knight, who had come at the call of the bell with others, saw him and his grief and remorse knew no measure. The King was told what the wrong had been, but he did not punish the Knight. Instead he, himself, led the horse to his master, knowing that to have all Atri hear of the Knight's cruelty was punishment enough.

The Knight took his old friend, the horse, home with him and with his own hands fed him and made him comfortable for all the rest of his life. It is said that the Knight lost his greedy love for gold, also, and gave away a great deal of his treasure. However that may be, it is known that from that day to this the bell of Atri has never been rung again.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

This story is the retelling of an old Italian legend. It has also been written in poetry by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and when you are a little older you will want to read the story in verse. The story is about a horse. At first we are very sorry for this horse, but at the end of the story we are glad, for the horse was well cared for and probably was contented for the rest of his life. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

All animals have to be cared for and fed. It is cruel to neglect them and to let them go hungry. When the knight became greedy for gold, he became cruel to his horse which had served him loyally through many a battle. We are glad the knight

repented and became a better man, and we are glad the horse was well cared for the rest of his life. What will you remember about taking care of animals?

WORDS TO LEARN

market place	vineyards
deep-toned	castle
townspeople	fertile acres
injustice	pealing

SILENT READING

Read the story several times so you will remember every little detail of the story. You will have to read it very carefully in order to answer the following questions:

1. How far away could the bell be heard?
2. Who galloped about the town to proclaim the use of the bell?
3. What kind of people lived in the town?
4. What grew on the bell rope?
5. How many horses did the knight own before he sold them?
6. What did the yellow roses remind him of?
7. Why could the knight not sell his last horse?
8. Where did the horse find food after the knight drove him away?
9. Who rang the bell?
10. What did the knight do at the last?

From the following list select words which tell the kind of man the knight was.

brave	proud	cowardly
generous	greedy	ugly
kind	selfish	miserly

PIPPA PASSES

From Browning's Poem

Pippa lived in a great factory town. It was a beautiful old city with hills on either side and a broad, clear blue river winding and turning in and out through the place. The great mills were built on the banks of this river that its power might turn the machinery in each mill. There were many of these mills, for here were manufactured great bolts of silk cloth and hundreds of spools of silk thread every day.

The mills furnished work for thousands of people. Nearly every child who was old enough worked in the factories, and they were proud of their old town, proud of the wonderful silks, which were sent out to all parts of the world, and happy and contented in their work.

Little Pippa worked in one of the great mills every day. She loved the bright colors of the dyes, loved to guide the shining threads truly and firmly on the shuttle or spool. She was happy when she met a beautiful woman, clothed in wonderful silks, for she would whisper softly to herself: "How beautiful you are! I helped to make you look beautiful."

Every day but one, Pippa worked in the factory. One day in the year she had for her very own—one bright, perfect, wonderful day. Pippa called it "my own day!" She was glad when the Sabbath came, glad to go into the great, dim, wonderfully lighted church, and the Sabbath

she called God's day; but this one day was her own. From morning till night she could do what she pleased.

Her day always came in the summer, when the sun shone the longest, the flowers were the brightest, the birds sang their sweetest songs for her, and she was thankful, and happy, and glad, and full of joy.

One day, when she came home from work, she said: "To-morrow will be my own day." And before she went to sleep she looked out at the great starry heaven and whispered softly: "Please make my day a bright day." She slept soundly all night, as tired girlies do, and when she first opened her eyes in the morning her first thought was: "Is it a sunny day?"

Jumping out of bed, she ran to the window and put her bright face out; and, oh, what a sunny world she looked on! It filled her heart with joy, and she sang her happiest, gladdest song:

"The year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

She dressed quickly, ate her simple breakfast, and went out of doors, for she always spent her own day, if possible, in the woods. The woods were a long way from her house, but she loved to walk; and she ran, singing all the way, her little bare feet making funny marks in the sand.

Little Pippa wore shoes only in the coldest weather.

As she went, singing all the way, she passed a house where a blind woman lived. The blind woman was sitting on her porch—sad and still. She thought the world a dreary place to live in, very dark and lonely, but as Pippa ran by her, she heard her glad little song:

"God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

It made her day bright, and she said: "Why, it's true; all's right with my world. God's in His heaven."

Little Pippa ran, singing, along, and she passed the house of a great artist—a man who painted such wonderful pictures that they seemed to be really living. But, this morning, his paints did not work to please him, and he could not find a picture to paint, and he felt dissatisfied, and unhappy. But suddenly he heard Pippa's clear voice caroling like a bird as she ran by. He hurried to the door and saw Pippa, her face raised to the sky she loved so dearly, her hat hanging by the strings around her neck, her hair shining like gold in the sun, and her little bare, white feet pattering along, as her voice rang out, clear and sweet:

"God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

So the artist painted her picture, just as he saw her, and he called it "Joy." It was a wonderful picture—the most beautiful picture he had ever painted.

Pippa ran on and on, until she came to a man sitting by the roadside who should have been doing his Master's work, but he was discouraged, and did not feel brave enough, or good enough, or strong enough; but he heard Pippa's song, and saw her flit by, and suddenly he knew that he was strong, and brave, and good. So he rose and went about his Master's work.

Pippa ran on, and she found her woods. Never before did the birds sing more merrily, the river shine and ripple and gurgle more cheerily, or more perfect flowers grow for her pleasure. All the wonders of the woods came out to add to her joy, and she went home with her dress full of flowers.

Perhaps she was tired, but she was happy, and she whispered softly to the stars: "I did not find anyone to help, so I just helped myself to be happy, and good, and full of joy."

DID YOU LIKE THE STORY?

What a happy story this is! It puts joy and gladness into our hearts as we read it, and just makes us happy as happy can be. Did you like the story?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

What happens to you when you are with a happy person? Don't you become happy and gay just because you are near someone like that? Little Pippa made everyone happy who heard her sing—all whom she passed were made joyful and glad—and yet at the end of the story she did not think she had helped anyone.

I wonder if we all can't be more like Pippa and just make people happy because we are so joyous. What will you remember to try to do?

WORDS TO LEARN

blue river
thousands
starry heaven
dew-pearled
dreary place
caroling
discouraged
merrily

SILENT READING

From the story answer the questions below:

1. Where did Pippa work?
2. How many days vacation did she have each year?
3. What three people did she make happy?
4. Did she know she had made them happy?
5. Repeat her song from memory.

Choose the correct words to complete the following sentences:

1. Pippa was (happy *or* discontented) in her work.
2. She had (one day *or* one week) each year to call her very own.
3. Pippa's song was (glad *or* sad).
4. Her song (helped *or* did not help) three different people.
5. Pippa (knew *or* did not know) that she had helped anybody.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BLUEBIRD

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

NANA-BO-JOU, that some think is the Indian name for El Sol, the King of the Wonder-Workers, was sleeping his winter's sleep in the big island just above the thunderdam that men call Niagara. Four moons had waned, but still he slept. The frost draperies of his couch were gone; his white blanket was burnt into holes. He turned over a little; then the ice on the river cracked like near-by thunder. When he turned again, it began to slip over the big beaver dam of Niagara, but still he did not awake.

The great Er Beaver in his pond, that men call Lake Erie, flapped his tail, and the waves rolled away to the shore, and set the ice heaving, cracking, and groaning; but Nana-bo-jou slept on.

Then the Ice Demons pounded the shore of the island with their clubs. They pushed back the whole river flood till the channel was dry, then let it rush down like the end of all things, and they shouted together:

"Nana-bo-jou! Nana-bo-jou! Nana-bo-jou! Wake up!"

But still he slept calmly on.

Then came a soft, sweet voice, more gentle than the mating turtle of Miami. It was in the air, but it was nowhere, and yet it was in the trees, in the water, and it was in Nana-bo-jou too. He felt it, and it awoke him. He sat up and looked about. His white blanket was gone;

only a few tatters of it were to be seen in the shady places. In the sunny spots the shreds of the fringe with its beads had taken root and were growing into little flowers with beady eyes, Spring Beauties as they are called now. The small voice kept crying: "Awake! the spring is coming!"

Nana-bo-jou said: "Little voice, where are you? Come here."

But the little voice, being everywhere, was nowhere, and could not come at the hero's call.

So he said: "Little voice, you are nowhere because you have no place to live in; I will make you a home."

So Nana-bo-jou took a curl of birch bark and made a little wigwam, and because the voice came from the skies he painted the wigwam with blue mud, and to show that it came from the Sunland he painted a red sun on it. On the floor he spread a scrap of his own white blanket, then for a fire he breathed into it a spark of life, and said: "Here, little voice, is your wigwam." The little voice entered and took possession, but Nana-bo-jou had breathed the spark of life into it. The smoke-vent wings began to move and to flap, and the little wigwam turned into a beautiful Bluebird with a red sun on its breast and a shirt of white. Away it flew, but every year it comes as winter wanes, the Bluebird of the spring. The voice still dwells in it, and we feel that it has lost nothing of its earliest power when we hear it cry: "Awake! the spring is coming!"

Art Appreciation

HOLLAND MORN; A DUTCH FLOWER SELLER

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

I THE STORY OF THE PAINTING

Mr. Hitchcock, the artist, was an American, living in Holland. He loved the bright sunshine and the gorgeous colored tulip and hyacinth beds in Holland. There he could paint very colorful pictures. He always used a motto, "Go to nature" for his painting and so he painted the tulips, lilies, and other flowers of the Dutch country, and was the first to paint great fields of flowers giving masses of bright color. He became one of the most noted painters of sunshine, because his pictures were always bright and clear and full of sunshine.

In our picture he has taken a Dutch girl who is selling flowers—perhaps she is calling at his own home—and it is on a bright, sunshiny morning. Her flowers are fresh and brilliant. Perhaps there are some yellow daffodils, some white narcissus, and some red tulips in her baskets. Would you like to buy some of her flowers?

II A STUDY OF THE PAINTING

First of all we see the Dutch girl with her big baskets of flowers. Have you ever seen a yoke such as she is

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HOLLAND MORN: A DUTCH FLOWER SELLER

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

(1850-1913)

AMERICAN

wearing on her shoulders? She can carry the heavy baskets easily this way. The flowers are very bright against the blue and violet of her dress and apron. Notice the pretty lace frill on her cap.

There is a dewy freshness of early morning about all the colors in the picture. We know it is spring because of the flowers and the lacy fluff of newborn leaves on the trees along the canal.

After we have looked very carefully at the Dutch girl and her flowers we see how interesting the background is. Our eyes travel easily along the winding road, along the trees and canal, and in the distance we see some houses and a big windmill.

This picture now hangs in the Art Institute in Chicago.

III THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

It was an American, Mr. George Hitchcock, who became one of the most famous painters of scenes in Holland. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1850, and you will be interested to know that he was a direct descendant, the seventh generation, of Roger Williams who founded Rhode Island. He graduated from Brown University, and also from the Harvard Law School. He practiced law in New York and then Chicago, but he did not like it.

In Chicago he was attracted by some water color paintings and began trying to paint some himself, which he sold very readily. He decided to give up the law entirely, and become a painter. He went to London and Paris, and then to Holland to study painting under

the great masters. He said when he left that if he should become successful he would never return. This proved true because he returned to this country only once to make an exhibit of some of his paintings in New York.

One day the Empress of Austria passed through the little Dutch village where he lived. She noticed some of his pictures at the Inn and one of them, a picture of the Dutch coast, pleased her very much. The artist could not be found, and the next day the Empress had to resume her journey. The memory of the picture stayed with her, however, and so she sent her servant back to purchase it. This was the beginning of George Hitchcock's fame.

He had a school at Egmont, Holland, and many thousands of pupils came to him. He received medals for his paintings from Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Vienna. He was elected into the Royal Order of Austria, France gave him the medal of the Legion of Honor, and England also honored him. He died in 1913 on one of the islands off the Dutch coast.

PART VI—POETRY

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good. He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night; and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This little poem shows the wonderment of a little child about God, and the author gives us a beautiful explanation of the tenderness and sweetness of God's love. She compares God's love to a mother's love. In the sky overhead God cannot be seen nor in the earth below because He is heaven and earth. In the tenderness of a mother's kiss is God because the kiss is love and God is love. Did you like the poem?

DAISIES

BLISS CARMAN

Over the shoulders and slopes of the Dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

"ONE, TWO, THREE!" *

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow twilight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

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"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be in the cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothestree, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

We feel sorry for the poor little crippled boy who couldn't get out of his chair. But he was happy and cheerful, and laughed in spite of it all. He and his grandmother had such a good time playing Hide and Go Seek even though they couldn't stir from their places. Did you like the poem?

FAIRIES

ROSE FYLEMAN

THERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead—
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry making there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.

The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away?)
Well, its *Me!*

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is surely fairyland! The bees and butterflies and rabbits are all here with the fairies in their merrymaking. And here are also the Fairy King and Queen. If you are a little girl you can be Queen, and if you are a little boy you can be King. Did you like the poem?

THE TWINS

HENRY S. LEIGH

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse
We got completely mixed;

And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christened *Me,*
And I got christened *Him.*

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew—
What *would* you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life;
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother John!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

How did you like this funny poem? Did you ever see twins that were so nearly alike that you couldn't tell one from the other? Or perhaps you are a twin yourself! The boys in this poem certainly must have looked exactly alike, and what trouble they did get into! If you had a brother who looked exactly like you, you would probably ask, like the boy in the poem, "What *would* you do, if you were me, to prove that you were you?"

APRIL RAIN

ROBERT LOVEMAN

It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

11. Buccaneering—A buccaneer is a pirate.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem gives us some beautiful thoughts to remember when a gloomy day comes along and the rain spoils all the fun and playing out of doors. Warm rains make flowers grow, and so when we think of the beautiful flowers we no longer dislike the rain, but are glad that the gentle drops bring the flowers. Did you like the poem?

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

It was *six* men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:

"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second,* feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk with his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
" 'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth,* who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail,
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a humorous poem which also teaches a lesson. As you read the first verse you know right away that something funny is ahead when you read that six men went to "see" an elephant though all of them were blind. Whoever heard of a blind man seeing anything! The lines are so written that they tickle your fancy also and add to your enjoyment of the story. Try reading it aloud. Did you like it?

SILENT READING

After reading the whole poem as many times as you like, answer the following questions:

1. How many men were there and why did they wish to visit the elephant?
2. What did each man do?
3. Why was "each partly in the right?"
4. Why were "all in the wrong?"
5. What lesson did you learn from what these men did?

MORNING IN AUGUST

JAMES HERBERT MORSE

Fragrant odor of the dawn,
Sweet incense to waking souls,
While the fresh dew spreads the lawn,
And your spirit day controls,
Let me, underneath this tree
Standing, be possessed of thee.

See the robin in a dream
Poising on a grassy bank;
Hear, beneath, the singing stream,
In a meadow dewy-dank;
See the mother-pearly tips
Of the pink-white sorrel's lips.

Now adown the hilly slope,
Like a father, steps the sun,
And the pretty blossoms ope
Wide their eyelids, one by one;
And they seem to stir and say
Lispèd prayers unto the day.

He who sleeps at dawn is dead
To more wonders than he knows;
Let me forth and early tread
Where the sunlit water flows,

Where the elm at dewy dawn
Flings his shadow down the lawn.

Let me feel, and yet be still;
Let me take, and yet not give;
Drink, till I have drunk my fill;
Then anew go forth and live.
Man has little honeyed pleasure
Unmixed in his manhood's measure.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

An early morning in midsummer gives one a feeling of delight. The sweet odors in the fresh air give us pleasure, and there are lovely things to see and hear—the robin on the grassy bank, and the brook singing down the meadow. Then the sun steps up and the pretty blossoms begin to wake up and stir. One has missed a great deal who has not seen the wonders of the dawn. Did you like the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

fragrant odors
sweet incense
possessed
pretty blossoms ope
tread
dewy dawn

SILENT READING

In the poem find the following:

1. A bird.
2. A word to describe a bank.
3. A color.
4. What opens the eyes of the flowers?
5. What casts its shadow on the lawn?

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half the world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream—
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land, and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound.

10. Guidon—Flag.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem fills us with pride and joy and it just sings itself into our ears and hearts. It is so beautiful we all love it, as well as the flag about which it is written. Did you like the poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

There are beautiful thoughts in this poem, and you will want to learn it by heart. The lines are very easy to remember and are even nicer, when repeated aloud, than when they are read silently. What do you like best about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

rose-red and blood-red
snow-white and soul-white
sky-blue and true blue
half the world around
fifers
salute
ripples
glorified

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And love to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This little poem was written by William Shakespeare, one of the greatest poets who ever lived. It is a song in a play called *As You Like It* which you will read when you are a little older. In the play are some happy people living in the Forest of Arden. They love the forest and the birds and the peacefulness of life in

the open. They like to live in the sun and are content with what food they can find to eat. Can you picture them lying under the greenwood tree and singing this happy song? These words have been set to music and perhaps your class will learn to sing this song. Did you like to read it?

FERN SONG

JOHN BANNISTER TABB

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the Sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

4. Vesture—Clothing.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

The little fern is happy when it rains, and it turns its fronds, or leaves, up to feel the rain. The fern leaves spread out like fingers of a hand, and that is what it means when it says "spread out your palms again." The Sun helped the fern to grow, but the Sun alone could not have made the fern beautiful, for it had to have Dew and Rain also. Did you like the poem?

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

NAHUM TATE

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem tells us the story of the birth of the Christ child; how the shepherds were watching their flocks by night and the news of the wondrous birth was told them by an angel of the Lord. It had been foretold that a Saviour would be born, descended from King David, and so it came about that the Christ child was born in Bethlehem which was David's town. The Christ child was born in a manger in the stable of a tavern, and there to the babe in swaddling clothes were brought gifts of great value. Because of the birth there has been "peace on earth, good will to men." Did you like the poem and its story?

WORDS TO LEARN

shepherds
glad tidings
mankind
Saviour
heavenly babe
swaddling clothes
manger
good will

SILENT READING

1. Tell about the shepherds and where they were, and what happened.
2. What did the angel tell them?
3. Explain what is meant by "is born of David's line."
4. Where was the babe born?
5. What does this mean to mankind?
6. Memorize this poem at Christmas time.

TO A BUTTERFLY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Stay near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time when, in our childish plays,

3. Converse—Familiar thoughts.

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush,
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

16. Brake—Thicket.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

What a beautiful poem about a butterfly! You can almost see the lovely creature, and the poet bids it stay and not fly away. It brings sweet memories of his boyhood days when he chased butterflies from bush to bush, trying his best to catch them. But his little sister would not chase them and do them harm—she would not even so much as brush the dust from off their wings she was so afraid of hurting them. Did you like this poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

flight	revive	hunter
historian	pleasant	springs
infancy	childish	brake

SILENT READING

1. To what is the poem addressed?
2. What was the name of the poet's little sister?
3. What did he and his sister do in their childhood days?
4. What did Emmeline fear to do?
5. Was Emmeline a tender, loving, little girl, merciful to all creatures?

OVER IN THE MEADOW

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:

So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they cawed
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gray mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard
And her little lizards eight;
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
By the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine;
So they croaked and they splashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.

"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly
And her little flies eleven.
"Glow!" said the mother;
"We glow," said the eleven:
So they glowed like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve:
So they toiled and were wise
Where the men dig and delve.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

THERE are many, many, little creatures living over in the meadow. Our poem tells us about twelve different kinds, and no doubt there are many more. Can you name the ones mentioned in the poem? What other meadow creatures do you know which are not mentioned in the poem? Can you remember what each mother taught her babes? Did you like the poem?

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a peddler man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea trays, baskets, ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the peddler man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

DANDELION *

KATE LOUISE BROWN

He is a roguish little elf,
A gay, audacious fellow,
Who tramps about in doublet green
And skirt of brightest yellow;
In ev'ry field, by ev'ry road,
He peeps among the grasses,
And shows his sunny little face
To ev'ry one that passes.

Within the churchyard he is seen,
Beside the headstones peeping,
And shining like a golden star
O'er some still form there sleeping;
Beside the house door oft he springs,
In all his wanton straying,
And children shout in laughing glee
To find him in their playing.

At eve he dons his nightgown green,
And goes to bed right early,
At morn, he spreads his yellow skirts
To catch the dewdrops pearly;
A darling elf is Dandelion,
A roguish wanton sweeting;
Yet he is loved by ev'ry child,
All give him joyous greeting.

* From *Pieces for Every Month of the Year*, published by Noble and Noble, New York. Used by permission.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

2. Cleave—Cut.
5. Mold—Earth.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
The winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,

51. Sojourners—Travelers.
56. Roseate—Tinged with rose color.
57. Verdurous gloom—Greenness.

The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

The author of this beautiful poem loved the woods and streams and birds and flowers. Here he tells us first how to plant an apple tree and then he tells us about all the good that will come of the tree in later years. He is not planting a seed which will yield a harvest only once, but a tree which will give shade and shelter, flowers and fruit for many seasons. When the tree is very, very old someone

will ask who planted it, and some old man will answer that a poet who made some quaint old rhymes planted it. The poem gives a beautiful picture. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Trees are among our best friends. They supply us with food and shade and beautify our homes and fields. If we are good citizens, we will want to plant and care for trees and love them as the poet did. What will you remember about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

greensward
leafy sprays
crimson breast
May wind
sprigs of bloom
August noon
blue September sky
quivering
howling
cottage hearth
fruitage
frost clouds

SILENT READING

Refer to the poem in answering the following questions:

1. How does the poem tell us to plant a tree?
2. What appears on the tree in spring? What bird visits the tree?
3. With what is the May wind laden?
4. What cheer do the blossoms give to the little girl?
5. What happens to the fruit in June, August, and September?
6. At the cottage hearth in the winter time, what joy is given?
7. What remembrances will be given to sojourners far from home?
8. Who planted the apple tree?
9. Do you think this was a noble thing to do?
10. Tell what you know about planting trees.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

LEWIS CARROLL

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "It would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

"If seven little maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat."
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:

Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come,
And you are very nice."
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick."

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket handkerchief
Between his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run,
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a very funny poem—as funny as can be. In the first place, can you imagine a Walrus and a Carpenter walking along the seashore? And then imagine their inviting the Oysters to go for a walk with them down the beach! Wouldn't a lot of oysters look funny waddling along in the sand? And then think how they must have felt when they found they were invited only to be eaten! The entire poem is made for us to laugh at—even the first verse says the sun was shining on the sea and it was the middle of the night! And later it says that the Oysters' shoes were clean and neat, and yet they didn't have any feet! Do you like this kind of a poem? Did it make you laugh?

WORDS TO LEARN

billows
quantities of sand
beseech
briny beach
deaf
twice
frothy waves
dismal
admire
odd
trick
eaten

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

PHOEBE CARY

I

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;

You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing;
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,

16. Sluices—Gates in the dike.
17. Turf—Dried moss used for fuel.

Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

II

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent:
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret nor grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

III

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground,
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;

He thinks of his brother and sister
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—or dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

IV

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills stricken man and wife—

"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

V

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

The poem tells us a story which we like very well. The picture of the mother sending her little boy on an errand of kindness, and

the story that follows make an interesting tale to be remembered. Did you like the poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Little Peter was a brave, courageous boy. He knew the dangers which a leak in the dike meant, and he knew it was his duty to stop the leak. With his little arm thrust into the opening he had to wait all night before anyone came to rescue him. He kept to his duty as a brave boy should do. Will you remember what a courageous boy Peter was? And if a chance should come, would you stay by your duty as well as he did?

WORDS TO LEARN

dike	wicked sea
humming	trickling sound
brave, bright fellow	stoutest heart
errand	brave and true and good

SILENT READING

From reading the story, tell your thoughts about the following:

1. Was Peter's mother a kind woman? Why?
2. Was Peter obedient to his mother?
3. What time of day did he leave to go on his errand?
4. Why was Peter a brave boy?
5. Why was his errand an act of kindness?
6. While picking flowers, what came to his attention?
7. Did Peter do his duty?
8. How long did he stay at his post of duty?
9. Why did his mother not worry about him?
10. Do you like Peter? Why?

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink.
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
  Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
  Hear him call, in his merry note,
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine!
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here,
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can,
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and nestlings lie,
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Did you ever hear the bobolink singing "Spink, spank, spink?" This poem is one of our most beautiful bird poems and we are glad to read about this happy bird and his family. Did you like the poem?

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

WILLIAM MARTIN

Have you ever seen an apple orchard in the Spring?
In the Spring?
An English apple orchard in the Spring,
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story,
In the Spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the Spring?
In the Spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the Spring,
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them, a delight—
In the Spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the Spring?
In the Spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the Spring,
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling
In the Spring?

Have you seen a merry bridal in the Spring?
In the Spring?
In an English apple country in the Spring,
When the brides and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair;
Apple blossoms everywhere,
In the Spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the Spring,
In the Spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the Spring!
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the Spring!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Apple trees in bloom are very beautiful, with their pink and white blossoms massed all over the tree. No wonder the mavis and other birds come to the apple trees to sing their songs! It is very pleasant to walk beneath the apple blossoms, enjoying the lovely odors and the lovely sights and sounds. Did you like this beautiful poem?

SILENT READING

1. Find two birds that are mentioned in the poem.
2. Find two lines that tell the color of the apple blossoms.
3. Who wear apple blossoms in their hair?
4. Tell of an apple orchard that you have seen in blossom.
5. Why do you like the poem?

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

I

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;

11. Buoy—A float.
14. Mariners—Sailors

And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the abbot of Aberbrothok."

II

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along.
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
Alas! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The Evil Spirit was ringing his knell.

68. KNELL—Death bell.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

BELL ROCK, or Inchcape, is a reef of stone off the east coast of Scotland. Because so many vessels were wrecked upon these rocks, the Abbot of Aberbrothok is said to have placed a bell there, and the poem tells what happened to it. The poem is like a play in two acts. The story of what the sea rover did is the first act, and his punishment is the second act. The story makes a thrilling sea tale. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

The bold sea rover, Sir Ralph, did a very wrong thing. He knew how dangerous it was to cut away the bell at the Inchcape rock, but instead of wrecking other ships, he wrecked his own. He received the punishment which was due him. It is so with us. Whenever we do wrong we are punished for it. Is this what you will remember about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

bell buoy	scoured the seas
mariners	plundered
abbot	blown a gale
quoth he	breakers roar

SILENT READING

In regard to the poem, explain the following:

1. What is a bell buoy and what is its use?
2. Where was this one located?
3. Why did Sir Ralph cut it loose?
4. Where did Sir Ralph go and what riches did he gain?
5. Tell of his return.

Copy the following sentences, inserting the proper words in the blank spaces.

1. The Inchcape rock was hidden beneath the ——.
2. The abbot of Aberbrothok had placed a —— near the rock.
3. Sir Ralph the Rover —— the bell so it sank in the ocean.
4. Sir Ralph had filled his ship with ——.
5. He was returning ——.
6. It was very dark, and the ship drove straight upon the —— ——.
7. The ship was —— and all on board were drowned.
8. Sir Ralph seemed to hear the —— at the very last.
9. Sir Ralph received —— for his wicked deed.
10. I liked this poem of —— —— ——.

WINTER

ALFRED TENNYSON

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the flies are killed.
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

NOBODY KNOWS

HELEN COALE CREW

Winds of the morning,
Bending the grasses,
Drinking the dewdrops,
Kissing the rose,
Where do you go
When the meadows are quiet
And sleepy at noontime?
Nobody knows.

Winds of the evening,
That dance in the tree tops,
And sweep away clouds
From the moon till she glows,
Why don't you blow
Away the Old Sandman
That makes me so sleepy?
Nobody knows!

EVENING AT THE FARM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Over the hill the farm boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling.
Into the stone heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plow,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet

And the whinnying mare her master knows
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cowboy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling.
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm boy goes
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This is a real country poem about an evening on a farm. It is full of pictures and sounds. You can see the farm boy going over the hill and you can hear him calling the cows. You can see the farmer going into the yard, and hear the sheep bleat welcome to him. Then the milkmaid goes about her task, and the cattle come crowding through the gate. Last of all you can see the farmer at his supper table, and hear him telling stories before the children go to bed. The mother turns the key in the lock and the household is soon quiet in dreams. Did you like the poem? Which picture did you like best?

SILENT READING

Read the poem through several times and then answer the questions:

1. Describe the farm boy's shadow as he goes after the cows.
2. What birds and what wild animal are mentioned?
3. How does the boy call the cows?
4. What work does the farmer do?
5. Tell how the cows get into the farmyard.
6. What does the milkmaid say as she does the milking?
7. Tell of the evening joys in the house, and of the retiring hour.

LITTLE BELL

THOMAS WESTWOOD

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped; and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes;
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one:

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare.
Little Bell gave each his honest share,
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,

Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, *dear* Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Little Bell and her comrades, the blackbird and the squirrel, are all as happy as can be. The three are playmates and we like to read about them. Did you like the poem?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Little Bell was very kind to God's creatures and loved them dearly. She would not harm them for all the world. They in turn loved her and sang songs for her and brought her nuts. The Angel of the Lord saw this and blessed Little Bell for her kindness. Wouldn't you like to be like her? What will you remember about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

beechwood spray
golden locks
piped
bonny bird
hazel shade
frolicked
frisky squirrel
honest share

RED RIDING-HOOD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
Because he has no hands, and begs;
The squirrel lifts his little legs

18. Frost's eclipse—The frost on the windows.

He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak—
Come, black old crow—come, poor blue jay
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid, we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief

That wails along some printed leaf,
But prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-hood!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Isn't this a pretty poem? And can't you see the pretty picture the little girl makes in her red hood and cape as she feeds the birds and squirrels on a snowy winter's day? The little story is as nice as the little girl must have been. Did you like it?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

On a cold winter's day when the ground is all covered with snow, the birds and squirrels can often find no food. It is an act of kindness to sprinkle crumbs and nuts for them to eat. Red Riding-hood was the kind of a little girl that loved to do such acts of kindness. Are you like her? What will you remember about her?

WORDS TO LEARN

frosty-starred window	plaid skirt
crested blue-jay	scarlet hood
poising, erect, alert	timid guests

SILENT READING

After reading the poem several times, answer the following:

1. What time of year was it?
2. What birds are mentioned? What animal?
3. Describe the squirrel sitting on the snowdrift.
4. What did Red Riding-hood do?
5. Why was this a kindness?

WE ARE SEVEN

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I MET a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad.
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My Brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

How interesting is this poem of the little eight-year old girl with curls all clustered round her head! She loved her brothers

and sisters very much and we love her for it. Did you like the poem about the little girl and her brothers and sisters?

WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER?

We should all love our brothers and sisters just as this little girl did. Then there would be no quarreling nor getting mad over little things. The little girl in the poem wouldn't quarrel with any of her brothers and sisters, and why should you? What will you remember about the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

clustered
woodland
churchyard
replied
kerchief
light and fair
porringer
spirits

SILENT READING

After reading the poem all through several times, answer the questions given below:

1. Tell how the little girl looked.
2. Explain where her brothers and sisters were.
3. What did she often do in the churchyard?
4. Do you think she loved her brothers and sisters?

Copy the following sentences, filling in the blank spaces.

1. The little girl lived in a ——.
2. She was —— years old.
3. There were —— children in her family.
4. Two lived in ——.
5. Two had gone to ——.
6. Two were lying in the ——.
7. The maid often knitted ——.
8. She also made ——.

THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

This poem has always been a favorite with boys and girls. It is fun to read the short lines, and if you read them aloud you can almost hear and see the little brook, sparkling and bubbling, as it chatters and winds along. You will probably want to memorize this poem, and you will find it very easy to learn. Did you like it?

WORDS TO LEARN

sally	ridges	chatter
sparkle	bridges	bubble
bicker	brimming	lusty

THE ROAD TO CHINA *

OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

I LEARNED to-day the world is round
Like my big rubber ball,
With China on the other side,
Down there below us all.

And so I went and dug a hole—
I started in at eight—
And dug and dug and dug and dug,
Beside the garden gate.

And oh, I thought what fun 'twill be
To get a ladder tall,
And climb right down to China through
The hole behind the wall!

What fun to walk through little streets
All lit with lanterns queer!
Each man will have a pig tail, and
How strange the talk I'll hear!

To think the road to China lies
Just by the garden wall!
Then Daddy came and said "Ho! Ho!
That's not the way at all!

* Taken from *My Bookhouse*, edited by Olive Beaupré Miller and published by The Book House for Children, Chicago, with the permission of the publishers.

"To get to China, you must sail
For days across the sea!"—
Why there's no short cut through the earth
Seems very queer to me!

And still I sit beside my hole
And dream and dream away,
Of that strange far-off country where
They've night-time in our day!

DID YOU LIKE THE POEM?

Have you ever tried to dig a hole to China? Almost everyone has, I do believe. When we learn that the earth is round, and China is on the other side, we begin to dig the hole, but we forget how very big this old earth of ours is. When you started to dig, did your father laugh at you like this little girl's father did? Did you like the poem?

WORDS TO LEARN

China	pig tail	far-off
lantern	earth	queer

SILENT READING

After you have read the poem, answer the following questions:

1. What is the round earth like?
2. What country is on the opposite side from us?
3. Would it be possible to dig a hole to China? Why?
4. What could be seen if one went to China?
5. When we have day, what time is it in China?

Art Appreciation

THE SONG OF THE LARK

JULES ADOLPHE BRETON

I THE STORY OF THE PAINTING

SHOULD we go to the fields and countryside of Artois in France, we would see much the same view of the landscape as this picture shows. We should also see girls dressed much the same as the girl in the picture. This girl is a healthy, sun-browned peasant girl who has stopped in her early morning work to listen to the song of the lark. The lark is only a wee speck in the upper left corner of the picture. The picture was painted in 1885 and hangs in the Art Museum in Chicago.

II A STUDY OF THE PAINTING

HAVE you ever been awakened in the morning by the happy song of a bird? Because the girl has such an attentive, cheered expression on her face, we can almost hear the flood of song to which she is listening. The girl is a healthy, hard-working peasant girl, who has risen early because there is much work to be done. She has paused for a moment, with lifted head, and caught breath to enjoy the beauty of the lark's song.

The sun is slowly rising, chasing away the darkness and shadows, and bringing a glorious color to the landscape. The sunrise and the lark's song bring new hope and strength to our peasant girl.

See how the sun has brightened the beautiful green of the grass in the background. The warm tan of the girl's skin is repeated in the beautiful browns of the earth in the foreground. The sun gives a warm glow to all objects, making the colors harmonize. The lovely warm color is balanced by the cool greens of the distance.

You will see how carefully the artist has placed the figure a little to the right of the center of the picture; and that she is facing the larger part of the picture.

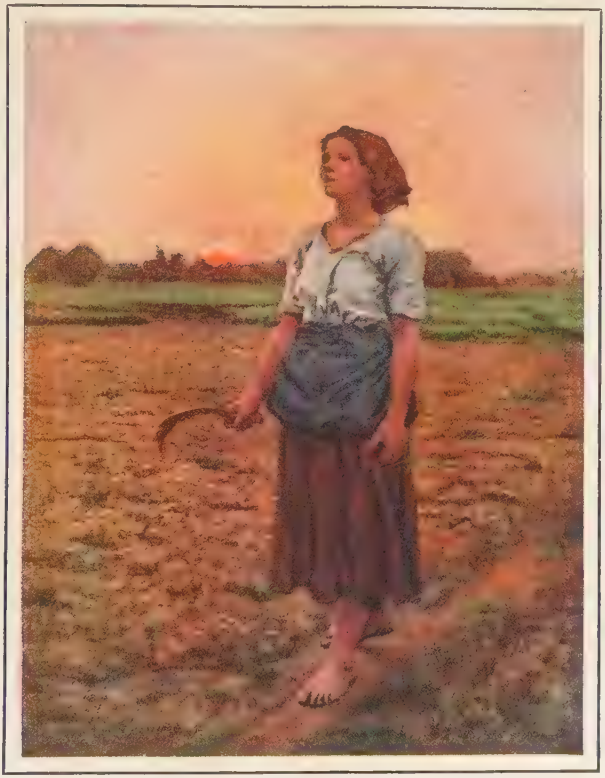
The picture is simply but beautifully painted and therefore holds our interest. Notice the careful placing of the horizon line—so that the sky does not occupy just one-third or one-half of the picture.

You can feel the health and strength of the girl in her arms and the sturdy position of her body.

III THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

This artist has a very long name—Jules Adolphe Aimé Louis Breton. He was born in France in 1827. His mother died when he was very young and left the boy with his three brothers in the care of the father and an uncle. When Jules was ten years old he went to a little school where he spent three years. He did much drawing and he said that that was all he learned in the school.

Once every year a painter came to whitewash the Chi-



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THE SONG OF THE LARK

JULES ADOLPHE BRETON

(1827-1906)

FRENCH

nese figures which were in the garden. Jules watched him every year and declared that some day he would become a painter of great renown.

His uncle brought a noted painter to the house, who consented to take Jules to give him instruction in painting. He went to Ghent and took courses in the Royal Academy. Later he went to Antwerp but there he was taken ill and forced to return home. Upon his recovery he went to Paris and studied under a famous painter and teacher.

He was a very quiet man and led an uneventful, happy life and was successful in his profession of painting. He continued working until 1900. In 1906 he died in his home in Paris.

Celia Thaxter

PART VII—A GRADE POET

CELIA THAXTER

1835–1894

I THE SPRAY SPRITE

Once upon a time, as every good fairy story begins, there lived on the islands in the sea a little maid who called herself a Spray Sprite. To be a little more exact, for this is really a true fairy story, it was almost a hundred years ago that this little girl lived on the Isles of Shoals. These islands are nine miles out in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast between Maine and New Hampshire.

The islands are great masses of rock with ragged reefs that run out into the water and are very dangerous for ships. To warn the sailors of this danger a lighthouse sends its gleaming rays across the water. And long, long years ago it was this little maid's father who tended the light.

Imagine rocks several times as large as your school yard, with the blue sea rolling up around them on every side. No trees grow here, for there is not depth of soil enough for the roots. It is all blue sky overhead. No tall buildings shut out the sky either. In fact, if you should go to these islands now, you could count all the buildings on the fingers of your two hands. Very few

people lived there a hundred years ago, and even fewer now. Here the little Spray Sprite spent her childhood, with the blue sky all the way over the top coming down to meet the blue sea all the way around.

If you had gone to spend the day with her, she would have been very glad to see you. She had no playmates. I mean there were no children there with whom she could play. So she played with the sea and the shells, the birds and the butterflies, the flowers and the fishes.

She loved the sea. She loved to listen to its powerful voice. She could recognize the different tones of the breakers as they rolled in. She knew what each sound meant. She loved the soft lapping of the waves over the stones. She loved the swirl of the foam as she skipped along the shore, splashing in and out of the water as it crept up and caught her feet. Sometimes, sitting on the rocky shore, she would let her feet hang over so they could just touch the cool water in some quiet sheltered pool.

When a storm was coming she knew it. She knew the sea in its furious moods, when it left destruction in its path. Mornings after a storm she would walk around the base of the lighthouse and pick up the little dead birds that had been dashed against the shining light. Gathering them carefully in her apron, she carried them sadly away to bury them in the cleft of some rock.

The Spray Sprite had no toys. She hated dolls and would have nothing to do with them. But she played with the fishes and snails. She strung sea shells. She danced along the rocks calling to the birds flying over her head. She learned to imitate the bird calls. When,

sometimes, the birds came at her call, she laughed aloud with delight. Thrusting her bare arm deep down into the dark water of some pool she delighted in the mysterious secrets of the sea that she found there. Drawing her hand through the water over the side of a boat gave her a strange thrill.

The blades of grass filled her with wonder. She wanted to know where they came from, and all about them. When the flowers withered she carried them away to bury as she buried the birds.

Oh, there were many playmates after all! She could have told you the names of all the birds that flew over the islands and all the flowers that blossomed in the island gardens or grew wild in the shallow places on the rocks. She knew many of the stars by name. The sun found her up ready to greet him as he rose out of the ocean in the morning. The thunder and lightning were delightful to her. You will not wonder that she was called "a gentle lovely little savage."

II THE SPRAY SPRITE'S SCHOOL

HERE is another wonderful part of this true fairy story. Now perhaps you will agree with me that it really is a fairy tale! This little Spray Sprite who grew up to be Celia Thaxter never went to school! To be sure, she wrote all these pretty poems that you are reading, but she never spent a day in school.

You see, this is how it happened. The family lived so far from schools that she would have had to go away from her lovely island home. Her father was a very

well-educated man so he taught his own children. These lessons went on around the fireside or up in the lighthouse or out on the rocks. Wherever and whenever the children discovered something they wondered about, they came to their father with questions. He explained it or showed them how to find out for themselves. How would you like to go to school that way? There were plenty of books in the home. The little girl read the very best that poets and authors had written. Tennyson became her favorite poet. She knew many of his poems by heart.

By and by, a friend of the family, a graduate of Harvard, spent the winter with them. He became interested in the education of the little maid and her brothers. The mother fitted up a room for them to use and regular lessons went on all winter and for several summers following. This young friend, just out of college, proved to be more than just a friend and teacher. He proved to be the fairy prince about whom you shall hear later.

III THE FAIRYLAND HOME

The lighthouse-keeper's little daughter never grew tired of watching the lighting of the lamps in the tower at night. There were at that time several lights, ten golden and five red. As she grew older she used to help her father. She could trim the wicks and polish the glass. Later she even kindled the lamps. This service made her feel the great responsibility she was sharing. "So little a creature as I," she said, "might do that much for the great world!"

As she looked across at the shore of the mainland she asked herself, "What is over there?" As the ships sailed past her island home she asked herself, "From where do

Isles of Shoals; View from Appledore Island

they come? Where are they going?" She used to ask the big birds, the gulls, as they flew over, to take her for a ride on their broad backs so that she might see. Little did she dream that sometime people would actually fly over the islands and up and down the coast of the mainland. The day I visited these islands the *Los Angeles*, our big dirigible, sailed over our heads on its way down toward the Navy Yard at Portsmouth. I could but wonder what Celia Thaxter might have thought! So many things have happened since she lived that she would have enjoyed!

Can you imagine yourself getting up early just to see the sun rise? Celia often did that on summer mornings. Maybe she was awakened by Chanticleer's cheerful cry "'Tis dawn" that she tells of in one of her poems. She would wrap herself in her little cloak and climb to a high cliff where she could watch the sun come up out of the water. Later she might go out to gather her flowers or milk the cow.

There was just one slip on her island home where a boat might land safely. Many a dark night she would sit there on the shore with a lantern waiting for her father's return to guide him safely in. In a poem *Watching,* she says:

> In childhood's season fair,
> On many a balmy, moonless summer night,
> While wheeled the lighthouse arms of dark and bright
> Far through the humid air:
>
> How patient have I been,
> Sitting alone, a happy little maid,
> Waiting to see, careless and unafraid,
> My father's boat come in;
>
> Close to the water's edge
> Holding a tiny spark, that he might steer
> (So dangerous the landing, far and near)
> Safe past the ragged ledge.

To be perched high on some rocky point, surrounded by the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea, with the white gulls flying overhead, filled her with such joy that

she longed to share with others all her lovely thoughts. No other poet that we know spent her childhood in such a fairyland as this was on these islands. She knew the secrets of the sea and the sky. She loved every beautiful thing. She was merry all day long. "I was filled," she says, "with absorbing joy—the something that makes a song sparrow sing. I longed to *speak* these things that made life so sweet." This wish of her childhood came true later in life. She was able "to *speak* these things that made life so sweet," in her lovely poems which the world is still enjoying. But, oh, that was not until after the visit of the fairy prince—and here he comes!

IV THE FAIRY PRINCE

Of course, this fairylike existence could not go on forever. Little girls must grow up even on islands in the sea. And that is just what our Spray Sprite, Celia Thaxter, did. At sixteen we find her very lovely to look upon. Standing straight as an oar in her boat, clad in her blue flannel boating dress, she wears a necklace and bracelets of sea shells. Her hair is tossed by the wind and her sun-tanned cheek is kissed by the sweet spray. She seems quite unlike anyone else in the world. At least, so she seemed to Levi Thaxter who carried her away as a bride.

He was the Harvard college graduate, who had spent a winter with the family and taught the children. He had returned again and again, drawn back by the charm of the islands. Who knows? Possibly he was drawn by some other charm. Anyway, he proved to be the fairy

prince in this true fairy tale. He was a dramatic reader and preacher, a dark, brilliant youth. He found these lovely islands a fine place to practice reading aloud. He found an audience of eager fisher folk whenever he preached in the little stone church over on Star Island. This was the only church on the islands. It was built in 1800 and still stands.

So our little Spray Sprite went away from her islands to make her new home over on the mainland. Remember that everything was new to her here. She left this fairyland of beauty and quiet to plunge into a world of social and literary culture. Here were theaters, concerts, and operas. Here she was meeting new people, many every day. She was going places with them and doing things with them. The joy of being with people became a rapture to Celia Thaxter after living apart all her life. There was a singular charm about her that made people want to be with her. Everybody had a welcome for her.

We know that she missed her island home, however, for the first of her poems that was ever published, *Land-Locked,* tells us so. Here is a part of it:

> Have patience—here are flowers and songs of birds,
> Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,
> All summer's glory thine from morn till night,
> And life too full of joy for uttered words.
>
> Neither am I ungrateful—but I dream
> Deliciously, how twilight falls to-night
> Over the glimmering water, how the light
> Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind sea-scented on my cheek,
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail
And dip of oars, and voices on the gale
Afar off, calling low—my name they speak.

A friend—we do not know who—found this poem that Celia Thaxter had written and passed it on to James Russell Lowell who published it. Celia Thaxter knew nothing about it until the magazine was laid before her with her poem on the open page.

Every summer she returned to her islands. After a time, there was a lovely little boy to take back with her. Waiting for them on the islands were grandfather "with the golden beard" and grandmother "with the amber necklace." Then came another little boy, and another, until there were three. What a place for these boys to come for vacations, back to their mother's fairyland!

V THE HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT

Celia Thaxter's father had built a hotel over on Appledore Island. They did not call it a hotel, but a "house of entertainment." Here many celebrated people came as guests. Among them were authors, poets, artists, and musicians. All felt the charm of associating with Celia Thaxter. She was the life of any company. Her laugh rang out so merrily that it made everybody else want to laugh too.

Wonderful afternoon and evening programs were planned for the guests by Celia Thaxter. The rooms

were filled with flowers of all kinds and descriptions from her lovely garden. These are some of the guests: James Russell Lowell, Lucy Larcom, John Weiss, Henry D. Thoreau, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, James T. Fields, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Franklin Pierce, John Greenleaf Whittier and his sister Elizabeth, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John T. Trowbridge, Henry Ward Beecher, Sarah Orne Jewett, James Whitcomb Riley, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Ross Turner, Childe Hassam, William Morris Hunt, Ellen Robbins, Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, and Olaf Brauner. Of course these people were not all there at the same time. This list stretches over a period of years but gives you an idea of who gathered there, charmed by the Spray Sprite, grown to lovely womanhood, and her fairyland home.

Levi Thaxter often gave readings from Browning to the group that gathered. Celia Thaxter liked to read her poems aloud when people asked for them. Many an evening she read to this roomful of writers, artists and musicians, who, in turn, read or painted or sung or played to furnish entertainment for the group. I am telling you all this to show you how the Spray Sprite really did get her wish and was able to write and "speak the things that made life so sweet."

VI MANY CHANGES

Many changes came as the years rolled along. After Celia Thaxter's father died, her mother became an invalid so that it was necessary for our poet to spend most

Celia Thaxter's Cottage on Appledore Island

of her time on the island. This was not so easy, after having lived among people on the mainland. But do you think Celia Thaxter complained? No, indeed. She made the Thaxter cottage which had been built for them into the loveliest place imaginable for her mother. The walls were covered with pictures, many of them painted by artist friends. Her beautiful rugs and piano and books all helped to make it cozy. As long as there were flowers in her wonderful garden, they were brought in. When it was too late for that, the rooms were filled with potted flowering plants. She called her flowers her "darlings."

What would you think that Celia Thaxter liked best to write about? Yes, it would be the friends of her childhood—the birds, the flowers, and the sea. She once

said, "I am afraid I never can put my heart into anything that does not belong to the sea. All the pictures over which I dream are set in this framework of the sea that sparkled and sang or frowned or threatened in the ages that are gone as it does to-day." So when you read anything by Celia Thaxter, look for something about the fairyland of her childhood.

I should like to tell you something about her beautiful garden which was so wonderful that people asked her to write a book about it. This she called *An Island Garden.* She also wrote *Among the Isles of Shoals* which is a history of the islands and the life of the people there. Some of her short stories which she wrote for children are: *Some Polite Dogs, The Bear at Appledore, Almost a Tragedy, The Spray Sprite,* and *Madame Arachne.* In all these stories, you will find little experiences that she might have had during those years of her childhood in the fairyland of the islands.

During all her life on the islands, she was interested in the Norwegian people who settled there. When they were ill, she doctored them. When they were in sorrow she comforted them. One of her author friends on a visit to the islands went with Celia Thaxter to visit Star Island where so many Norwegians lived then. He wrote in a letter to another friend: "We passed through their yards and over their fields seeing only a woman occasionally at door or window, whom our dear guide would accost with 'Good morning, Susan' or 'Are you well, Sarah?' as if they were members of her own family." When Celia Thaxter was left alone in her cottage, it was one of these devoted

Norwegian women who lived with her as companion and friend.

Celia Thaxter lived long enough to be a grandmother to some very lovely grandchildren. She had perfect happiness in these little people as she had in every other bit of beauty that had come into her life. What joy she had in writing songs and lullabies to them! This is part of the true fairy story, too—to have a grandmother who could write poetry! She never lost her charm. The little grandson used to say to her as the whole world would have said if it had not been too grown-up, "I 'dore you, I 'dore you, granna! I love you every breff!"

Celia Thaxter is buried on her island under the only tree that grows there. The same blue of the sky and the same blue of the sea that she so loved overshadow and surround her. The same sun rises and sets. The sandpipers still flit across the narrow beach. And our literature is richer with the poems and stories that Celia Thaxter has left for us, written out of the full joy of her heart in this fairyland of the Isles of Shoals.

If you ever go to visit these islands, I hope you will find, as I did, "Uncle Oscar" as everybody there calls him. He is Celia Thaxter's own brother, over ninety years old now, but hale and hearty as only a life on these islands could make him. Maybe he will take you for a trip around the islands in his motorboat and tell you in his own delightful way some of the things he remembers about "Sister" as he always calls Celia Thaxter.

Fannie L. Avery.

THE SANDPIPER

Around on the east side of Appledore Island, where Celia Thaxter spent so many years of her childhood, is what is called Sandpiper Cove. Here the white sea foam washes the very edge of the rocks, rolling up and drifting back. While the wave is drifting back, there is a chance to run along the narrow beach and then scamper out of the way when the sea foam comes in again.

It was here in this cove that Celia Thaxter used to gather driftwood for the fire. It was here, too, that the sandpipers flocked and became the comrades of this child who loved every wild thing.

Have you ever had a sandpiper for a friend? Have you ever even seen a sandpiper? Do you know his sweet and mournful cry? Running along the beach, dancing after the sandpiper close to the foam, was one of the games that little Celia Thaxter played on the island where games and children were few.

There is a really true feeling in this poem about being friends with these birds. When the storm gathers and the black clouds scud across the sky so that the lighthouses stand out like ghosts, her thought, like that of a true friend, is for the sandpiper's safety. She knows she will be sitting in the house, warm and cozy by the fire. She asks, "Where wilt thou be to-night?" Who will take care of the bird?

A friend of Celia Thaxter gave her the pet name of "Sandpiper." Can you guess why?

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

10. Scud—Sail swiftly. 29. Wroth—Angry.

SPRING

No matter how much fun we have had during the winter, we are all watching for the first signs of spring. The day you see the first robin or the first pussy willows or the first wild flowers in the woods you are glad, aren't you?

In each stanza of *Spring* you will find one and sometimes two signs of spring. Your favorite sign will be among them somewhere. How many signs can you find? Can you think of any more that are not mentioned in the poem?

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,

And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

MARCH

When you remember that all the playmates Celia Thaxter had were birds and flowers and sea and rocks, you will not wonder that all her poems are full of these same things. They made the days wonderfully sweet and full for her. She loved beauty and saw it everywhere. Each new flower as it blossomed gave her a fresh delight.

Watching eagerly for the spring, she hailed even March with joy. In spite of the tempests and furies that came to the Isles of Shoals with the March winds, along came the early flowers.

Throwing open her window one early morning she saw the first daffodil. Its shining yellow made it seem to her like fairy gold. The purple crocuses seemed like bubbles of amethyst, a rare jewel. There were snowdrops, too, and hyacinths. What does the poem say these are like?

Would you like to be able to see things the way Celia Thaxter did? You will find that she uses her imagination all through her poems.

Do you know the names of the months in order? If you do, you can think for yourself what the last line of the poem means.

I WONDER what spendthrift chose to spill
Such bright gold under my window sill!
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?
Bless me! It is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed!
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow mist.

And snowdrops, delicate, fairy bells,
With a pale green tint like the ocean swells;
And the hyacinths weaving their perfumed spells!
The ground is a rainbow of asphodels!

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?
Who said she had nothing on earth to do
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

5. TRYST—A meeting.
12. ASPHODEL—Narcissus.
13. SHREW—A cross, scolding woman.

THE SCARECROW

WHAT a movie the story in this poem would make!

A cherry tree hanging with ruby-ripe cherries! A pair of hungry robins that would like to feast on their favorite food, red cherries! A farmer, who is counting on protecting the cherries by scaring away the robins!

In comes the scarecrow, "a horrible thing to see," made to frighten the robins "half to death."

When you read that all the birds flew away screaming with fright, you will think the "tattered and torn" scarecrow, who was a "comical, tough old fellow" accomplished just what he was put up in the tree for.

But wait! Read on! There is a good joke on the farmer!

Does the poet seem pleased or sorry at the outcome?

If you ever have a cherry tree hanging with ruby-red cherries, will you be willing to share them with the friendly birds that do so much to protect our trees?

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
"If somebody only would show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
All the birds flew screaming away in fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this monster our prospects blight?

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! They ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

32. Covert—Secret place.
39. Guy—The scarecrow.

YELLOWBIRD

"You know how I love them—every other poem I have written has some bird for its subject," said Celia Thaxter. If you should look over a list of her poems and should count all those which have to do with birds, how many do you think you could find? And which bird do you think is her favorite? In each one she seems to find something especially attractive. What is the "something" in Yellowbird that pleases her most?

Have you ever been near enough to a yellowbird to see its little throat swell as it sings? You know, a yellowbird really is tiny and slender. There it sits, sometimes, as we drive by, perched on a light, slender stalk at the roadside, where, if it were not for the flash of its yellow wings, we should not discover it at all, until it bursts into song. We wonder, with Celia Thaxter, where he hides in his small body this "store of delight."

YELLOWBIRD, where did you learn that song,
Perched on the trellis where grapevines clamber,
In and out fluttering, all day long,
With your golden breast bedropped with amber?

Where do you hide such a store of delight,
O delicate creature, tiny and slender,
Like a mellow morning sunbeam bright
And overflowing with music tender!

You never learned it at all, the song
Springs from your heart in rich completeness,
Beautiful, blissful, clear and strong,
Steeped in the summer's ripest sweetness.

To think we are neighbors of yours! How fine.
Oh, what a pleasure to watch you together,
Bringing your fern down and floss to reline
The nest worn thin by the winter weather!

Send up your full notes like worshipful prayers;
Yellowbird, sing while the summer's before you;
Little you dream that, in spite of their cares,
Here's a whole family, proud to adore you!

THE SPARROWS

(Christmas in Norway)

MANY years ago when Celia Thaxter lived on the Isles of Shoals, families used to come from Norway and settle there. They were thrifty, honest, hard-working people whom the islanders liked very much.

This colony of Norwegians was very dear to Celia Thaxter. She made friends with them and helped them in every way possible. She often had some of the girls living in her home. During the long lonely winters the devotion of these people to the poet and her brothers proved that they fully appreciated her kindness.

It was one of these Norwegian friends who told her this story of "Christmas in Norway" which she tells to you in this poem, *The Sparrows*. When you read it, watch for the stanza in which we find this information.

Do you think this is a beautiful thing for the children of Norway to do? Have we any custom like it in our country? Do you

think the sparrows really remember? Have you had any experience with any bird or other animal that makes you think they remember?

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers
The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win;

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,

11. Gleaned—Gathered.

And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me
By one who had helped to rear

The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do,

To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

THE ROBIN

Have you ever seen a robin sitting in the green grass with his head turned on one side as if listening? If you have been as patient as this little bird and waited as long as he did you have seen him later tugging at a great fat worm which he heard down in the roots of the grass. What a good breakfast! Oh, of course, I mean for a bird!

Somewhere I have read that a robin eats sixty-eight worms a day. No wonder that he sings in the rain! He knows, I guess, that the ground will be soft and food easy to find after a good rain. Besides, the robin can make his feathers shed the rain just like your rain coat. Did you know that? So when you read this poem you will not wonder that "he never stopped piping his cheerful note."

Do you know what the robin says in his song? Can you pick out his song from the songs of other birds? Theodore Roosevelt had a well-trained ear for bird notes. He was not satisfied to know how a bird looked. He wanted to know the song so well that he could name the bird without seeing it. The robin is such a friendly

fellow and his song swings along so joyously that it is quite easy to recognize. So the very next rainy April day, keep your ears open for something up in the tall elm-tree that sounds like this—"Cheerily-Cheer-Up! Cheerily-Cheer-Up! Cheerily-Cheer-Up!"

In the tall elm-tree sat the Robin bright,
Through the rainy April day,
And he caroled clear with a pure delight,
In the face of the sky so gray.
And the silver rain through the blossoms dropped,
And fell on the robin's coat,
And his brave red breast, but he never stopped
Piping his cheerful note.

For O, the fields were green and glad,
And the blissful life that stirred
In the earth's wide breast, was full and warm
In the heart of the little bird.
The rain-cloud lifted, the sunset light
Streamed wide over valley and hill,
As the plains of heaven the land grew bright,
And the warm south wind was still.

Then loud and clear called the happy bird,
And rapturously he sang,
Till wood and meadow and river side
With jubilant echoes rang.
But the sun dropped down in the quiet west,
And he hushed his song at last;
All nature softly sank to rest.
And the April day has passed.

JACK FROST

Oh, how Celia Thaxter did hate the cold and the snow! How she dreaded the long winters on the Islands! It is no wonder, then, that Jack Frost was no friend of hers. Though she has written very prettily -she could not write any other way—about him, you will be quite sure when you read the poem through that she did not like him.

It is fun to say the words with which the poem starts. Try it: "Rustily creak the crickets." Can you manage to twist your tongue around them?

Jack Frost comes down on a star beam—rather a nice way for such a desperate fellow to arrive. If you did not know him, you might be surprised at the destruction he causes when he comes. But your nose and your fingers have been nipped by him many times. The work he does here will not surprise you. It is the way he does his work that you need to watch.

When you have finished reading this poem, you might turn to *March* and read that through again. Notice the difference between

the two poems in the poet's feelings. Can you see why she welcomed "the path to the rose" and dreaded a visit from Jack Frost?

Rustily creak the crickets: Jack Frost came down last night,
He slid to the earth on a star beam, keen and sparkling and bright;
He sought in the grass for the crickets with delicate icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near.
Only a few stout fellows, thawed by the morning sun,
Chirrup a mournful echo of bygone frolic and fun.

But yesterday such a rippling chorus ran all over the land,
Over the hills and the valleys, down to the gray sea sand,
Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, happy as happy could be:
Scooping rich caves in ripe apples, and feeding on honey and spice,
Drunk with the mellow sunshine, nor dreaming of spears of ice!

Was it not enough that the crickets your weapon of power could pierce?

9. Harlequins—Merry dancers.

Pray what have you done to the flowers? Jack Frost, you are cruel and fierce.
With never a sign or a whisper, you kissed them, and lo, they exhale
Their beautiful lives; they are drooping, their sweet color ebbs, they are pale,
They fade and they die! See the pansies, yet striving so hard to unfold
Their garments of velvety splendor, all Tyrian purple and gold.

But how weary they look, and how withered, like handsome court dames, who all night
Have danced at the ball till the sunrise struck chill to their hearts with its light.
Where hides the wood aster? She vanished as snow wreaths dissolve in the sun
The moment you touched her. Look yonder, where, sober and gray as a nun,
The maple tree stands that at sunset was blushing as red as the sky;
At its foot, glowing scarlet as fire, its robes of magnificence lie.
Despoiler! stripping the world as you strip the shivering tree
Of color and sound and perfume, scaring the bird and the bee,

15. Exhale—Breathe out.
16. Tyrian—From Tyre, an ancient city noted for its wealth.
25. Despoiler—Robber.

Turning beauty to ashes—oh, to join the swift swallows and fly
Far away out of sight of your mischief! I give you no welcome, not I!

CHANTICLEER

CHANTICLEER is another one of the many bird poems that Celia Thaxter loved to write. Do you know what Chanticleer is? He must have been the poet's alarm clock! He cries, " 'Tis dawn!"

Somewhere we read that these people on the Isles of Shoals were early risers. They saw just as many sunrises as sunsets. Do you?

This is one of the poems, perhaps, that you will like to read over and over. The rhythm is easy and the words swing along together almost like music. Like music, too, there is a theme running all the way through it. See if you can find that. It repeats itself in each stanza.

Some morning when your alarm clock cries " 'Tis dawn," will it be a cheerful call like Chanticleer's?

I WAKE! I feel the day is near;
I hear the red cock crowing!
He cries " 'Tis dawn!" How sweet and clear
His cheerful call comes to my ear,
While light is slowly growing.

The white snow gathers, flake on flake;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 'tis snowing?

I think the world is all asleep;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Out of the frosty pane I peep;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing!

Nothing I see has shape or form;
I hear the red cock crowing;
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing!

A happy little child, I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING

There are always great numbers of books for children to read, but it is not always easy to select the right books for the many readers. The following list has been compiled for the child of about the age for the fourth grade in school. These books are well recommended and will instill thoughts in the child's mind, thoughts which will grow with the years, to develop the boy or girl into the ideal man or woman. The list is compiled by titles because children remember books by titles rather than by authors.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland — Lewis Carroll

The most delightful of all nonsense books, full of fantastic imaginary happenings.

American Hero Stories — Eva March Tappan

Interesting stories of American heroes.

American History for Little Folks — A. F. Blaisdell

Good historical stories that all young Americans will enjoy reading.

Arabian Nights' Entertainment — Various Editions

A collection of old oriental stories from Arabia, India, and Persia. These stories are marvelous tales of genii and of princesses and magic castles.

Blue Bird, The — Maurice Maeterlinck

In story form for children. The Blue Bird is the symbol of happiness, for which the children seek all over the world; and then, when they return home, they find the bird has been there all the time.

Book of Nature Myths, The — Florence Holbrook

Folklore about animals, birds, and natural objects.

Child Life in Other Lands — H. Avis Perdue

A little book, illustrated by photographs and sketches, telling in story form of the home and school life of children in different countries.

Child's Garden of Verses — Robert Louis Stevenson

Some of the happiest poems ever written for and about young children.

Early Cavemen — Katherine E. Dopp

The story of a man named Strong-Arm and how he lived.

English Fairy Tales — Joseph Jacobs

More than 100 real old English fairy tales.

Eskimo Twins — Mrs. L. F. Perkins

Daily doings of the twins, Menie and Monnie, aged five, their dogs, Nip and Tup, their parents, and the rest of the village.

Fairy Ring — Kate Douglas Wiggin

A collection of sixty-two stories arranged according to the countries from which they came.

Fairy Tales — Hans Christian Andersen

Whimsical, fantastic, wholly delightful stories. Various editions.

Fairy Tales — Charles Ferrault

A new translation of old French fairy tales, first collected in 1696.

Famous Legends — Emeline G. Crommelin

Legends from nine different countries.

Fifty Famous Stories Retold — James Baldwin

Fifty of the most famous legends which have been handed down for generations.

Granny's Wonderful Chair — Frances Browne

The adventures of a little girl and her magic chair, which could tell marvelous stories of fairyland.

Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book — Albert B. Paine

Talking-beast tales of the raccoon, the 'possum, the crow, and other Hollow Tree folk.

Household Stories — J. L. & W. K. Grimm

An interesting collection of household tales.

Indian Child Life — T. O. Deming

Indian folklore and daily life. Very attractive pictures.

Japanese Fairy Tales — Teresa P. Williston

Oriental fairy stories.

Japanese Twins — Mrs. L. F. Perkins

Daily doings of the Japanese twins, Taro and Take, and how they went to the temple. It also tells about their birthdays.

Just So Stories — Rudyard Kipling

Odd, fantastic tales which answer such questions as Where the Elephant Got his Trunk, How the Camel Got his Hump, etc.

Legends Every Child Should Know — H. W. Mabie

An especially good collection of legends.

Little Lame Prince — D. M. Mulock

A modern fairy tale in which there is a little lame prince and a fairy godmother.

Little Miss Phoebe Gay — Helen D. Brown

A story of a little girl who enjoys being with her grandmother.

Little Mr. Thimblefinger — Joel Chandler Harris

An Uncle Remus story.

Lolami, the Little Cliff Dweller — Clara K. Bayliss

Lolami, an Indian boy, has many adventures in the ruins of the houses of other Indians.

Lonesomest Doll — A. F. Brown

A fanciful story of a lonely little queen and her doll.

Moni, the Goat Boy, and other Stories — Johanna Spyri

Stories of the Swiss Alps. They glow with joyousness and are full of breezes and sunlight.

More English Fairy Tales — Joseph Jacobs

Fifty-four delightful fairy tales of old England.

Old Mother West Wind Stories — Thorton Burgess

These tales deal with little animals that have names and act like little boys and girls.

Peter and Polly in Autumn — Rose Lucia

Peter and Polly in Winter — Rose Lucia

Peter and Polly in Spring — Rose Lucia

Peter and Polly in Summer — Rose Lucia

Pleasant little stories of the daily life of two children in the country.

Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens — Sir James M. Barrie

An interesting story of a boy who would never grow up.

Peep-Show Man — Padriac Colum

Folklore and legend retold with Irish humor and love of action.

Princess and Curdie — George MacDonald

A sequel to *The Princess and the Goblin*, in which Curdie and his army of weird beasts overcome the enemies of the king.

Princess and the Goblin — George MacDonald

A marvelous tale of how the princess and Curdie with the help of the great-great-grandmother overcame the wicked goblins of the mountain.

Robinson Crusoe — Daniel Defoe

The story of a man who was shipwrecked on a desert island and how he learned to live by himself.

Sara Crewe — Frances H. Burnett

The story of a poor little girl who became rich.

Sing-Song — Christina Rosetti

Short poems with pretty pictures.

Snow Baby — Josephine Peary

The true story of a little white girl who was born in the far north.

Stories of Brave Dogs — M. W. Carter

Many stories, one of which is about Pedro, a dog, who saved a boy's life.

Stories of Great Americans — Edward Eggleston

Pleasant stories from the lives of famous men of America, written to appeal to children.

Thirty More Famous Stories Retold — James Baldwin

Like *Fifty Famous Stories Retold* this book contains some of the favorites among the legends which have lived through the ages.

Through the Looking-Glass — Lewis Carroll

Another delightful nonsense book. Enjoyed as much by grown-ups as by children.

Toby Tyler; or Ten Weeks with a Circus — James Otis

A runaway boy's adventures with a traveling circus.

Tree-Dwellers — Katherine E. Dopp

The story of a man named Sharp Tooth who lived in a hollow tree.

Water Babies — Charles Kingsley

A nature fairy tale well liked by children in the Fourth Grade. This is a good story to read aloud.

Wigwam Stories — M. C. Judd

Myths and legends of our North American Indians.

Wonder Book for Boys and Girls — Nathaniel Hawthorne

Old Greek myths told with vivid fancy.